

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



JUNE 1974 ONE DOLLAR

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

FAILURE
OF THE PRESS--
HARRISON SALISBURY

MUHAMMAD ALI SPEAKS

THE JOBLESS VET

BLACK HUMOR:
TELEvised
ELECTROCUTION



Belgie 60 frs./Danmark 10.25 Kr. inkl. moms/Deutschland 5.60 DM/France 9 NF/Israel 5.35 Israeli Pounds/Italy 1250 Lire/Japan 500 Yen.
Nederland 4.90 Fl./New Zealand \$1.00/Norge 9.50 N.kr/Oesterreich 35 Sch/Philippines 12 Pesos/Schweiz 5.30 frs/Sverige 7.50 kr. inkl. moms.

Don't settle for
a halfway menthol.

Come all the way
up to KOOL.
Pure menthol and
the taste of extra
coolness have
made KOOL America's
#1 selling
menthol.



KINGS

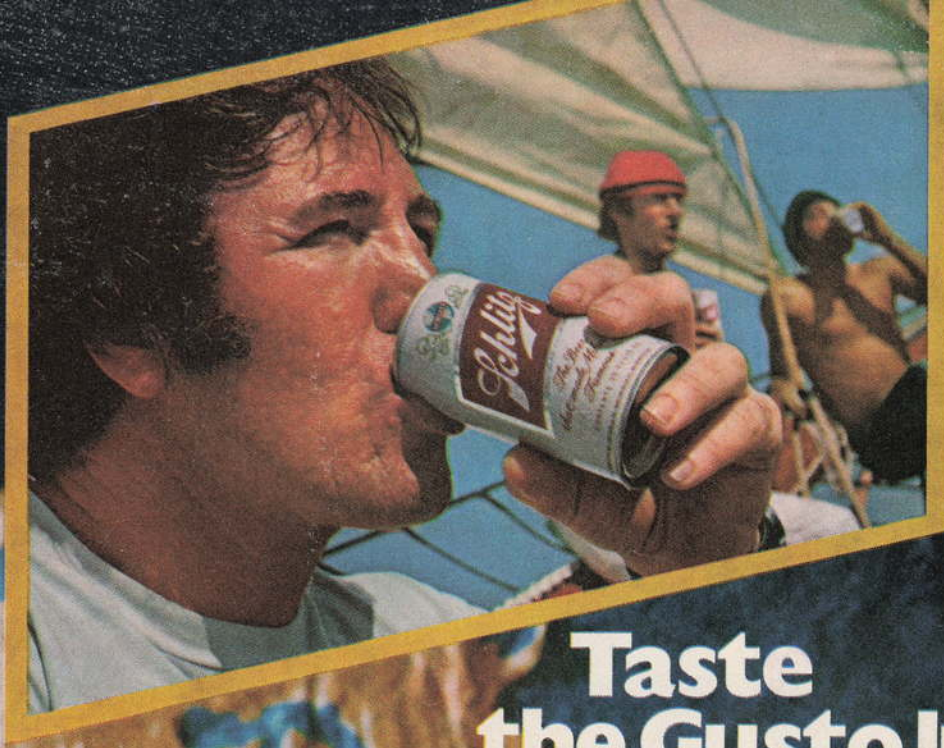
LONGS



13mg. tar,
1.0 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Taste the Gusto life.

Schlitz, Milwaukee and the world.

SCHLITZ



Right on!



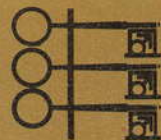
**KAHLÚA®
& Milk.
What a
cool idea.**

Try it. An ounce of Kahlúa and four ounces of milk on the rocks. Wow, is that good. And do send for the Kahlúa Recipe Book. It's our treat. Because you deserve something nice.

Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico.
53 Proof. Jules Berman & Assoc.,
116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / JUNE 1974
World-wide sale: 5,350,000*



EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
CORPORATE DESIGN DIRECTOR: ART KANE
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: JAMES GOODE
EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR (BOOK DIV.): EDWARD ERNEST
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: MURRAY ROFFIS
SECRETARY TREASURER: ANTHONY J. GUCCIONE
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS

PAGE

HOUSECALL	Introduction	4
FORUM	Correspondence	6
SEXINDEX	Encyclopedia	28
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Fred Darwin 33
HAPPENINGS		R. Singer, Bruce David 34
SHOWS		Roger Greenspun 36
WORDS		Norman Hoss 37
SOUNDS		Jeffrey Walker, John Gabree 38
FAILURE OF THE PRESS	Article	Harrison E. Salisbury 42
PET OF THE YEAR PLAYOFF	Pictorial	46
THE VIETNAM VETERAN—LOOKING FOR A JOB	Article	William Crawford Woods 57
JUSTIN THE NICK OF TIME	Pictorial	Photos by Peter Fortuna 65
YOUR SPARKLE CAVALCADE OF DEATH	Fiction	Robert Shiarella 80
GEORGIA GIRL	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller 82
MUHAMMAD ALI	Interview	Victor Bockris and Andrew Wylie 89
OKAY TRIBESMEN, NOW HEAR THIS...	Humor	Henry Morgan 98
SONGS MY BROTHERS TAUGHT ME	Article	John Wallace 113
COUPLES	Survey	118
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander 122
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton 130
A CAR FOR ALL DRIVERS	Car of the Month	Photos by Klaus Lucka 138

PENTHOUSE, 1974, U.S. Volume 5 Number 10, published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181. Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd. 1974. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Penthouse or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., Canada, AFO — \$10.00 one year, \$18.00 two years, \$26.00 three years; elsewhere — \$15.00 one year, \$25.00 two years. Single copies \$1.00 in U.S., Canada and AFO (\$1.50 December issues). Address changes etc. to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: New York: Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; Midwest: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; West Coast: J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 659-3810; Southeast: J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 2001 Bryan Tower, Suite 1053, Dallas, Texas 75201, Tel. (214) 651-1420; U.K.: Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331 — Telex 919865. Printed in the U.S.A. by Wisconsin Cuneo Press Inc., 5400 West Good Hope Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Distributed in the United States, Canada, and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co., 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York & August 12, 1969 Penthouse International Ltd. *Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

MG. First on the scene. And still one jump ahead.



Before MG, there wasn't much of a sports car scene in America.

But from the moment the first MG-TC touched these shores in 1947 the picture changed. So much so that MG has almost become an American synonym for sports car.

Today's MGB is the SCCA National Champion in E Production for the third year in a row. With that kind of track record, you can see why MGB is what great sports car motoring is all about.

MGB is trim, taut and agile.

The four-speed gearbox puts your reflexes in touch with the 1798 c.c. engine. That's a 4-cylinder powerplant

that's as economical as it is lively.

The rack and pinion steering, the race-seasoned suspension and the front disc brakes combine to give you precise, sure-footed handling and stopping—the kind of response that turns driving pressure into driving pleasure.

You'll experience it most where the roads still touch the edges of nature and the air is scented with the sweet smells of earth.

But make no mistake, the MGB is just as much at home on a six-lane expressway as it is on two-lane blacktop.

The MGB is complete with full sports car instrumentation, including

tachometer, trip odometer, and gauges for fuel, oil, water and battery. There are also reclining bucket seats, wrapped steering wheel, carpeting, oil cooler, mag-style wheels and radial-ply tires.

So make the scene at your MG dealer and see why MG is still one jump ahead. For his name and for information about overseas delivery, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

MG. The sports car America loved first.



BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC. LEONIA, N.J. 07605



WOODS



SALISBURY



SHIARELLA



WALLACE



BOCKRIS/WYLIE

HOUSECALL

How does **Muhammad Ali** feel when he enters the ring? "How do you feel when you get up and walk down the street? It's natural," the Champ told us shortly after his return victory over Joe Frazier. For Ali, winning is as natural as water flowing downhill; and if he did lose once, well, he knew he'd be back again because his body is strong, his heart is pure, and his spiritual leader is Elijah Muhammad. In this month's *Penthouse Interview* by **Victor Bockris** and **Andrew Wylie**, the Greatest tells of his ongoing commitment to Islam and the power it has given him to quell the unbeliever. Ironically, Ali came in for widespread criticism when he refused to serve in the Army on the grounds of hardship, conscientious objection, and his Muslim faith. Today, many who *did* go to Vietnam are as hamstrung in their prime as Ali was in his, when he was barred from earning his livelihood in the ring. Now an estimated 200,000 of these veterans are themselves beset with chronic unemployment—both a cause and a result of their profound alienation from society. In *Looking For A Job*, this month's installment in the *Prisoners of Peace* series, **William C. Woods** demonstrates that this generation of veterans is not only dramatically jobless but likely to remain so, if government programs to recruit them back into the mainstream of the American economy do not become a national priority at once. Woods, a veteran himself, is the author of the novel *The Killing Zone* (Harper's Magazine Press).

Robert Shiarella's *Your Sparkle Cavalcade of Death* combines all the bizarre elements of broadcasting and burlesque in a funny, crazy, sexy tale of the first electrocution to be telecast on prime time. In this excerpt from his first novel, published by the Viking Press, Shiarella satirizes violent death as the profitable, pornographic vaudeville it has become in our culture. However, Shiarella's indictment of the electronic media is not at all fanciful. As **Harrison E. Salisbury** writes in *Failure of the Press*, the Fourth Estate has abdicated its social responsibility in exchange for social security: high advertising revenues and a minimum of FBI harassment. Salisbury should know—as one of America's most honored editors and foreign correspondents, he's seen enough editorial accommodation on all sides to raise more than a shadow of a doubt. In his third contribution to *Penthouse*, **John Wallace**, a pianist and social psychologist who teaches at the University of California's Graduate School of Business Administration, is the author of *Honk If You Love Boise Hafter* (Bobbs-Merrill) and is working on his second novel. Hopefully it will contain more of his hilarious and salacious digressions on the relationships of jazzmen and the opposite sex. Love, your magic song is everywhere. O+

After going 212 m.p.h., he's not about to smoke a boring cigarette.



© BROWN & WILLAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

King Size.
Long Size.



Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out. Always rich . . . always smooth . . . always exciting. Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

New Viceroy Extra Milds.
Now get a taste of excitement
in a lowered tar cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Extra Milds, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method; Kings, 15 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

We make scents.



We make no-nonsense male scents.

Splash on the untamed essence of Savage Men's Cologne or After Shave.

She'll sense the difference.

SAVAGE

Toiletries for Men
ALTOGETHER MALE

Panco Ltd.

Newport Beach, Calif. 92660

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Prisoners of peace

I am a Vietnam veteran and I've just read *Prisoners of Peace* in the March *Penthouse*. Right on! I spent thirteen months rotting in the DMZ—to go home to no job, lies about what we did in Vietnam, and a man like Nixon. Besides articles on veteran readjustment problems, drugs, Post-Vietnam Syndrome, and unemployment, I also want to see some short stories written by Vietnam vets; poetry too. Enough of these wishy-washy stories by people who weren't even there. I want the truth: the truth on the war, the present Veterans Administration cutbacks, our nightmares, and our gut-level feelings. You could really do me, my brothers, and your readers a service. Print some truth! —John A. Lindquist, Regional Coordinator, VVAW, Wis. & Upper Mich.

I've just finished reading something your readers ought to know about. It won't make the best-seller list, but it should, because it deals with the way millions of American veterans have been "thanked" for fighting in Vietnam. It's a 450-page report released by Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsible Law in Washington. The report, entitled *Troubled Peace, an Epilogue to Vietnam*, shows how the government, and the VA in particular, have failed to meet the problems of returning veterans.

Just one example: of the VA's \$12.2-billion budget (the third-largest government expense) less than 15 percent is devoted to Vietnam vets.

It seems that the government not only wants Americans to forget about Vietnam, it also wants them to forget about its Vietnam veterans.—M.G., Belle Harbor, N.Y.

I think that the media should describe the plight of the Vietnam veteran. They are undergoing readjustment problems unlike any that previous vets have had to face. For instance, if you compare the benefits that WW II vets received with those of today, you'd realize that we're getting ripped off! Please print more fiction and prose written by vets—pertaining to the conflict in Asia and the aftermath at home. It seems our society is trying very hard to forget it ever happened. Even negative experiences can be instructive.—Sean Newton, Milwaukee, Wis.

As an ex-Marine officer, I am in contact with many of our Vietnam veterans. Your magazine might do well to run more articles on not only their combat experiences but about what they have returned to. Having observed with great sorrow a number of Post-Vietnam Syndrome cases, I can only hope that your magazine, with its wide circulation, might give some insight to its readers into why so little has been done to rehabilitate these unfortunate boys. They have returned to an uncaring land and indifferent governmental policies. The benefits for veterans of this unpopular war are hardly appropriate, considering all they have had to suffer in the name of "peace with honor."—Peter Tibbs, 1st Lt. U.S.M.C.R., Shorewood, Wis.

"Wasted Men," "Lost Generation of Veterans," now it's "Prisoners of Peace." I submit that this is a

lot of hogwash—the wail of a new breed of professional veterans. We have had these opportunistic cheerleaders push to the front after all of our wars.

I distinctly remember, after WW II, the breast-beating of a new crew of "leaders" who yelped that there would be a lost generation because America "was forgetting" the World War II veteran after the parades and bands welcomed them home. We were told by these "leaders" there would be millions of disillusioned, uncaring men roaming the countryside and causing crime waves and unrest. That turned out to be poppycock. After the Korean "adventure," new "leaders" uncorked their spiel (always getting rapt media coverage). The Korean veterans were being ignored, they said, and were ashamed that they had been in a "police action" and not a real war. There were dire predictions of another "lost generation." That turned out to be so much copy for newspapers.

It was after World War II and the Korean conflict that sociologists, psychologists, and psychiatrists, who had their own recognition problems, began feasting on the young veterans. Recitals of discontent were planted and egged on by these professional handwringers, and others of that ilk. And now we have the Vietnam veteran. The "Prisoner of Peace." Oh, how the professional band drools over them! Somehow, we are going to have to get the hard core of Vietnam crybabies away from these bleeding hearts with professional axes to grind and smutty rags to peddle, and away from veteran service organizations trying to revive sagging memberships.

The "Prisoner of Peace" tag is a phony, and always has been. Do any of the avid hand-holders ever mention that most of the drug users coming out of the Vietnam War had their habit before military service? And that these users are only one percent of all the Vietnam-era veterans? Do these "leaders" ever talk about the 21,000 high school dropouts now attending catch-up schooling under the GI Bill? Under the current GI Bill, enrollment has gone from 542,000 in 1968 to 2 million this year. Vietnam veterans have been granted 400,000 home loans. There are about 180,000 in job and apprenticeship training programs under the GI Bill. Nearly 15,000 work for the Veterans Administration, and that agency is hiring about 1,000 a month. Does this sound like a generation of "Prisoners of Peace"?

It is incumbent upon all of us to use good judgment and not permit crusaders and professional people to patty-cake some of our former fighting men into whiners and quitters. These young people should not be idling in Congressional ante-rooms and hotel conferences and seminar meeting rooms, reciting their bag of woe that is more appropriate for barracks sessions and tavern storytelling. At least the barracks sergeant and the bartender have heard it all before and know the perspective and credence it deserves.—Martin Long, Lanham, Md.

I'm not much on writing, but when I read your article on the Vietnam veterans in your March issue I felt an urge to respond. I support what you are trying to do 100 percent. It is all too true. Since

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



The Bullfrog.

(The greening of a drink.)

When this drink originally occurred to us, we had some misgivings. It was so simple and obvious we were afraid of appearing unsophisticated by suggesting it.

We tried it out on a few friends who convinced us it was too good to keep under wraps. So now that we've found the courage to suggest the idea, you might want to try a Bullfrog. It tastes as fresh-faced as summer itself.



To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. of limeade and stir.

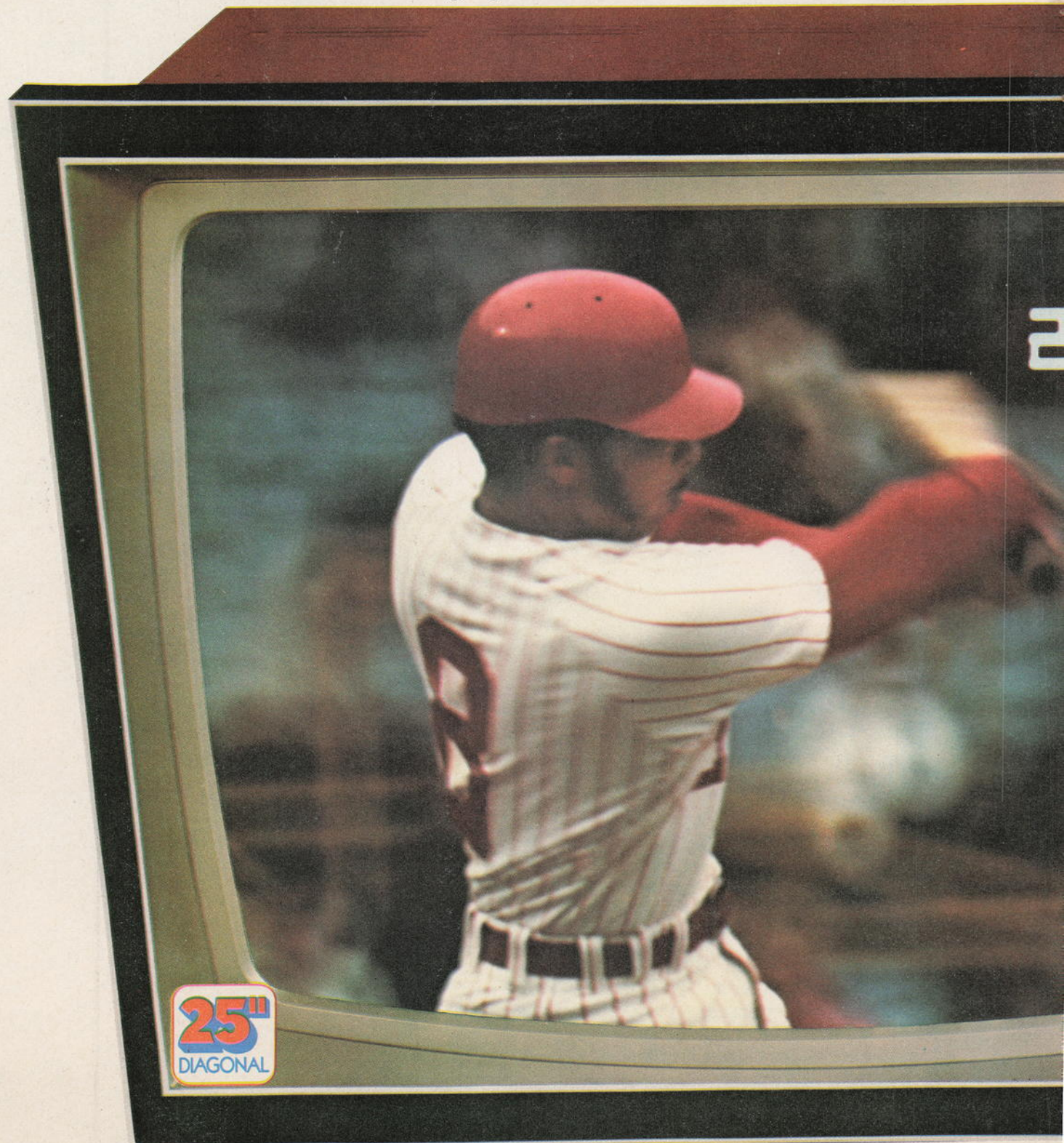
Smirnoff

leaves you breathless®

It's new! It's digital!

Build it

Bell & Howell Schools introduces a new learn-at-home program in electronics that includes building a giant-screen color TV with these digital features:



yourself!

Digital clock
that flashes on screen

Channel numbers
that flash on the screen

Automatic pre-set
channel selector



Have fun doing it!

What a thrill to have an at-home educational program in which you actually build your own color TV! Especially a TV with features made possible by the new applications of digital electronics!

Like channel numbers that flash right on the screen! No more squinting to see which channel you're on or want to turn to.

An on-screen digital clock! Just a push of a button and your TV tells you the time of day!

An automatic channel selector that you pre-set to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

Plus... silent, all-electronic tuning, *state-of-the-art* integrated circuitry, Black Matrix picture tube and 100% solid-state chassis for a bright, sharp picture with long life and dependability.

You learn valuable skills in electronics through experiments and testing as you build this advanced-design color TV.

Do it for your future!

Once you complete this new learn-at-home program from Bell & Howell Schools, you'll have the specialized skills to service color TV's plus the knowledge that you can apply to repair a variety of home electronic equipment. No better or more practical at-home training in electronics is available anywhere!

These skills could open up new income opportunities for you, full or part time. While many of our students do not ask for employment assistance, it is available. Of course, no assurance of income opportunities can be offered.

Do it now!

Find out how you can build and keep this Bell & Howell 25-inch diagonal color TV with digital features—plus our exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system with digital multi-meter, solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope and design console.

Find out, too, about the Lab Starter Kit that gives you "hands on" experience with your first lesson—and about our toll-free phone-in assistance and in-person "help sessions" to assist you every step of the way.

Mail postage-free card today!

This Bell & Howell Schools program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits. Please check the appropriate box on the card for free information.

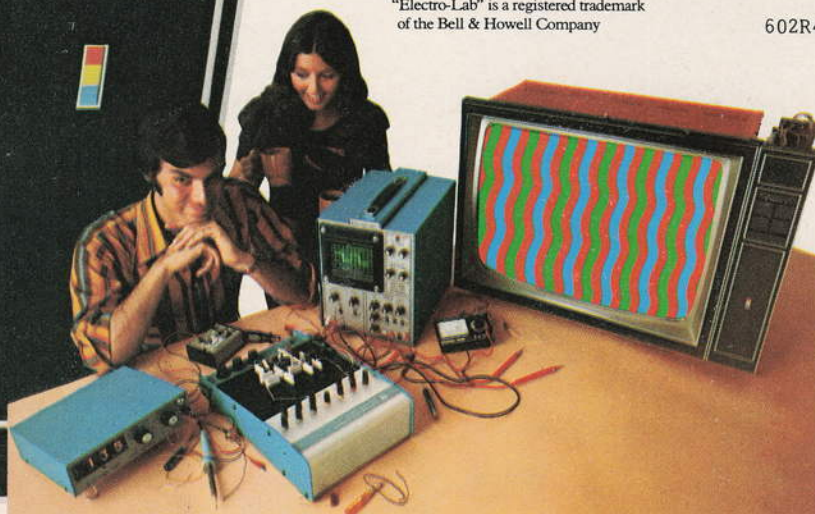
If card has been removed, write:

An Electronics Home Study School
of the INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

 **BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS**
4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

"Electro-Lab" is a registered trademark
of the Bell & Howell Company

602R4



PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(U.S. edition)

Corporate Officers: Irwin E. Billman (executive vice-president), Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer), Vice-Presidents: Kathy Keeton, Edward Ernest, Joe Brooks, Murray Roffis, Woody Katsoff, Alma Moore.

PENTHOUSE PUBLICATIONS LTD
(U.K. & European editions)

Directors: Albert Z. Freedman (managing), Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton.

Editorial: Corporate Design Director, Art Kane; Executive Editor, James Goode; Managing Editor, Ken Gouldthorpe; Editorial Director (Book Div.), Edward Ernest; Executive Art Director, Joe Brooks; Executive Editor (U.K.), Graham Masterton; Senior Editors, F. Joseph Spieler, Fred Otash; National Affairs Editor, William R. Corson; Associate Editor (copy), Walter Campbell; Assistant Editors (copy), Peter Bloch, Heidi Handman, Peter Hauck; Staff Writer, Robert Singer; Fashion Editors: Ed Emmerling (U.S.), John Taylor (U.K.); Designers: Honey Kandel, Karen Limmroth; Promotion Art Director, Rowan Johnson; Associate Editor (U.K.), Steve Ashworth; Assistant Editor (U.K.), Lynn Barber; Associate Art Director (U.K.), Derek Burton; Assistant Art Editor, Jeremy Baker; Executive Assistant, Simon Redfern; Contributing Editors (U.S.): Robert Angus (audio); Richard Ballard, Lionel Braun (food & drink); Fred Darwin, Art Ford, John Gabree, Roger Green-spun, Xaviera Hollander, Norman Hoss, Henry Morgan, Stirling Moss; Contributing Editors (U.K.): Kingsley Amis (drink), Fred Mullally, Nicholas Swingle, Donald Thomas; West Coast Editor, Herbert Margolis; Contributing Photographers: Ken Marcus, Jeff Dunas; Production Director, John Evans; Editorial Production Manager, Merrily West; Editorial Assistants, Robert Cohen, David McGahey.

Administrative: Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; Advertising Directors: Murray Roffis (U.S.), Peter Goldsmith (U.K. & Europe); Advertising Administration, Woody Katsoff; Promotion Director, Alma Moore; Controller (U.S.), Stephen Schneider; Circulation Director (U.S.), Richard Smith; Director of Merchandising (U.S.), Dawn Steel; Merchandising Manager (U.K.), Julie Phillips; Creative Systems Director, Myles Eric Ludwig; Special Projects Director (U.K.), Julie Werth; Advertising Production Director (U.S.), Toni Wagner; Advertising Production Assistant, Ed Diemer; Accounts Manager (U.K.), John Herbing; Subscriptions Manager (U.S.), Joann Fairchild; Directors of Public Relations: Jackie Lewis (U.S.), Molly McKellar (U.K.); Director of Administrative Services, Jeri Winston; Pet Promotions Director, Tina McDowall.

Advertising Offices:

New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. Midwest: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. West Coast (Jay Eisenberg): J. E. Publishers' Representative Co., 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069, Tel. (213) 659-3810. San Francisco: J. E. Publishers' Representative Co., 420 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif., Tel. (415) 981-4527. Southeast (Richard Saunders): J. E. Publishers' Representative Co., 2001 Bryan Tower, Suite 1053, Dallas, Tex. 75201, Tel. (214) 651-1420. U.K. & Europe (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England, Tel. 01-262-0331, Telex no. 919865.

Editorial Offices:

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865.

Bureaus:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45, Tel Aviv: George Berckli, Sik Bael 5b, Cholon, Tel Aviv, Israel. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Saigon: Nghiem-Xuan Thiem, 45b Hien-Vuong, Saigon, South Vietnam. Zagreb: Cedomir Komijenovic, Srebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

JUNE



I left Vietnam all I have ever wanted to do is forget about it.

I spent my year there with the Americal Division. It was the most inept division I ever saw. We didn't know what we were supposed to be doing. We were always getting shot at by snipers, stepping into booby traps, and sometimes getting fired at by our own men. True, it's over with. However, there is an ugly scar left on our country. I just hope your articles will wake up the consciences of those who have the powers to correct the injustices done to Vietnam veterans.—Daniel Toriol, Los Angeles, Calif.

Pet partisans

I would like to congratulate you on Hans Larsson's excellent photos of Miss Marie Ekorre in the March *Penthouse*.

Many of your letters state that nudity is distasteful, and that magazines such as yours pander to the immoral. One honest look at that beautiful girl would change a lot of small minds.

I think Miss Ekorre is one of the loveliest women I have ever seen, and I would hazard a guess that she will be the next Pet of the Year.

I find that I am appreciating your magazine more with each new issue. By far, it's the best on the market.—G.B.S., Toronto, Ontario

I'm an eighteen-year-old male who's been buying your magazines for about the past year. I would like to say that I really enjoyed the March issue of *Penthouse* more than any other. I admired all the girls in that issue, especially the eighteen-year-old *Bottoms Up* girl, Miss Ekorre. She's the type of girl with features I like, and I have to say she really turned me on! When I read that she was my age I almost went crazy. I wouldn't dare to argue with the statement that her bottom is the center of her eroticism.

I would also like to say that I prefer your magazine over all of the other men's magazines. Keep up the magnificent work.—Name and address withheld

Being a confirmed *Penthouse* addict, I opened my copy of your January issue with anticipation, and was not disappointed. Your feature, *Memoirs of a Casabanova*, by Lane and Shewchuk, was the biggest turn-on I've seen yet in an aboveground publication. I even put two of the pictures up on my bedroom wall. Keep up the good work!—Name and address withheld

Sparks from The Body Electric

The article on Kirlian photography in your February issue refers to one of our authors: Dr. Nils O. Jacobson. It credits him with research having to do with weight loss at the time of death. This is an error. German newspapers originally printed this story which was then picked up by newspapers over here. The research in question was done at the turn of the century by a doctor named Duncan MacDougall.

Dr. Jacobson reports on this research in his book which we recently published: *Life Without Death? On Parapsychology, Mysticism and the Question of Survival*.

We hope that you will set the record straight and at the same time bring the book to the attention of any of your readers interested in psychic phenomena.—Seymour Lawrence Incorporated, Boston, Mass.

Lowell Ponte's article, *The Body Electric*, led me to believe there is more research in parapsychology going on in our country than our government wants us to know about. Although Russian research in this field is way beyond ours, it also is under tight security.

In reading Ponte's article, it is very simple to see why governments are very keen on security. *The Body Electric* told of research being conducted on the energy flow of the human body. But, if you can control the energy flow in one body, why not the energy flow of a whole nation? If energy, the subsistence of life, will in the future be controlled, who will be at the helm? I hope not the government.

I feel every result in parapsychology research should be public domain. Let the people know if these new advances in parapsychology are friend or foe to life.—Cary S. Miller, Athens, Ohio

I say thank you for your article *The Body Electric*, on Kirlian photography. It brought out some of the research that has been going on for years with the use of private funds.

I sometimes wonder what is wrong with our government when they spend millions on the mating of ants and the reactions of a spider to weightlessness, but not one penny on the questions of life after death, reincarnation, and psychic healing.

I am a psychic researcher in my spare time, and I know for a fact that the Soviet Union is at least twenty-five years ahead of the U.S. in this field.

I would also like to say that evidence concurred by Edgar Mitchell's research work on Uri Geller's psychic ability has found no evidence of fraud, and Geller will be investigated by the American Society for Psychic Research for further confirmation.—David Blanchette, Woonsocket, R.I.

One for The Bremen Six

Gerald Green's story *The Bremen Six*, in your January issue, is one of the best pieces of fiction I have read in your magazine to date. It certainly surpasses any story published by your rival. I'm looking forward to seeing more work by Gerald Green and other great writers in *Penthouse*.—Robert Schaeffer, Homestead, Fla.

A man for Milius

I thoroughly enjoyed your piece, *The Macho World of John Milius*, in the February issue. What a relief to read about a movie director with balls! I'm fed up with reading about liberal, left-wing fairies and idiots like Pauline Kael, who wouldn't recognize a good movie if she saw one.—Robert McCallie, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Morgan's new meanings

More Morgan's Dictionary (*Penthouse*, March 1974) was a vulpine magnum opus! I await future installments with ebullience!—David Arron, Sommers Point, N.J.

Would you mind repeating that in English, Dave?—Editor

Interview interpretation

In January, you published an interview with me. In the course of it a statement was attributed to me concerning some recent Ivory Soap commercials. Although I worked on the content of these commercials, the major themes like "Back to Basics" were developed by the Compton Advertising Agency. I appreciate your correction of this part of my interview.—Ernest Dichter, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Passing the time in prison

I'm sorry to write on such a small piece of paper, but I am in prison with no money and no one to send me any stationery. Hell, I owe the state \$20.00 for copying legal papers for me. I've just come across *Penthouse*, a guy let me read it. It's the first one I ever saw and some of the pages were missing by the time it got to me, but it's the



“Professionally speaking, these are professionals.”

“When I gave the engineers at Pioneer my ideas about a studio quality tape deck the average guy could use,” said Bobby Colomby of Blood, Sweat & Tears, “I realized it was a tall order. But they did it, and more. They came up with the fantastic 2-track RT-1050.

“It’s got every imaginable professional feature. And I mean every. Like the full logic pushbutton control system. You can switch, without pops or clicks, directly from Record to Fast Rewind, bypassing the Stop button. It will never jam or spill tape.

“I love old records and the RT-1050 brings out their highs better than ever with its equalizer. And

here’s something you’ll appreciate as I did. It’s a new logic override circuit built into the pause control. It lets you switch from Fast Forward or Rewind to Playback without the usual time lag.

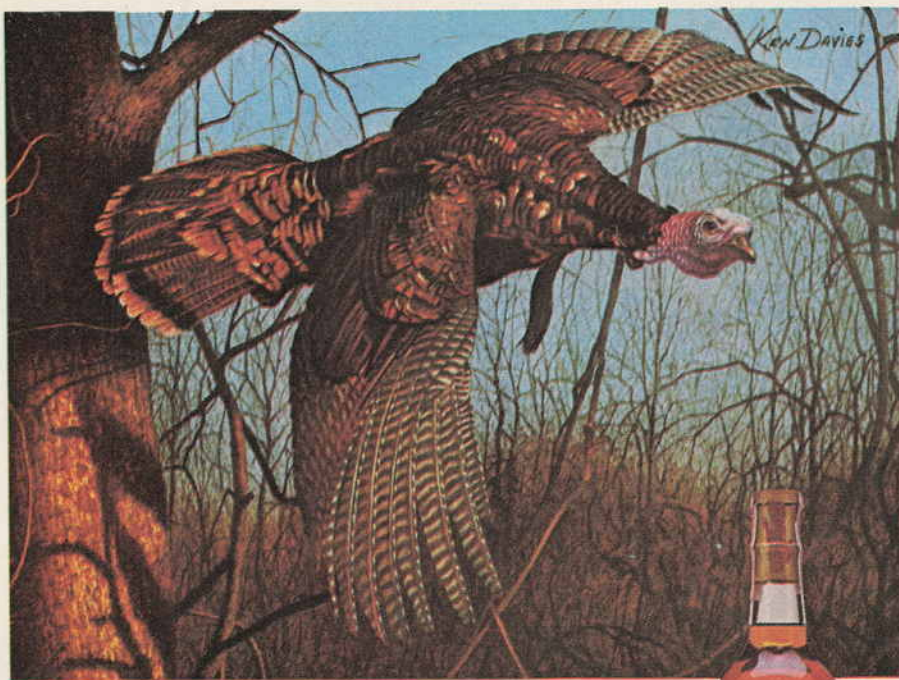
“Another thing. You don’t have to worry about buying special tape to match the specs of the RT-1050. A bias selector lets you play any tape and get the best sound reproduction from it.

“Pioneer has put more features into the RT-1050 than any pro tape deck I’ve ever seen. And I’ve seen most that are around, 10½-inch reels, 3 heads, 3 motors, 15 and 7½ ips speeds, sound-on-sound, sound-with-sound, mic/line mixing, an optional 4-track plug-in assembly — it’s got it all, including the price, \$699.95 — about half of what I thought it would have to be.”

Visit your Pioneer dealer and have him put the RT-1050 through its paces. Also check out two other great Pioneer tape decks — the RT-1020L (7½, 3¾ ips) and RT-1020H (15, 7½ ips). They incorporate most of the RT-1050’s outstanding features, as well as 4-channel playback. Slightly less at \$649.95 for either. Absolutely professional, and absolutely the best values ever for top quality decks.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074.
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles
90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk
Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada:
S. H. Parker Co.

 **PIONEER**
when you want something better

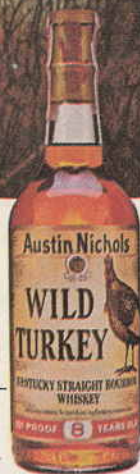


Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is one of the heaviest birds capable of flight. Yet it is unusually fast. The male bird has been clocked at speeds as high as 55 miles per hour.

As America's most treasured native bird, the Wild Turkey is an apt symbol for Wild Turkey Bourbon—America's most treasured native whiskey.

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.



best magazine in the world and kicks *Playboy* and *Oui* in the ass. I'm hoping you can help me obtain a subscription, as it's near impossible in my position. I just want to express how turned-on I am by your magazine.—Robert Nix, California State Prison, Tracy, Calif.

A note of gratitude. Your readers might remember my letter published in the September issue of *Penthouse* wherein I mentioned being an inmate in the California State Prison at Soledad, how much I enjoyed *Penthouse*, and that I could not afford a subscription. Also included were a few esoteric remarks relative to certain anachronistic attitudes toward the nude human body.

Since the publication of my letter I have had one of those rare, truly human, experiences of discovering solid substantiation for the principles I profess to live by. Several *Penthouse* readers responded to my letter offering kind and generous comments as well as some very well-thought-out intellectual observations on the circumstances contributing to the welling tide of fanaticism in the United States. I was amazed at the awareness I discovered in a group of people as diverse as the readers of *Penthouse*. So much depth in so many people. I wonder, too, if they can also understand the excitement their thoughts and words generated in a mind that once felt itself to be alone and adrift on a sea of ignorance.

In addition to the above, I am now the proud foster-parent of a bevy of alluring and exotic Pets arriving monthly in the U.S. Mail. Many of your readers wrote and offered to send me a subscription to *Penthouse*, which I had to decline because someone had already ordered one in my name. Such was the quality of this gentleman's generous gift-giving that he did not even write an accompanying letter which would have afforded me the opportunity to thank him. In all, *Penthouse* is responsible for opening new vistas to a succumbing perspective and establishing a vital link of communication between people whose common bond is a sense of intellectual and spiritual freedom. A marked achievement under any circumstances, yet more so for its having arisen out of the chaos of a once-proud free enterprise system.

There can be little doubt that I speak for the majority of prisoners when I say that *Penthouse* represents a newly emerging beacon for freedom in a land darkened by oppression and confusion. I wonder if I also speak for the majority of people. —Frederick J. Parks, Soledad, Calif.

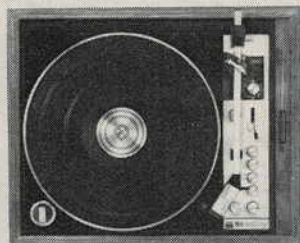
Foreign intrigue

I find the letters in the Forum very interesting. I enjoy those really farfetched stories people write. Many times someone will make a generalization, like French men are very good lovers or Latin are very romantic.

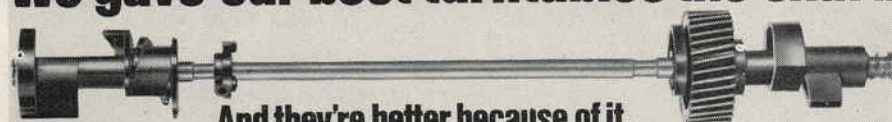
Penthouse is read by several million readers in fourteen countries, or more. I've been reading *Penthouse* for about a year and a half, after switching from your main competitor. I don't ever recall reading a letter by a foreigner. I imagine in France the Forum is filled only with letters by French people.

I think every month you should translate a couple of letters from different countries. If these letters related to sexual activities are translated and published in the American edition, your readers might find them interesting. I know I would appreciate more of what I read if it were written by the source. I would like to know if these generalizations people make are correct.

I sincerely feel the general public would like to read what people of other cultures do, and what their attitudes are. I do not believe that this topic has been brought up in the Forum before. I hope this letter gets positive responses from your read-



We gave our best turntables the shaft.



And they're better because of it.

The BSR 810 and 710 have their brains in their shaft. A carefully machined metal rod holding eight precision-molded cams. When the cam shaft turns, the cams make things happen. A lock is released, an arm raises and swings, a record drops, a platter starts spinning, the arm is lowered, the arm stops, the arm raises again, it swings back, another record is dropped onto the platter, the arm is lowered again, and so on, for as many hours as you like.

Deluxe turntables from other companies do much the same thing, but they use many more parts—scads of separate swinging arms, gears, plates, and springs—in an arrangement that is not nearly as mechanically elegant, or as quiet or reliable; that produces considerably more vibration, and is much more susceptible to mechanical shock than the BSR sequential cam shaft system.

When you buy a turntable, make sure you get the shaft. The BSR 710 and 810. From the world's largest manufacturer of automatic turntables.



BSR (USA) Ltd.,
Blauvelt, New York 10913



Free spirit.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON FX-1200

It's in some guys from the day they're born.

Everything they do tells the world, "I'm my own man. Free in spirit!" A lot of these dudes ride a Harley-Davidson FX-1200. An ego trip, dedicated to freedom and goodtime cycling. It has a 1200cc V-twin geared for quickness and hours-on-end moving.

Plus a heavy-duty front fork, and exclusive fade resistant disc brakes, front and rear. Front brake is an all new racing-style brake. Speedometer, new electronic tachometer, engine safety cut-out rocker switch, turn signal button and hydraulic reservoir for disc brakes are also standard.

Adjustable load rear shocks soak up the rough riding. New Security System cycle alarm (standard equipment) warns you if someone is bothering your bike. A lot of guys have to learn what it's like to be their own man. When they do, some find out what it's like to own an FX-1200.

And really be a free spirit.

The Great American Freedom Machine.





The Source

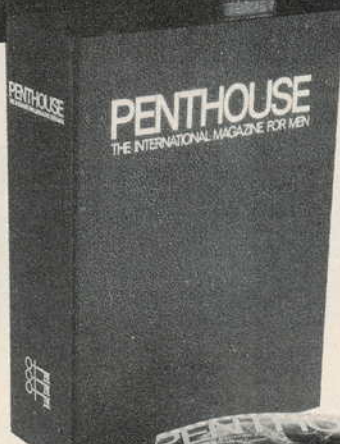
In 1870, Charles Fleischmann created the world's first dry gin. And that's how the dry martini was born. You still enjoy the difference in the Fleischmann martini. Because it's still made with the world's driest gin.

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., N.Y.C.

Bound for great things

Please send check or money order to Penthouse Products, Dept. F01674, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include 75¢ per binder to cover postage and handling. N.Y.C. residents add 7% sales tax.



The Penthouse binder in distinctive burgundy grained leatherette holds and protects six magazines. Penthouse and the three key symbol stamped in gold leaf. Single binder, \$4.50; set (2) \$8.00.

ers, and from you.—B.K., Los Altos Hills, Calif.

You might find some of the following letters from our overseas readers interesting.—Editor

In praise of older women

I must congratulate older women for their liberated and expert sexual capabilities. They are also, in my opinion, more aggressive and more inclined to take the initiative.

My own affair with a divorcée was a real eye-opener, particularly with regard to her ingenuity. In order to help us with our oral lovemaking she designed and made a unique sex aid in the shape of a dining room chair which she bought from a secondhand shop. She sawed off the legs to bring the level of the seat almost to the floor and to use it she simply stands astride me while I am sitting in the chair. The height can be adjusted with cushions in order to bring my mouth level with her vulva and while I sit in the chair she grips the back of it and thrusts herself forward for manual and oral attention. She has also fastened a buckled strap to the sides of the chair and uses this to strap herself firmly against my mouth. Results are equally delightful when we change positions and she uses the chair to fellate me.—T.E., Ilford, Essex, England

Two-way stretch

I am particularly excited by rubber in my sex life and would be very interested to know how many ladies are attracted to rubber or who get a thrill when wearing rubber capes or raincoats.

I started my rubber sex life using a lady's rubber apron, which was fairly easy to obtain, and after much persuasion, finally got my wife to wear it while we make love. However, I then wanted to have other garments and found they were difficult to locate. After answering various advertisements, however, I have been able to have clothes made for us in rubber and we now have a wardrobe. It took a little while to get my wife to accept all this but now she enjoys dressing up in her rubber knickers, rubber skirts, and rubber coat, which give me an instant erection.—A.S.R., Edinburgh, Scotland

The question of size

I've been reading *Penthouse* regularly for the better part of a year, and one of my favorite sections is the Forum.

The letter in the February issue from the small-breasted woman incensed me to such a degree that I felt compelled to offer her some advice. Her husband has been insensitive to her efforts to please him and blatantly insulted her desirability, so she should turn the tables on him for a change.

Rather than try to mollify her husband, she should stock up on some pictorials portraying well-endowed men and gasp and sigh to her heart's content.

The other alternative is to live with her depression, feel perpetually guilty about her body, and write, "Wipe your feet here," on the back of her size 34A brassiere.

Will she be a lady or a doormat?—K.T., Portland, Ore.

I would like to reply to the woman who wrote in the February *Penthouse* Forum asking for an answer for her husband's complaints about her being flat-chested. I would like to suggest one answer that works.

I was a 32A and bothered immensely about it. I never felt sexy around other women even though I have a pretty face and nice legs. There were a lot of clothes I couldn't wear, and forget about finding a bathing suit with a thirty-two inch top and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



© 1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Almost everyone at the corral today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't.
1. No. He's Brandon Kowz. Gimmick: Rides tall in the saddle (ever since he sat on a branding iron). Smokes "Quick Draw" cigarettes—one draw and the taste is shot.
2. No. He's Sid E. Slicker. Outfit is his gimmick: He looks like something that fell off a wedding cake.
3. No. She's May Aiken Bach. Buys every camping gimmick made. Even her horse opens up into

a sofa. Tried an orange-flavor cigarette, but didn't know whether to smoke it—or squeeze it into her drink.
4. Nope. He's Harry Decamp Kunsler. Wears gimmick on back, especially during hunting season. Was later attacked by a moose—who couldn't read.
5. Right. He goes back to nature to get away from the fads and gimmicks. Likes his cigarettes natural and honest, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. All flavor.
6. No. He's Tim Berwulf. Gimmick: "Expert" tracker. He once followed tracks into a cave—and shot a train.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
 (but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
 That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT.'73.

Get it
together with the . . . **GUSTO**



A. AIR MATTRESS. 65" vinyl raft of Schlitz cans. (SOO183) \$4.95 (1.40)

B. ROLL-UP HAT. 100% cotton. S(13893), M(13894), L(13895), XL(13896) \$4.00 (1.40)

C. "NO WAY T-SHIRT . . . so you won't be out of it! S(13934), M(13933), L(13932), XL(13931) \$3.50 (1.40)

D. CUT-OFF FRAYED JEANS. Waist sizes: 29(13883), 30(13884), 32(13885), 34(13886), 36(13887) \$7.98 (1.40)

E. ANTIQUE MIRROR. A gilded view of the past. 20" (S58250) \$24.95 (2.00)

F. BIKINI. Cotton and polyester. Fully lined, adjustable. Tops: Cup A(13910), B(13909), C(13908), D(13907). Bottoms: 6-8(13898), 10-12(13899), 14-16(13900), Set: \$15.00 (1.40)

G. TIDE CLOCK. for the U.S. eastern seaboard, 19" high, molded plastic, 8 ft. cord. (13872) \$49.95 (2.10)

H. ANTIQUE BARREL END. Molded plastic. 17" dia. (13873) \$29.95 (2.00)

I. CEILING FAN. Vacuum formed plastic, 27" blades, 15 ft. cord with switch. (13871) \$59.95 (2.55)

J. TIFFANY with the sparkle of yesteryear. Plastic shade 16" dia., 3 ft. brass chain, hooks. Operates on AC. (S57532) \$29.95 (2.90)

K. POOL TABLE LAMP for at home hustlers. 50" long. (S70501) \$39.95 (3.65)

L. BAR CHAIR. Hardwood frame, canvas fabric. Black frame (13928), White frame (13927) \$45.00. **PERSONALIZED BACK** (12 letters) Black frame (13877), White frame (13876) \$49.95 (4.90)

COLLECTIBLES



M. FOLDING BAR with laminated top. Black frame. (13874) \$119.95 (13.50)

N. DIRECTOR'S CHAIR. Black frame (13929), White frame (13930) \$29.95 (3.60)
PERSONALIZED BACK (12 letters), Black frame (13880), White frame (13878) \$34.95 (3.60)

O. FLOPPY HAT. Medium size (13890) \$3.00 (1.40)

P. TIFFANY GLASSES. Set of six 15 oz. glasses. (S03015) \$5.00 (1.40)

Q. ANTIQUE STEIN. Ceramic replica of the turn of the century originals. (S84728) \$4.95 (1.40)

R. THERMO STEIN. Double wall insulation. (S00202) \$2.50 (1.40)

S. TULIP HAT. One size fits all. (13889) \$1.95 (1.40)

T. GYM SHOES. Listed in men's sizes. Women's should be ordered approx. 2 sizes smaller. 4(13912), 5(13914), 6(13916),

7(13918), 8(13920), 9(13922), 10(13924), 11(13926) \$6.00 pair (1.80)

U. WALL CLOCK. Molded heavy duty plastic. 16" high, 14" wide. 8 ft. cord. (13870) \$29.95 (2.25)

V. TENNIS VISOR. Adjustable, cotton. (13888) \$1.59 (1.40)

W. ILLUMINATED TAVERN SIGN. Heavy duty plastic. 8½" x 22". (S58345) \$21.95 (2.55)

Order directly from:

GIFTMASTER, INC.
 Post Office Box 1692
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201
 (414) 352-9020



Minolta helps you visit a private kingdom.

Become part of a special world with a camera that doesn't hold you back, a camera that lets you concentrate on your subject.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on mood and insight. The viewfinder gives you all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. Because you never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

A Minolta SR-T camera could be your passport to another world.

For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102



When identified by a factory-sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corp. against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postpaid, securely packaged, including \$2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.

thirty-five inch bottom. I finally decided to seek help through my doctor. He recommended a fantastic plastic surgeon who gave me all the facts.

The operation is called mammoplasty augmentation. It is a fairly simple operation causing little discomfort, done on an outpatient basis. A silicone filled bag is implanted into the breast, thereby enlarging it. The silicone bag never becomes hard, nor will it get lumpy. Approximately one month after the operation it becomes softer, until it feels and looks real. After about two months no one can tell the difference. The scars are about one and a half inches long and are under the fold of the breast. They are almost invisible.

There are no big risks with this surgery that I have experienced or heard of. It is a little inconvenient for the first month. I couldn't lift my arms over my head or lift anything too heavy. I had to wear a bra for three to four weeks. Bathing was also difficult.

I highly recommend this operation to any woman who is serious in her desire for larger breasts. The cost runs from about \$1,200 to \$1,800, which is high, but I believe the operation would be well worth it to any woman whose feelings about herself will be heightened for the rest of her life.—
Name and address withheld

Monopede mania

Having acquired several recent copies of *Penthouse* I was surprised and delighted to find what appears to be a long-established correspondence on female amputees.

I think my interest started when I used to see a rather plain girl wearing a black footless stump type of artificial leg on my school journey every morning when I was about fourteen. In spite of her plainness I found myself looking forward to seeing her each day and then, on one particular day, I caught her without her stump and wearing crutches. I felt a thrill go up my spine as she came into view and was excited about it for several days afterwards. Later she reverted to wearing the stump and my excitement was never the same again. I did not try to make her acquaintance for fear of ridicule from my schoolmates for trying to date a crippled girl.

Shortly after this incident with the crutches, on my homeward journey, I saw a really beautiful amputee girl standing at the bus stop. She had a single black enamel crutch and it appeared that her left leg had been amputated at the hip. She was immaculately dressed and made up and wore a shoe with a heel of about two and one half inches. I was wildly excited and nearly ejaculated, but never saw her again.

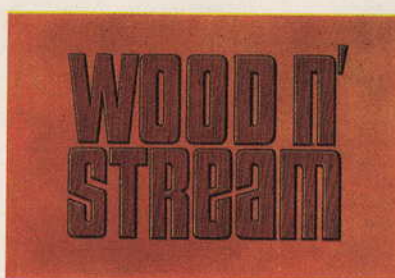
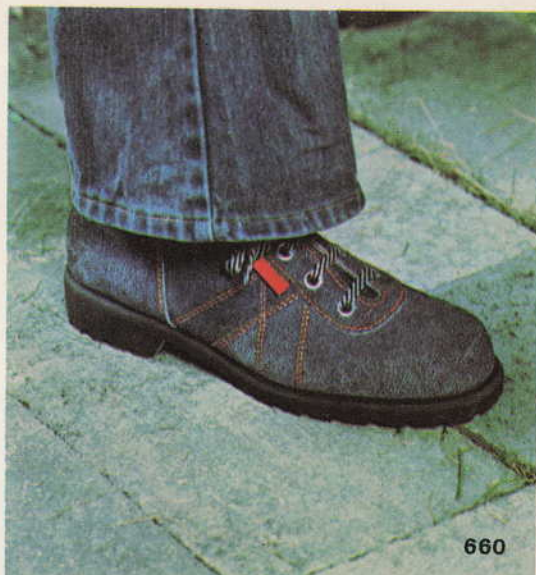
Since those early days I have seen many female amputees and have found that I am only mildly interested in those who wear artificial limbs, but as the crudeness of the prosthesis increases so does my excitement. I still find that a one-legged girl with crutches gives me the greatest sexual stimulation possible and a pair of crutches is slightly more arousing than a single crutch followed closely by a peg leg.

I have never had the opportunity of meeting one of these fascinating girls socially, and whenever I see one I usually have to go away and masturbate. I have tried to analyze what it is about one-legged girls but so far I have been unsuccessful. Possibly it is curiosity about the site of the amputation which, unless the girl is using a prosthesis, is invariably above the skirt line.

As far as the girls themselves are concerned, while commiserating with them on their misfortune, can I appeal to them to write to *Penthouse* and give a good deal of sexual pleasure to men like myself?—R.P., Twickenham, England

See the next letter.—Editor

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



BOOTS AND SHOES FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS



The living end for the long lean jean look is a pair of denim brushed leather Bounders. They're tabbed for timely toggery. Or, if the hills and trails are your number then tie-up with other Wood N' Stream styles designed with glove soft, antiqued leathers. You can track 'em down now at your nearby sporting goods dealer, shoe or department store.

- 660 — Denim blue brushed leather U throat lace oxford, lug sole. Vulcanized Process 82.
- 680 — Denim blue brushed leather U throat 6" shoe, padded collar, lug sole. Vulcanized Process 82.
- 602 — Strike fisherman chukka boot, Saddle Tan leather, patented non-slip sole and heel. Vulcanized Process 82.
- 670 — Tacktan brown plain toe speed lace blucher oxford, padded collar, lug sole. Vulcanized Process 82.

Skilfully made by
weinbrenner SHOE COMPANY
A Division of Bata Shoe Co., Inc. MERRILL, WISCONSIN

VISIT ONE OF THESE FINE WOOD N' STREAM® DEALERS SOON!

CALIFORNIA

Alhambra Probert's Shoes
Eureka Jacob's Thorogood Shoes
Fremont Bob's Thorogood
Oakland Capwell's (all stores)
San Diego Universal Boot Shops
San Francisco The Emporium (all stores)
San Jose John's Thorogood Shoe Stores

CONNECTICUT

East Hartford Industrial Uniform Co.
Meriden Town Auction Sales
New Britain Eblens

ILLINOIS

Aurora Hayden Sport Center
Berwyn Howard Shoes
Chicago Bailey's
Broadway Bootery
Brumliks

Country Club Hills Berman Sons Inc.
Crystal Lake New Era Store
Elgin Elgin Salvage & Supply
Franklin Park Milton Shoes
Geneva Entile Shoes
Gibson City Cornies Shoes
Highland Park Mike's Shoe Store
Lake Forest Forest Bootery
Lombard Sportmart
McHenry Peter Gies Shoes
Niles Sportmart
Palos Heights Golden Shoes
Rolling Meadows Rolling Meadows Shoes
Shiller Park Mennon Rubber Co.
Springfield Illini Sporting Goods
St. Charles Phisters Valley Shoes
Zion Joe's Shoe Service

INDIANA

Ft. Wayne Brateman Bros.
Main Auto Sport Shop
Indianapolis Benjamin Bootery

KANSAS

Atchison Athlete's Foot
Marion Jackson Clothing Store
Marysville Rockwell's
Prairie Village Steve's Shoes

KENTUCKY

Murray Vernon's Boot & Shoe

MAINE

Portland Porteous Mitchell & Braun Co.

MARYLAND

Laurel Light's Shoes & Apparel

MASSACHUSETTS

Brockton Harry's Shoe Store
Holyoke Ed Moriarity Shoe
Lawrence Kenner's Shoe Store
Lynn Peters Shoe Store
Plymouth Walk Over Shoe Store

MICHIGAN

Alpena Lalonde Shoe Store
Big Rapids Burton Bootery
Cadillac Henne's Shoes
Charlotte Wehr's Shoes
Detroit Harper Sport Shop Inc.
East Lansing Campus Sports
Flint Robert David Alan
Gaylord Kunisch Clothing Inc.
Lansing P X "Foxhole" Store
Midland Lou's Shoe Market
Muskegon Olson's Store for Men
Pearson's Shoe Store

Owosso Your Shoe Shop
Paw Paw Jud's Bootery
Rochester Triple "I" Store

MINNESOTA

Duluth Jensons Guaranty Shoes
Minneapolis Ekulands Clothing
Robbinsdale Schuler Shoes

MISSOURI

St. Louis Gravois Bootery

NEW JERSEY

Linden M & M Shoes
Paterson Lou's Stores

NEW YORK

Dewitt Rochester Shoe Stores
Pearl River Mel's
Wolcott Edward Shoe Store

NORTH DAKOTA

Cavalier The He Mart

OHIO

Lancaster Lancaster Sales

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City George Y. Allen Shop
Okmulgee Browns Shoes
Tulsa Renbergs Inc.

OREGON

Madras Rohde's Shoe Store
Portland Al's Family Shoe Store
Willamina Willamina Dept. Store

PENNSYLVANIA

Mansfield Fish's Family Shoe Store
New Castle Foot & Shoe Clinic
Sunbury Kovals Bootery
West Middlesex West Middlesex Shoe

SOUTH CAROLINA

Clemson Clemson Shoe Service

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen The Main
Mitchell Smalls Clothing
Redfield Dicks Bootery

TENNESSEE

Kingsport Kingsport Shoe Store

TEXAS

Abilene Mackey's Sptg. Goods
Big Spring J & K Shoe Store
Del Rio Jeffery's Shoe Box

VIRGINIA

Manassas Tucker's Shoes
Tappahannock Haydens Shoe Store

WASHINGTON

Wenatchee Neal's Family Shoes

WEST VIRGINIA

Huntington A. B.'s Shoes

WISCONSIN

Balsam Lake Pearson Store
St. Croix Falls St. Croix Surplus

A man wearing a cowboy hat and a blue shirt is riding a dark horse through a field of tall, golden-brown grass. The horse is facing forward, and the rider is looking down. The background shows rolling hills under a clear sky.

Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro Country.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**



Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.





Isn't it time
you switched
to Bell's Scotch?

BELL'S

NUMBER ONE WHERE IT COUNTS,
IN SCOTLAND

86 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY. DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.

More monopede mania

I have followed your correspondence on one-legged girls with more than passing interest because I am what your column has chosen to call a monopede. I must say that I find some of the letters a trifle unreal and after ten years without my left leg I cannot agree with the woman who wrote that she does not consider her amputation a handicap. I was just eighteen when I had my leg removed and up till then had played hockey and tennis as well as enjoying ice-skating, all of which stopped overnight. Although I gradually came to terms with my one-leggedness and can now swim, water-ski and dance quite well I still miss the more active games.

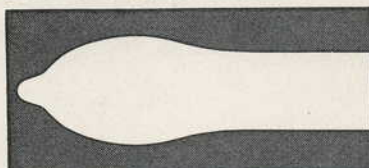
It also seems odd to me that all the letters talk about girls going about on crutches all the time, which I do not think is the case if one looks around. While I would be the first one to agree that it is much easier to walk with crutches than with an artificial limb, the trouble is that when using crutches your arms and hands are not really free to do anything other than help you move around. Because I have a house and two young children to look after I simply have to wear an artificial limb. Because I have always found the modern artificial leg very difficult to handle, I only use it when I go out, so that I look more normal, while in the house I find it much more mobile to use a simple peg leg. I have had this specially made because I do find the standard peg leg with its ugly foot to be quite grotesque. Mine is a flesh-colored, tapered hollow tube with a cup foot which I can usually wear with tights or stockings. I often wear it at dances and functions when I can wear a long dress.

Another thing which none of your correspondents ever seem to mention is stump care. Unless I bathe, cream, and powder my stump three or four times a day I cannot continue to wear an artificial limb, and I also have to sleep with an elastic sock on my stump.

The letters are correct in their indication that there are a lot of men about who are unusually attracted to girls who have lost a leg, as I found out after I had got over the shock of the amputation. I found out most of them preferred me to use crutches when I went out with them and, of course, my husband is one of these. Even now after nearly eight years of marriage he is always telling me and showing me he is excited by my one-leggedness. He too prefers me not to wear an artificial limb and in the evening when the children are in bed and I know we are staying in I unstrap whichever of my legs I am wearing. When I do this I always wear tights which I have made to fit my stump and more often than not my husband sits beside me and caresses my nylon-clad stump which greatly excites him as well as being enjoyable for me.

He is always thinking up ways of enhancing my one-leggedness that draw attention to my stump, which is about nine inches long and therefore shows below most of my clothes. My own particular favorite is a pair of black bell-bottomed slacks with cuffs that I have altered by shortening the left leg and putting a matching cuff on it so that my stump, which I clad in a sheer black stump sock, just shows. His favorite, which I did not like at first because I thought it rather sadistic, grew out of his desire to have me wear platform boots. I found I could not handle them while wearing my artificial leg, although I was fine with crutches, so he cut the foot off my left boot, sewed the end up and put an extra gusset in the leg part so that it could be zipped on my stump. He asked me to wear these with hot pants and although I was not too keen I tried it by myself one night while he was out. As I stood in front of the mirror in yellow hot pants with my stump tightly encased in brown leather to match the boot on the other leg I sud-

Contraceptive scientists introduce a
dramatic new shape.



Now from our research laboratories comes a distinctive—and effective—new shape in male contraceptives. Called NuForm® Sensi-Shape, it's scientifically designed for added freedom of movement inside the contraceptive...to provide better, more natural sensation for both partners. You'll see the difference in NuForm's flared shape and soft tint. And you'll both feel the difference.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER We would like to send you free samples of the new, scientifically designed NuForm—both Sensitol® and Non-lubricated forms—and our booklet "There's a great new form of contraception you should know about". Send your name, address and zip code with 25¢ for handling to: Julius Schmid Pharmaceuticals, Box PH-6, 423 West 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

NuForm is available only in drugstores.

All my men wear English Leather. Or they wear nothing at all.

I think women are becoming a little more frightening to men these days. Maybe it's because we're freer to do the things we've always wanted to do.

But some men don't feel intimidated at all. They kind of enjoy our freedom.

Those are the men I like.

And you know, those are the men who wear English Leather®.

English Leather fits the way they live. It's so clean and fresh and honest.

And I love it.

So I give all my men English Leather. In so many ways. From soap to shampoo. In gift sets of classic English Leather scent...or Lime...or Timberline®...or Wind Drift®.

I make sure all my men wear English Leather. Or they wear nothing at all.



JOE LOUIS
"The Brown Bomber"



JIM BEAM

You can't improve on the original.

Two one-of-a-kind originals: JOE LOUIS, heavyweight champion of the world 1937-1949, JIM BEAM, the world's finest Bourbon.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

**remarkable aid to
greater marriage compatibility**



DETANE
DESENSITIZING
LUBRICANT
FOR MEN

A delaying cream
for men released without
prescription.

DETANE is available
only at pharmacies.

© 1974 Commerce Drug Co., Inc.
Farmingdale, New York 11735

denly felt quite fruity. So much so that I stayed as I was and when my husband came home he gave me a night to remember.

We have often discussed why he should be so affected by my one-leggedness, and he says it arouses feelings of tenderness and affection for me. I think *Penthouse* has discovered an important area of sexual attraction which is much more widespread than anyone supposes and I hope you continue your good work.—H.P., Stockport, Lancashire, England

I am very interested in the *Penthouse* letters dealing with fetishism and the liking for disabled girls.

I have always been attracted to women who wear very strong glasses, and I have known quite a number over the years. The bane of my life is contact lenses and I often wish I could have lived before they were invented. This fascination is so strong and deep-rooted that I find it useless to try and ignore it. Some time ago I had some glasses made with tremendously thick lenses and I masturbate while putting these round magazine covers showing seductive-looking girls. The effect is terrific and after considerable foreplay I achieve a fabulous orgasm and go into deep sleep for about an hour.

However, with contact lenses making thick glasses increasingly rare, I have become interested in girls with braces, surgical boots, or who have had a leg amputated. The sensation of stroking a girl's thigh while she is wearing a leg brace is fantastic, and I love the contrast between the soft warm flesh and the cold hard metal.

By pure coincidence, a friend of mine lost both legs in a car accident and I had the indescribable pleasure of stroking and kissing her stumps. She is a very mature girl, although she was only 21 when she lost both legs, and is not at all self-conscious about her disability. In fact she says in some ways she is happier since the accident because she knows who her true friends are.—F.G., London, England

More navel maneuvers

I was pleased to see the article by Fred Darwin in the November 1973 issue of *Penthouse*. It is also good to see the readers of your fine publication recognize the fact that people do have navels (*Penthouse* Forum, January 1974). I have always felt a deep sexual attraction to navels of the opposite sex.

Much to my dismay, the new high-waisted look in fashions have robbed me and my fellow navel watchers of many a young navel. Living in a college town as I do, it is easy to see that nothing has yet been created to beat a halter top and hip-hugger pants. The slender mid-section of a beautiful young girl with her navel exposed for all to see is enough to drive any man into a frenzy.

My friends and I feel that the most pleasant way to enjoy this erogenous zone is by oral/navel contact. This not only excites the one doing the stimulating, but the recipient of this kind of attention as well. This is also one of the few practices that can be applied to either sex. I know of no homosexual activities in this area, but surely this practice is in existence.

Hopefully, this letter will serve a threefold purpose: to stimulate communication among your readers on this subject, to encourage you to uncover your models' navels, and lastly to lower the waistline of the women of America. Maybe now women will realize they have an erogenous zone that isn't restricted to being exposed by local laws.—B.F., Norman, Okla.

Pain or pleasure?

I have been reading recently in your magazine letters about pain and pleasure. As one who was



"More Smiles Per Gallon"

If you can't remember the last time you got a smile out of commuting, start here.

Because we're introducing a completely new motorcycle for commuters. The KZ-400.

We're making it so you'll have a way of getting to work that's more economical than a car, more personal than a bus, more fun than either.

Keep smiling. The KZ-400 kicks over with an Electric Starter which requires no kick from you. It hums along on a smooth, powerful Four Stroke twin cylinder 398cc engine, as generous with your comfort as it is stingy with your gasoline (up to 50 miles per gallon, depending how you ride). The 5-speed transmission and big, front disc brake are something to smile about, too.

With all it's got going for it, just imagine what things would be like if everyone who commuted

on four wheels switched over to the KZ-400.

There might be more fuel to go around. The open road would be a little more open. And people would be having a lot more fun. Smiling all the way.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.

MEMBER MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL

caned frequently by my mother for disobedience and bad behavior in general during my teens. I can say most emphatically that I received much pain and absolutely no pleasure.

The cane used was the thin, pliant kind and hung by its handle behind the door of my mother's wardrobe. Unless the offense was on a weekend, when retribution was immediate, I was punished before going to bed after I had finished my homework. I was then sent to my bedroom to await my mother's arrival with cane in hand. I was made to take off my blouse and pants and stand in my stockings (no tights in those days) and my brown knickers. Mother would then lecture me about the offense and I then had to take down my knickers to my knees, till my bottom was bare. I was then made to bend over a bedroom chair and hold on to the seat while at least six strokes of the cane were administered. No matter how much I pleaded, struggled, or cried the next stroke was not given until I was properly in position and still. I can painfully remember on more than one occasion a caning taking twenty minutes or more. To some it may be pleasure but to me it was agony and I had the marks to prove it for three or four days afterwards.—E.J., Hants, England

I have always been fascinated and excited by spanking sessions, even as a child at school when I used to see boys half-stripped and caned by the master. To me the most exciting part of a woman's body is the buttocks, and I often imagine them rousing under strokes of a cane. I don't know why I feel like this. In my childhood I was only beaten twice but it is too far away to remember whether or not I got any sexual pleasure from the experiences. It may well be the lack of corporal punishment in my childhood that makes me so fascinated by the subject.

I often practice spanking or caning sessions by

myself with leather straps and wooden rulers, but I have never met a girl with whom I could have a spanking or caning session. How could I find a girl who would be interested in these things? —G.A., Paris, France

You could always try taking riding lessons. You'd be surprised at the whip-happy girls you can meet.—Editor

Spanks a million

I am a newly married housewife thirty-two years of age and have just been reacquainted with the virtues of spanking.

My first husband died rather suddenly in a tragic accident and I had the good fortune to meet my present husband.

While we were dating he and I discussed many subjects, one being spanking. He wasted no time in making his views on this matter very plain. In fact, he went so far as to say he would spank his wife if she needed discipline. I thought he was just talking, but after we were married he showed me different.

One morning before leaving for work he told me to do a certain thing for him. My husband thought this was very important but I thought otherwise, so I did not do it. When he arrived home after work he asked me if I had done what he requested and I told him no. When he asked me why not, I told him I didn't think it was very important.

When I told him this he said, "Is that so," and he grabbed me. He then told me he was going to blister my back side. I tried to help myself but he was too strong for me and he soon had me face down across his knee. He pulled my skirt up and then I felt him slip his finger into the waistband of my panties. I knew what this meant and I cried, "No please, not on the bare bottom." But he pulled my britches down to my knees and then

raised his hand. As his hand connected to my posterior, I squirmed, kicked my legs, and sobbed like a baby. As his hand repeatedly connected to my fanny, I cried at the top of my voice, but he didn't stop.

Two dozen whacks, twelve on each cheek, made me realize that I must obey the bread winner of our family. When he let me up, I rushed to the bathroom and looked at my bottom in the mirror. It was a pinkish, reddish color and felt like a pepper box. As I tenderly rubbed the smarting cheeks, I made up my mind never to disobey my husband again.—Name and address withheld

There are three women in my life. My two teen-aged daughters, aged fifteen and thirteen, and their dark-haired mother, who looks ten years younger than her age of thirty-four. Both of the girls are normal healthy teenagers whose behavior occasionally merits a spanking. I am not particularly strict with the girls, but they know how far they can go before they get punished.

Humiliation is part of the spanking and whenever either girl is to be punished she is sent up to her room to change into a pajama jacket which is specially kept for the purpose. She then has to report back to the living room and in the presence of the family is put across my lap to have her bare bottom spanked with the palm of my hand. It gives me no pleasure, but I must agree that I do feel a sense of power being the judge and executioner and also being able to order a big girl to undress and submit to my authority.

Unknown to the girls however, in the privacy of our bedroom, I do experience pleasure in watching their mother undress and humbly lie across the bed to have her delightfully bared bottom spread out to receive an appropriate number of strokes according to her behavior.

Very occasionally, when either of the girls has

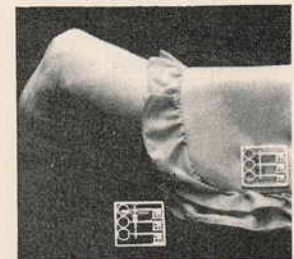
**YEAH DAD,
I GOTTA 'JOB.'**

**JOB
THE DAILY
PAPERS.**

Job Cigarette Papers
imported from
France by Adams
Apple Distributing
Company, Chicago,
Illinois 60657
Available through
your neighborhood
head shop or local
cigarette paper
distributor.



**OFF
THE
CUFF**



The finishing touch, bold
3-Key cufflinks, 5/8" square,
boast hinged clasp found
only on the finest jewelry.

J05—Sterling silver finished in gold\$15.00
J06—Gleaming silver finish\$ 8.00

Please include \$1.00 each to cover
postage and handling. NYC residents
add 7% sales tax. Send check or money
order to:

Penthouse Products Dept. PKC 674
909 Third Avenue
NYC, New York 10022

offended my wife, she will express a wish to carry out the punishment herself. Then I sit and watch the naughty girl cry with pain because my wife usually spansks them with a lot more force than I use.—P.C., Lancaster, England

Since all of you seem to accept this ritual, it might appear that spanking is having no ill effect on your children. But in our opinion, and the opinion of many experts, fifteen is too old for a girl to be undressed in front of the family and humiliated in this way. It could have an adverse influence on her feelings about sex—in that she would associate nakedness with punishment and humiliation—and at this age it is an invasion of her personal sexual dignity and privacy.—Editor

Women of displeasure

I am rather embarrassed at writing a letter like this but I have decided to do so after reading about a man who collects pornography and who has never had sex.

I am twenty-three and have never had sex either. As soon as my penis draws near the female organ it goes soft. I have had plenty of opportunities, what with working in holiday camps, and singing and playing guitar. I've slept with plenty of girls, but always the same thing happens. I have masturbated since the age of seven and now I think the urge to masturbate is decreasing. Recently I went to a prostitute and after she had taken my money I didn't get an erection and it was out the door with my trousers round my ankles. Since then I have visited several of these so-called women of pleasure and my advice to anyone who is at all sensitive is not to go near them. I know I am not homosexual or bisexual, but I think my problem is serious and it has recently made me feel withdrawn from the opposite sex and even scared.—T.C., Surrey, England

Batter up!

I am writing this letter to let you know that my latest female companion has the distinction of being the "Girl With the Home Plate Pussy." She has shaved her pubic triangle in such a way as to form its shape in the exact proportional dimensions of the regulation size home plate according to the Official Rules of the Commissioner of Baseball. Needless to say, I have slid into home plate many times and have never been called out.—Name and address withheld

With a ballpark like that, we'd be tempted to try for the home run record ourselves.—Editor

Love music

My husband and I enjoy *Penthouse*, especially the Forum, and look forward each month to gaining new knowledge from it.

We enjoy viewing X-rated movies, but our pet peeve is that in so many of them loud music is played in the background, rather than the actual sounds of what is displayed on the screen.

Ever since I was ten years old, the sounds of bed springs squeaking and the moans of lovemaking have really aroused me.

My husband and I really lucked out on our honeymoon. We stayed in a motel, and while we were making love we could hear couples on both sides of our room screwing too. We often tape our lovemaking sessions and I replay the tapes and masturbate when my husband is away at work.

It's too bad that when children come, married couples have to turn off the sounds of their love.—Name and address withheld

May the breast man win

Your magazine interests me—I like it a lot. Why is it, however, that you never photograph a beautiful male-female contact with a man lovingly and

beautifully attached to a woman's breast? It is certainly not perverted or repulsive. Breast contact is beautiful, and satisfying for both man and woman. A pretty, moist, erected nipple can surely turn anyone on and is, in my experience, the best and most lovely foreplay of all.—Name and address withheld

Afterplay

I have a suggestion for post-intercourse stimulation. Here's how I learned about this fantastic phenomenon.

About two weeks ago my boyfriend and I were baby-sitting my younger brothers while my parents were out at a late night show. My brothers were in bed and my boyfriend and I were exchanging intimate caresses, which led to heavy petting, and finally sexual intercourse.

I must confess that our orgasms were ravishly exhilarating because of our position. I was laying on the couch with my legs extended and he was on his knees between my thighs. We both reached ecstasy two or three times and were at the point of complete satisfaction! When he stood up we both noticed that his legs were shaking from overexertion. He leaned over me and his leg brushed against my cunt.

To my surprise, I became electrified by his pulsating leg and reached a bizarre, spine-tingling orgasm. If any other readers try this stimulating exercise, I hope they enjoy it as much as I did.—Name and address withheld

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting *Penthouse Forum* magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send \$1.00 to *Penthouse Forum*, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.

The only cassette deck in town.

All cassette decks offer convenience. And simplicity of operation. Now let's separate the men-decks from the boy-decks. There is only one moderately priced cassette deck which offers performance specs not touched by any other cassette deck in the world. (except our own more expensive 450). The TEAC 360S.

For openers, it has a memory rewind counter (to simplify your "search" time), a Light Emitting Diode (to warn you of sudden peak levels during recording), separate 3-position bias and equalization switches (to adjust for different types of tape).

Yes, but what about the *sound*?

We thought you'd never ask. Because of our new transport drive system, the TEAC 360S has an incredible 0.07% record and playback WRMS wow and flutter—which is an engineer's way of proving the 360S is virtually free of noise which has characterized most cassette decks.

Now add Dolby® Noise Reduction circuitry, enhanced by Dolby calibration controls and tone generator, and what do you have?

The only cassette deck in town.

Check it out first thing.

The TEAC 360S.

(Present TEAC company excepted.)

TEAC

The leader. Always has been.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

TEAC Corporation of America—Headquarters: Dept. A-25 A, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640
TEAC offices in principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico and Japan.

©TEAC 1973





AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

spermatozoa: Male fertilizing cells which, when united to a female egg, start the cycle of reproduction and determine the sex of the child conceived. Spermatozoa are microscopic tadpole-like organisms, about 1/500th of an inch long. They are manufactured by the testicles (q.v.) at a rate of about 200 million per day. Doctors have calculated that the average man ejaculates about one and a half trillion sperm in his lifetime, which is theoretically sufficient to father 500 times the current world population. However, though it takes only one sperm to fertilize an egg, millions more are necessary for conception since, even in normally fertile men, a very high proportion of the sperm ejaculated are always either dead or deformed. Apparently, the pattern of abnormal sperm varies from individual to individual, and a man whose ejaculate contains less than 600 million sperm is generally reckoned infertile. This makes it possible for forensic experts to use "sperm prints," like finger prints, to identify the criminal when semen has been left at the scene of the crime. Scientists can now preserve sperm for as long as ten years by deep-freezing them. This means that a man with a low sperm count in his semen can gradually collect, through several ejaculations, enough sperm for successful insemination. Also, men can "bank" semen before undergoing vasectomy (q.v.) in case they change their minds about wanting children later on. To cater to such needs, the first commercial sperm bank was opened in New York in October 1971 and there are now about fifteen similar establishments throughout the U.S. They charge around \$55 for the initial deposit and \$15 a year for storing it (depositors are warned that if they fall behind in their payments, their patrimony will be destroyed). Some establishments provide an "ejaculatorium" equipped with erotica to assist the client in producing his sample.

sprintraie: Group-sex technique, also called the "daisy chain." Classical sprintraie, as enjoyed by the Emperors Tiberius, Nero, and others, were exclusively homosexual, and the chain consisted of Man A sodomizing Man B, who in turn sodomized Man C, etc., back again to A. There is a notorious painting by Caravaggio of thirty men engaged in such a scene. Heterosexual chains rely more on orogenital contact: the simplest form is where Man A cunnilingues Woman B who fel-lates Man C who cunnilingues Woman D who fel-lates Man A. However, it is possible to have a more interesting chain if some of the participants are bisexual and/or prepared to use dildos. Here, a typical scenario might be: Woman A fel-lates Man B, who uses a dildo on Woman C, who sucks Woman D, who fondles Woman A's breasts, while Man E has intercourse with her. Open-ended, or unlinked, chains have the advantage that the outside partners can enjoy intercourse more or less

normally while the middle partners engage in a general melée. Sometimes the chain breaks open into a cross or figure of eight with one central woman simultaneously engaging three men. It can be seen that women always play a greater role than men in dual-sex sprintraie because they are more versatile. They can, theoretically, have intercourse vaginally and anally while orally stimulating a third person and using a dildo on a fourth. Moreover, heterosexual women are usually more willing to experiment with another female than men are with another man—the taboo against homosexuality in our culture goes very deep. Yet one more indication that, sexually speaking, women have the better deal!



Story of O: Notorious modern erotic novel, published by the Olympia Press, Paris in 1954 in French and English under the pseudonym Pauline Réage. The identity of the author is still unknown, though the French police made strenuous efforts to track him or her down. The novel is a first-person chronicle of a young woman, O, who is systematically subjected to every known humiliation and perversion. She is taken by her lover René to a secluded country house where, in company with many other girls, she is whipped, tortured, fucked, sodomized and forced to perform fellatio by both the guests and servants. When she is released, René orders her always to keep her stockings rolled down to her thighs and never to wear pants or cross her legs, so that she may be always available for instant sex. Later he gives her to his friend Sir Stephen and she becomes his unquestioning slave: "Sir Stephen curtly bade her caress herself, but not to close her legs back together. Numb, she obediently stretched her right hand down towards her sex and her fingers encountered, between the parted fleece, the already burning morsel of flesh placed where the

fragile lips of her sex joined together." Sir Stephen brands his initials into her buttocks in half-inch deep letters, and inserts metal rings into the lips of her vagina. The novel ends as she is led naked to a party by a lead inserted through these rings, to be used by any of the guests who desire her. Though filled with descriptions of sadomasochistic perversions, the *Story of O* has been praised by many literary critics, including Graham Greene and Harold Pinter, as a work of genius. Two sequels have appeared, *O et M* by Charles Estienne (1966) and *Retour à Roissy*, allegedly by Pauline Réage herself (1969), but both are much inferior to the original.

syphilis: The most horrifying of the venereal diseases (q.v.). It first appeared in Portugal in 1494, brought back possibly from Haiti by Columbus's sailors, and spread quickly to France, Germany, Switzerland, England, Hungary, and Russia, carried by the dispersing armies of Charles VIII. In the early 16th century, syphilis was pandemic throughout Europe, but in 1560 Fallopius invented the condom and for three centuries this provided the only protection, however slight, against the disease. The Victorians discovered mercury treatment, which helped a bit, although its side effects could be almost as bad as syphilis itself—a foul mouth odor, purple gums, and a feeling that the teeth were shrinking. It was not until the 1940's that penicillin really conquered the disease. The particular nastiness of syphilis is that, if left untreated, it can develop over years and years, lying dormant for long periods and then striking again. The first symptom is a small, painless ulcer which appears usually two to three weeks after infection. It occurs at the point of contact, which is usually the genitals, but it can be the breast, the mouth, the finger, or even occasionally, the tonsils. Women and homosexual males are particularly at risk, because the ulcer may be out of sight; on the cervix in women, or inside the rectum in homosexuals. Within about sixty days the ulcer disappears of its own accord, but this is by no means a cure, and two or three months later the secondary symptoms appear. They include a skin rash which may persist for as long as two years, gradually darkening in color; moist warts around the genitals; patchy baldness; greyish patches in the mouth; enlargement of the lymph glands; slight fever, aches, and a sore throat. This sounds like a formidable list, but the patient may show only one or two of the symptoms and then only to a mild degree, which makes them nearly impossible to connect with a sexual encounter several months before. If left untreated at this stage, the disease becomes latent and may remain so for the rest of the patient's life. But in 40 percent of untreated victims it does progress to the tertiary stage, though sometimes not for twenty or thirty years. The symptoms here are widely bracketed as "general paralysis of the insane." They include gradual erosion of the genitals and a breakdown of the entire organism. Memory goes, muscular coordination is lost; the instincts (especially the sexual) get out of control; there may be nonstop eating, hallucinations, and delusions of grandeur. The patient becomes quite helpless, crawling around on the floor and defecating like a child, and eventually dies. Another sickening thing about syphilis is that an infected mother can communicate it to her unborn child, which means that the child, if not aborted, is born blind, deaf, and deformed. The one consolation in all this is that the disease responds well to penicillin treatment at any stage (though the sooner the better) and is now clearly on the decline in the Western world. Anyone who suspects that he might have syphilis should visit a doctor without delay for an examination.

Everybody knows Cheap Jeans,[®] but who knows me, the sensational Brenda Plotnik?

I'm Brenda Plotnik. The Cheap Jeans[®] people picked me to star in this testimonial on their Cheap Jeans. Cause I'm young, they said, and cause I wear them. (But I think it's cause I'm gonna be a great actress and they just want my name in their ad before it's in anyone else's.)

Well, anyway, I figure you already know about Cheap Jeans. So I can take this little opportunity to tell you about me and Herbie. (Only Herbie comes later.)

Believe it or not Brenda Plotnik is my real name. Some people are just lucky I guess. I mean being born with a ready made stage name.

Anyway, I'm what you'd call a born actress.

My acting career started in kindergarten when my class did Jack and the Beanstalk. I played the beans. I was so good that they asked me to play beans again in our first grade nutrition play. But I refused the part because I didn't want to be type cast. However I did accept the role of 'Cola, enemy of teeth.' I was great. Everybody booed. I wore a mustache. From then on it was just one success after another.

Until, most recently, the Umbrella Manufacturers Association of North America voted me Miss Folding Umbrella of 1974.

So you can see how versatile I am. And look at my face. See how real it is. I have 21 different expressions. I know, I counted them once...21.

And I can play lots of different parts. I can be a sex symbol. Or a girl. And I can play any age from 16 to 18.

So just contact me through the Cheap Jeans people. (I'm sure they wouldn't mind, since I'm doing them this favor.)

Now for Herbie. Remember Herbie. Well he took this picture. And he's available to be a photographer. You can see how good he is, because he took this picture and he's in it. He wears Cheap Jeans too.

Which reminds me. There are a few things the

Cheap Jeans people paid me to say.

Cheap Jeans come in comfortable cotton in lots of sizes and colors and styles for men and women and boys and girls and they fit great. So remember, Brenda Plotnik, the natural actress. And anyone who discovers me is going to have a star on his hands.



U.S.I. A U.S. INDUSTRIES COMPANY.
And that makes a world of difference.

©4 51, 1974

~~CHEAP JEANS[®]~~

Cheap Jeans, Division of Omnico, 1411 Broadway, N.Y. 10018

Brenda Plotnik

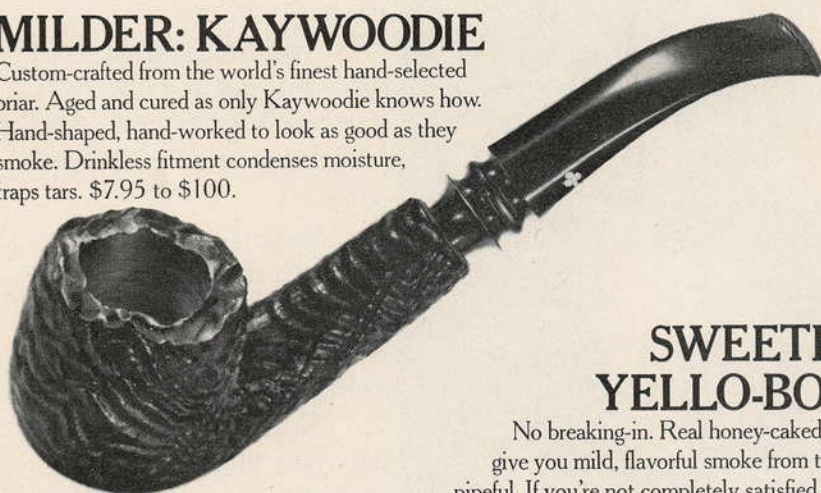


The 3-pipe collection.

Here are three different ways to enjoy smoking. The result of years of perfecting three different kinds of pipes. You'll want to have at least one of each for your collection.

MILDER: KAYWOODIE

Custom-crafted from the world's finest hand-selected briar. Aged and cured as only Kaywoodie knows how. Hand-shaped, hand-worked to look as good as they smoke. Drinkless fitment condenses moisture, traps tars. \$7.95 to \$100.



SWEETER: YELLO-BOLE

No breaking-in. Real honey-caked bowls give you mild, flavorful smoke from the first pipeful. If you're not completely satisfied, return pipe with sales slip and we will refund your purchase price. \$2.95 to \$7.95.



DRIER: MEDICO

Change the filter and your pipe is clean. The 66 baffles in replaceable, absorbent Medico filters trap juices, tars, nicotine...make smoking cleaner, cooler. Nylon bits are guaranteed bite-proof. Pipes: \$2.95 to \$30.00. Medico Filters: regular, menthol, charcoal, 10 for 15¢.



KAYWOODIE/YELLO-BOLE/MEDICO
The World's Favorite Pipes



testicles (or testes): Part of the male sex organs—two egg-shaped "balls" about 1½-inches long by one inch wide and one inch thick. During fetal development they lie within the abdomen, but just before or immediately after birth they descend into the scrotum (q.v.). In about 2 percent of men they fail to descend and surgical or hormonal treatment is necessary. A few men only have one ball, but this is not serious—fertility and sexual functioning are unimpaired. In a rare condition, called hydrocele, fluid collects around the testis, sometimes giving the appearance that there are three balls in the scrotum. This condition requires treatment. The main purpose of the testicles is to produce the male hormone testosterone (q.v.) and sperm. Sperm production begins around ages fourteen to sixteen and is thereafter continuous, until old age, at the rate of 25 million sperm per testis per day. If the testes are removed before puberty, normal sexual development cannot take place and the boy becomes a sterile eunuch. If they are removed or damaged after puberty, the effects are variable. (Incidentally, a survey of 300 men who had lost their testicles showed that they tend to live longer than normal males, being more resistant to infection.) Many men wonder why something so valuable as their testicles should be arranged in such a vulnerable position outside the body. Apparently, normal body temperature is too hot for sperm production. The scrotum provides a cooler environment. It has been suggested that the reason why fat men are often sterile is because their fat makes the testicles too warm. Some doctors believe that taking hot baths or wearing tight underpants may also decrease fertility. Apparently, members of some primitive tribes, realizing the connection between temperature and fertility, soak their scrotums in hot water before having intercourse as a means of contraception. Unfortunately, this method is not considered very reliable!

testosterone: Male sex hormone, though also present in women to a much smaller degree. In men, it is secreted by the testes and adrenal glands. It is responsible for the sex drive in both sexes, and in men for the development of puberty and general masculinity. Its importance to sexual development can be gauged from a recent case in which a two-year-old Swedish boy suffered excessive testosterone production: his voice deepened, his genitals enlarged, and he grew a beard. For the past twenty years, ever since it was identified, testosterone has been the subject of a variety of medical experiments. It has been found to restore virility—but not fertility—in men who have lost their testicles. It is also useful as a treatment for older men whose testicles have begun to atrophy. The French surgeon Voronoff used to perform costly testicle transplants from apes to human males as a rejuvenation treatment. This was equivalent to giving testosterone, but the effects were probably too short-lived to make the operation worthwhile. Unfortunately, testosterone does not seem to help in cases of normal impotence; if anything, it is harmful because the testi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

**THE ONLY SCOTCH
NAMED AFTER
A SCOUNDREL.**

Aged 8 Years



In his day most men
aspired to be gentlemen.
Jamie didn't. Which
branded him a rogue, a
rascallion, a rebel.
Legend has it that Jamie
came to the notice of a
prominent distiller who
admired these traits in a
man. And so, in 1808,
Jamie's name was im-
mortalized. Not on a
statue, or a building, but
on a fine new Scotch.

JAMIE '08
The Scotch for scoundrels.

Blended Scotch whisky. 8 years old.
86 Proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.

Salem refreshes naturally.

- 
- Naturally grown menthol.
 - Rich natural tobacco taste.
 - No harsh, hot taste.

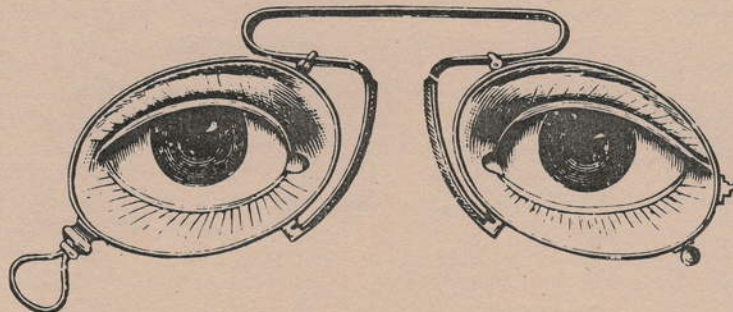


King or Super King

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



A RATIONING PROTEST

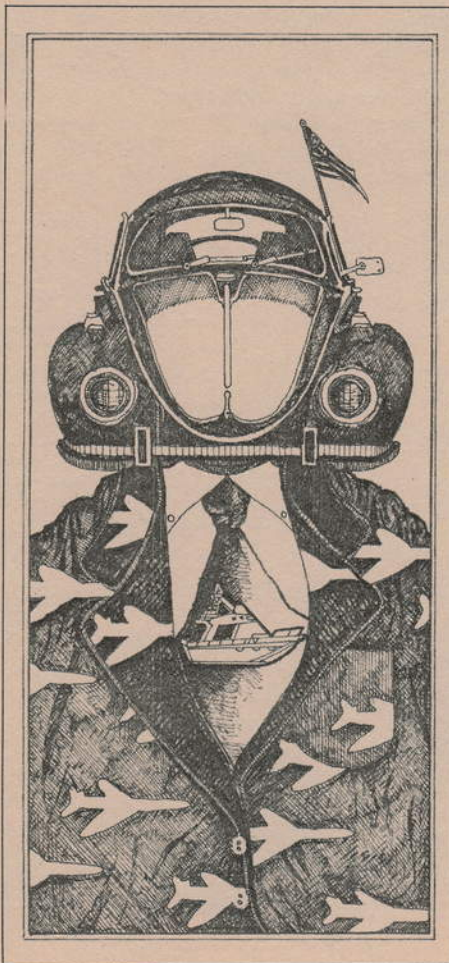
As the sixth year of the Nixon regime dawned upon an unsuspecting public, a new phenomenon came on the scene—gasoline lines. There were two kinds: the type that stretched for blocks at the service stations, and the one being handed out by energy czar Bill Simon.

Simon was doing everything possible, he said, to spare the nation from the horrors of gas rationing—such things as an unwieldy bureaucracy and the sprouting of black markets. Nevertheless, he did have a rationing plan ready, should it prove necessary.

It was like being told by your doctor that you have pneumonia but he's doing everything he can to spare you the ravages of penicillin. A closer look at the Nixon-Simon version of rationing, however, showed that the cure might very well be worse than the ailment. It was not a plan aimed at spreading around the supply as fairly as possible according to actual need. It was, in fact, a price-raising scheme, a so-called "white market" under which anyone's unused coupons could be sold to the highest bidder, making more gas available to those with the money, eliminating the poor riff-raff. For example, a New York City licensed driver can easily use public transportation and sell his unused coupons to a desperate Midwesterner—someone who lives in a rural community and *must* drive to work.

"Just how would the projected rationing system affect the beautiful people who spend their lives doing nothing but tripping on yachts and private planes?" we asked the nice man at the Federal Energy Office.

Carl Nicholas Titolo.



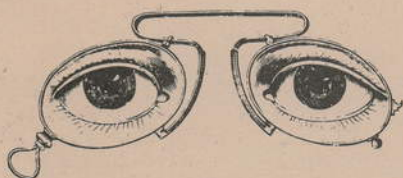
"Not at all," he replied. "They are covered under marine-fuel and aviation-fuel allocation laws. And these are completely separate from motor-car regulations under which rationing would operate."

The land-bound motorist would be allowed an average of thirty-two to thirty-five gallons per month, variations depending on local supplies and availability of alternate mass transit. Air and water travelers using their own conveyances would by no means be forced to put them up in mothballs, sell them to museums, or even face what we would call serious privation. And with an estimated 5,800,000 privately owned motorboats and 128,000 privately owned aircraft, we are not discussing a minor consumption of that precious fuel.

One could hardly pretend that this consumption is essential. But by mid-February the boat shows were in full swing and fuel problems did not seem to be dampening the optimism of buyers or sellers. The big National Boat Show in New York had already reported sales of \$54,400,000—only slightly below the previous year's record gross. And yachters seemed to be favoring items in the \$100,000-and-over class. Many were more worried about the delivery of carpeting for their craft than getting the gas to run them.

Private and corporate fliers had already had their aviation fuel allocations increased to 90 percent of their 1972 supply, up from 80 percent a month earlier.

That's not so bad in the case of the busy executive whose company sends him from



city to city in a Cessna-210, for example. The plane delivers 11.5 miles per gallon. That's better than your standard 1974 American car of 3,850 to 4,250 pounds that averages 10.8 mpg—especially considering that the plane flies a relatively straight line while the roads twist and turn, adding about 20 percent more distance.

But not all the nation's general aviation aircraft fit that description.

Take the six-passenger, \$920,000 Learjet for instance. This favorite of a few golfers, singers, and high-flying lawyers delivers an average of less than two miles per gallon of jet fuel.

What tends to piss off the ordinary Volkswagener like me is the fact that every time the Learjetter makes a one-hour

business trip, say, from New York to Pittsburgh and returns, he burns up 454 gallons of fuel. As many as I am supposed to use running my beetle for fourteen months! And if we take the Douglas DC-9 jet (there are a handful of privately-owned models), the fuel consumption is more than five times that of a Learjet.

Ah, you say, but a gallon of jet aviation fuel is not the same as a gallon of gasoline, and aren't you therefore comparing apples and oranges?

The answer is yes. According to the American Petroleum Institute's figures for the year 1972, a barrel of crude oil yields only 3.02 gallons of jet fuel; while the same barrel of crude will yield 19.4 gallons of regular gasoline. So it takes 6.4 times as much crude to make jet fuel as it does to make gasoline.

That means it takes 150 barrels of crude to produce the fuel our private or corporate Learjet flier will use on his short flight. If I can get the gas to make the same trip in my VW, at around 30 mpg—even allowing for the extra road distance—I will make it on less than thirty-one gallons. And the suppliers will have to drill for, or import, only 1.6 barrels of crude.

The Learjetters' drain on this vital resource is more than 93 times mine; the Douglas DC-9 owner consumes about 475 times my allotment. Yet these jet owners can expect to receive 90 percent of their 1972 fuel consumption, while I am asked to confine myself to around 80 percent of mine. Which is why I get the feeling that I, and perhaps you too, have been shafted by Washington, once again.—
Fred Darwin

HAPPENINGS

AN HONEST WOMAN AT LAST

Gay Talese has earned himself an unexpected kind of celebrity lately. Gathering material for his forthcoming book about American sexual trends, the author of *The Kingdom and the Power*, *Honor Thy Father*, and "Frank Sinatra Has a Cold" has been having carnal knowledge of women without number—prostitutes, masseuses, hippies, libbies, his best friends' wives and daughters, his own wife, even—and not giving a damn withal who knows it. Talese's book is pre-sold for over a

million dollars, but, even if the New Journalist ever gets around to writing it, it will probably not outgross Honeysuckle Divine's *Diary of a Dirty Broad*. Nobody could outgross Honeysuckle!

To deepen the contrast, Talese is "writing" the history of the Great Sexual Revolution of the Seventies, or something, while Honeysuckle is but a humble toiler in the vineyards of the world's oldest profession. The divine Miss Divine has been whoring around the United States and Canada for about ten years now, but although she has kept a voluminous, candid, philosophical, and very witty diary of her adventures in prostitution,

burlesque, and love for love's sake, she never entertained a thought of its possible literary significance. Until last year, when a fan wrote a letter about her to *Penthouse*, rhapsodizing, basically, the adroit female organ Honeysuckle owns and operates. A *Screw* editor read it, located Honeysuckle, and persuaded her that the diary was a document of unusual value. As if Honeysuckle ever needed much persuasion! *Screw* began to publish unedited excerpts every week, accompanied by frankly bizarre photographs of *elle-même*, her genitals, and the droll objects—mop handles, lit cigars and candles, and many other suggestive articles—which she cheerfully invagi-



Honeysuckle outgrosses Talese.



Miss Divine, the ecdysiast.

nated. Since then, *Screw* claims, her admirers have swollen to include a vast number of readers who have never even seen Honeysuckle strut and fret her hour upon the burlesque stage, but who flocked to purchase *Screw*'s 1974 Honeysuckle pinup calendar, with the blond bombshell's period days printed in fire-truck red.

On the other hand, myopic American publishers—among them, Playboy Press—have so far failed to perceive the potentially Xaviera-esque profitability of Honeysuckle's autobiography. But doubtless only last year's Supreme Court decision on pornography stands between the reading public and this unique record of whatever strange epoch we live in.

Honeysuckle is not her real name. "It was while I was working on the Block in Baltimore," she told me in a rare interview, at which she did not wear the blond fright wig she usually conducts business in. "We were hustling bottles of champagne and giving blow jobs in the dark corners and under tables. So all of a sudden one night it just sort of came to me like an inspiration, you know, *Honeysuckle*, because it has the word 'suckle' in it. So I tried it on a guy and I said, 'Hi, my name is Honeysuckle Divine. What's yours?' And he laughed and said, 'I haven't got anything that can top that.' And then I got onto another phrase, saying, 'Honeysuckle's my name and cock-sucking's my game.'" Honeysuckle later expressed a desire to rehearse

her baptism for me, but unfortunately there was no tablecloth.

Honeysuckle had the good sense to be born in the Midwest, where she was endowed with a chaste morality that she lost almost no time in relinquishing. After a few tense months in a convent when she was a teenager, she went to work as a barmaid, was apprenticed as a go-go dancer, and graduated to full-time ec-dysiast. To qualify for fame in burlesque, Honeysuckle undertook a severe but gratifying vaginal discipline, teaching her orifice to sign her name with a fountain pen, squirt Jergens' Lotion for distances in excess of thirty feet, sneeze, and whistle.

Honeysuckle's career has been less than one unobstacled meteoric flight to fame, since many striptease entrepreneurs consider her act extravagantly avant-garde and often fire her after they've seen one performance. Audiences, however, seem to enjoy Honeysuckle's dramatic plumbing. Indeed, when Honeysuckle appears at one of the grind houses on the Block, the skin-game capital of Baltimore and the world, she attracts innumerable U.S. and foreign dignitaries from nearby Washington, D.C. Nor do the solons scorn her charms, even at \$50 a night. Anyway, one president didn't. Anyway, that's what she says.

The amazing thing is that Honeysuckle, the Eternal Romantic, whose political Johns have also included a former ambassador to the United Nations, a senior senator, a prominent

Watergate witness, a former top adviser to JFK, and a controversial member of Johnson's State Department, is too patriotic to demand more than half a C of taxpayers' money for the use of her body. This is true Americanism.

It is not likely, at this time, that *The Diary of a Dirty Broad* will ever see the inside of a book jacket—at least not soon in the United States—but, as her *Screw* column makes clear, Honeysuckle unleashed would be the natural recipient of a special Nobel Prize for Sexual Freedom, as well as the traditional laurels in literature and biology. Her uncensored remembrances would make the Proust novels and Waugh diaries look like the letters of Queen Victoria, although Honeysuckle's own ambition is heartwarmingly Victorian: she wants to marry a well-known television news announcer she met turning tricks in Baltimore, and bear his sons. And, like every good Victorian, she longs to publish her memoirs.

"You can't keep my book down," she told me, "just like you can't keep the Bible down. I imagine during the early days of the Christians when they were getting thrown to the lions and when they were censured and everything, I imagine they tried to kill the Bible then too, but the Bible has lasted through thousands of years I guess, two or three thousand years. I think my book will become a classic someday."

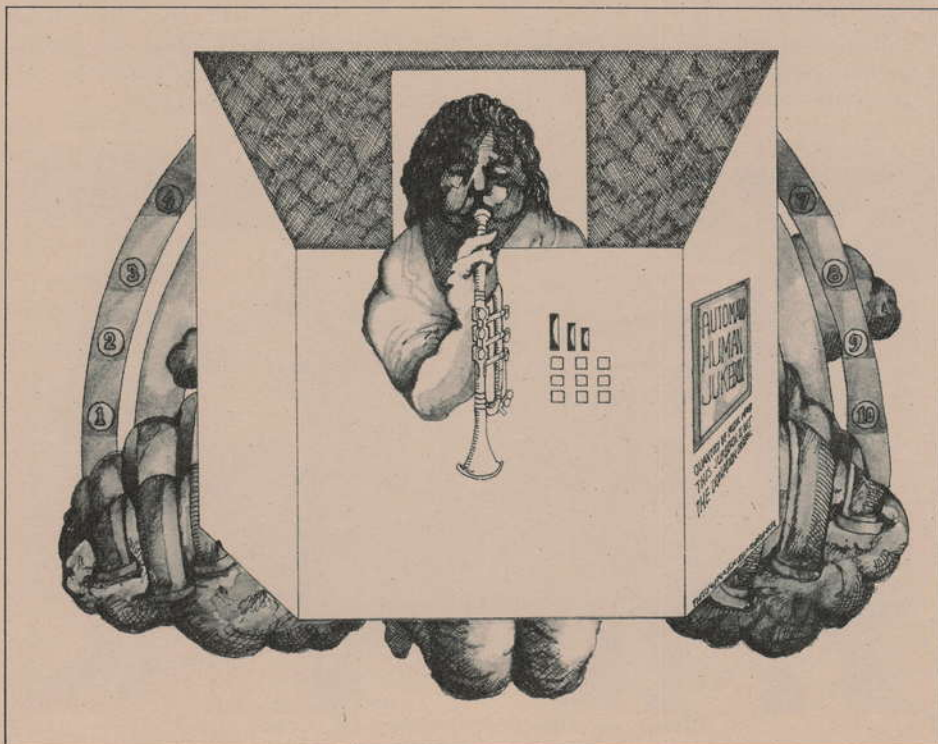
I think so too.—*R. Singer*

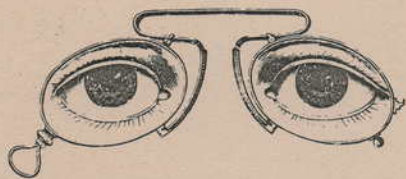
AUTOMATED HUMAN JUKEBOX

Grimes Poznikov can usually be found on the streets of San Francisco, standing inside a large corrugated box with huge letters proclaiming: AUTOMATED HUMAN JUKEBOX. In smaller print observers are advised that "The quality of this jukebox performance will vary automatically with the quantity of the donation inserted."

Having been forewarned, interested customers select songs from a list on the side of the box, deposit their contribution, and punch out their selection on numbered cardboard buttons. Then a whistle sounds as a large flap pops open to reveal Poznikov playing the requested song on his trumpet.

Probably there are easier ways to make a living, but Poznikov doesn't seem interested. He's been doing his own private version of street theater ever since he lost his job as a Chicago schoolteacher when his short-haired wig fell off in front of his eighth-grade class. Now, at age twenty-eight, the itinerate trumpeter feels he can be more effective in the streets than in the classroom, radicalizing people through nonverbal communication as the world's only Automated Human Jukebox.—*Bruce David*





SHOWS

UP FOR LAUGHS

There is something encouraging about movie comedy, even about comedies you might not happen to like. Just the idea of a funny movie, or of somebody having guts enough to make a funny movie, tends to set people up. Perhaps that's because people like to know that somebody cares. Serious movies, even the most stereotyped, look like the working out of an individual vision to personal ends. But comedy is immediately institutional, accessible, public—though the great film comedians, I think without exception, earned their laughter out of the depths or heights of the most private kinds of isolation.

But the assumptions that there is indeed something to laugh at, that an audience exists that is sure enough of its own collective responses to do the laughing—those are public judgments. Such judgments haven't been common in the past several years—when almost nobody has been willing to say too firmly what is or isn't ridiculous. "The Golden Age of Comedy," that favorite chestnut of pop-culture historians, may really refer to a time in history (the comedy wasn't always so golden) when audiences could enthrone a comedian as a collective seer. There are no great comedians right now, but there are great gag men. Just in looking at the screen, you can sense the loss of personality. (Compare, say, ten minutes of Chaplin in *The Great Dictator* with the entire collected works of Woody Allen.) But sometimes the ideas, and the execution, are perfectly marvelous.

I think that's the frame of mind to bring to

both Mel Brooks's *Blazing Saddles* and Richard Lester's new version of *The Three Musketeers*. They are both comedies by way of conception rather than open inspiration, and they both depend upon a quality of intelligence at work behind the scenes. Their best moments are their most elaborate, their most objective, their most carefully thought out—though this isn't so true of *Blazing Saddles*. In fact, there are a lot more "best moments" in Mel Brooks's Western than in Richard Lester's historical romance.

In some respects, *The Three Musketeers* is really *Help* without the Beatles—but with Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan instead, and with a bit more class. It is full of odd kinds of achievement, such as the best performances ever from Geraldine Chaplin (as Anne of Austria) and Raquel Welch (Anne's confidante, Mme. Bonancieux), but who needs achievement like that? Unlikely people, such as Oliver Reed (Athos), succeed perhaps for the first time in comedy; Christopher Lee (Rochefort) gets another rare opportunity to show what a fine actor has been hiding behind those Transylvanian teeth for so many years; and Charlton Heston (the evil Cardinal Richelieu), complete with false nose and a noticeable stoop, pretty much tops his career in what is essentially a supporting character role. Michael York (D'Artagnan) handles the lead with more genuine good humor and less public-school precosity than he has been allowed in any other recent role. And the superb French actor Jean-Pierre Cassel, as the foppish, slightly dimwitted, somewhat bored King Louis XIII, virtually crystalizes the attitude of the movie in a few offhanded gestures of personal disengagement.

But performances don't dominate *The*

Three Musketeers. The performances are almost lost in the shuffle. So is everything else—the gorgeous locations, magnificent costumes, you name it. That happens to be the idea—to lose as much as possible. *The Three Musketeers* may be the first large-scale historical extravaganza to be built on the principle of the throw-away gag. Its most spectacular scenes—involving fire, warfare, the total destruction of massive buildings—are all crowded into about thirty seconds of phony coming attractions (for a sequel called *The Four Musketeers*) after the movie proper ends. The movie proper does have some fancy sword fights. And it does rather honorably imitate the agreeable vigor of some of the earlier film versions of the story. (That story, by the way, has been done at least eight times in Hollywood alone, including a 1939 musical version with Don Ameche and the Ritz Brothers.) But the soul of Lester's movie lies in that sense of extravagant, often elegant absurdity that surfaced ten years ago in his collaborations with the Beatles, and that significantly fashioned their nonmusical public image.

It isn't so funny now. But it is witty enough, and very tasteful. There are things like the king's chess game, played by obedient massive dogs as chessmen, which go wild as soon as the king walks away from them. There is the palace of the queen's lover, Buckingham, constructed like a gigantic cinematic joke in deep focus for Lester's camera. And there is the queen herself—fragile, lovely, and always laughing and clapping her dainty little hands at the thought or sight of human or bestial torture. *The Three Musketeers* succeeds beautifully on the level of idea. Once you get the idea, the working out may become a little



Lester's Musketeers: *Help* without the Beatles.



Kahn à la Dietrich.

tedious. But for stylish intelligence, nothing so far this year can match it.

Blazing Saddles is better comedy, unsoiled by even a smudge of good taste. If you remember Mel Brooks's one other good movie, *The Producers* (Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, "Springtime for Hitler," etc.), you'll have some access to the sensibility behind *Blazing Saddles*—though that sensibility is now sharper, surer, very much less refined.

Blazing Saddles probably steals from half the Westerns ever made, but its heart is in the mid-1950's, when Westerns came in scope and color, with title songs by Frankie Laine. There is a story of sorts. A black sheriff (Cleavon Little), aided by a down-in-his-cups gunslinger (Gene Wilder), saves a lily-white town populated wholly by Johnsons—Van Johnson, Olson Johnson, Howard Johnson, Dr. Samuel Johnson, etc.—from the railroad interests represented by the corrupt state attorney general Hedley Lamarr (Harvey Korman), the sub-cretin Governor Lepetomane (Mel Brooks), and that wily warbler, "The Teutonic Titwillow," Lili Von Shtupp (Madeline Kahn). Actually, Lili crosses over from the bad guys to the good guys once she uncovers Cleavon Little's natural endowments (no racial or sexual stereotype is left unturned), and Mel Brooks also shows up briefly

as a Yiddish-speaking Indian chief—but everybody's position in the movie is a bit provisional anyway. Before it is over, the whole cast finds itself on a sound stage where an uncommonly swish line of chorus boys is rehearsing a musical-comedy number under Dom DeLuise. You can't accuse *Blazing Saddles* of slavish naturalism, or of excessive regard for its plot.

Mel Brooks does have some regard for his sources—in the absurdist potential of those 1950's Westerns—and he knows how to make any scene with twenty or more people very funny indeed. With smaller groups, he is not so successful, and except for himself and Madeline Kahn there are no special comic talents in the film. The special comic talents are all around the film—mainly in the persons of writer, director, composer, lyricist Mel Brooks—and they manage to push things into fairly happy shape.

Imagine the pleasure in seeing a big brute deliver a sweet little old lady a thudding punch in the gut, or in watching another brute stop a riding cowboy in his tracks by throwing a knockout jab to his horse's jaw. Cows mingle placidly with the patrons of the town saloon. And in Hedley Lamarr's office there hangs a formal portrait of a bride and groom—their backs to us; their faces apparently into the wall.

Governor Lepetomane has a sexy secretary dressed mostly in G-string and inadequate bra, and when he isn't straining his intellect to keep up with Hedley's chicanery, he's busy trying to focus his two crossed eyes on her magnificent breasts. It's hopeless. After signing fraud into law, he can't even see straight enough to get his pen back in the pen holder, and his spastic command, "Help me in with this!" is somehow the most perversely appealing thing in the movie.

Brooks, like his movie, belongs to the grand low-comedy tradition of forceful sight gags and vulgar innuendo. It is the kind of comedy you feel better for having laughed at because it has pushed you into the muck you are a part of, and let you mess around a bit with your own base and probably healthy nature. Not everything in *Blazing Saddles* is quite like this. A lot of it is downright cerebral. But the best things are distinctly physical—whacks on the head, blows to the belly, rolls in the hay, farts in the field, even pies in the face. I'm afraid I'm making it sound like another exercise in nostalgia for comedy's Golden Age. Nothing of the kind. *Blazing Saddles* goes back further than that. It goes back at least to the ancient satyr plays and their appreciation of all the solemn pieties that at regular intervals must be purged from the system.—Roger Greenspun

WORDS

ANOTHER "HOW TO" BOOK

With *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex*, it was the size of penises. Now Dr. David Reuben is hung up on milk. Semen is milk and the penis is a breast and the vagina is a mouth and the owner of the penis "feeds the baby milk-sperm." This all-out metaphor of fucking as nursing is from his latest book, *How To Get More Out Of Sex Than You Ever Thought You Could* (McKay, \$7.95).

The doctor's problem with milk first arose in his second book, *Any Woman Can*. As woman's "ultimate weapon," milk is that feminine substance all men crave. Breast-feed him, and he's yours. In *How To Get . . .* Reuben elaborates: "Every man, when he was a tiny baby, had a white liquid, milk, sprayed into a round opening, his *mouth*, from a long fleshy organ, a *breast*, which had a tiny erection on the end of it called a *nipple*."

"Twenty years later that same boy-baby, now a man, sprays a white liquid, *spermatic fluid*, from a long fleshy organ with an erection, his *penis*, into a mouthlike opening, the *vagina*."

Got that? Please do, warns Reuben, because that connection can lead to dire conse-

quences in four different kinds of impotence: 1) *absolute impotence*, spaghetti at the mere glimpse of that hungry mouth; 2) *copulatory impotence*, giving up at the penultimate point; 3) *premature ejaculation*, the whore's delight; and 4) *retarded ejaculation*, the hard-on that won't quit—more fame than fun.

Dr. Reuben doesn't blame the penis: it



Reuben: Ventriloquist or puppet?

knows what to do. The brain is his villain. It keeps sending these damned telegrams to the penis, and Dr. Reuben is the first to have intercepted and fully deciphered them. Reuben has written out the whole series as it ought to proceed from the first message:

ATTN: PENIS

OPEN VALVES. FILL WITH BLOOD. PREPARE FOR INSERTION. FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW. BEST WISHES.

(Signed) BRAIN

The last message informs "penis" that it is on "auto-pilot" for "blast-off."

Then a little voice asks the doctor: "But what if something goes wrong with those mental telegrams?" Now if you've been through Reuben's previous books, you must have learned that this doctor is actually a ventriloquist's dummy. Nobody has yet identified the actual ventriloquist who asks the questions in order to put the desired answers in Dr. Reuben's mouth. But "voice" has been taught to mistrust "brain," and with good reason:

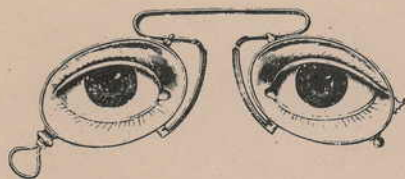
EMERGENCY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

ATTN: PENIS

EMERGENCY PROCEDURES IN EFFECT. DEFLATE. PREPARE TO CRASH. REPEAT CRASH. REGRETS.

(Signed) BRAIN

Regrets, indeed. "Brain" is laughing his



head off. He has gotten even with Mama, by denying her "milk." The brain has hijacked the penis for some real or imaginary slight, incurred during childhood nursing, to take revenge on womankind.

"In absolute impotence, the man is refusing to feed the 'baby' by never producing a penis-breast that she can suck on with her mouth-vagina.

"In copulatory impotence, the man withdraws or collapses the breast-penis before the woman can get to the milk-sperm.

"In premature ejaculation, the man spills the milk-sperm before the woman ever has a chance to 'drink' it.

"In retarded ejaculation, the man simply refuses to produce any milk-sperm at all.

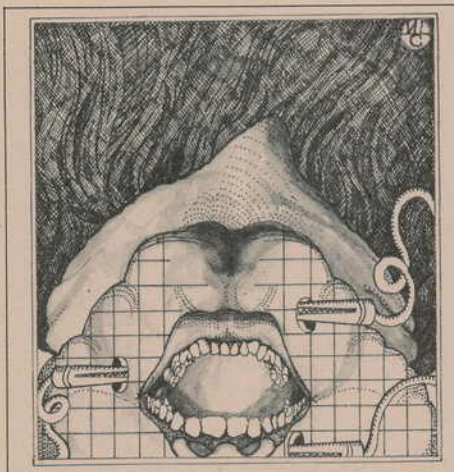
"This all fits in with the observation that many impotent men can masturbate flawlessly."

Dr. Reuben doesn't promise that knowing this will solve anything. But he quickly moves on to external techniques to be employed as you're admonishing the penis for its revenge on Mama. These techniques involve such notions as P.S.R. (Positive Sexual Reinforcement) and the feminine syndrome of O.I. (Orgasmic Impairment). Abbreviations seem to help Reuben explain complex phenomena; it makes them sound simpler.

For premature ejaculation, Reuben promotes a ball-pulling technique, offered in huffy opposition to Masters and Johnson's squeeze-the-tip method. Reuben is a do-it-yourself guy, and he sounds pissed at Masters and Johnson for those "assembly-line sex clinics" that charge \$3,000 for a treatment.

Ball-pulling may not be the only thing repeated from Reuben's first book. He still finds it necessary to moralize at length on homosexuality. However, it may be that the bluntness and reassuring flippancy of his previous books reappear here and make *How To Get* sound more familiar than it is.

Reuben's own justification for this third book is to tackle the problems raised in an uncounted flood of letters, of which he claims



to have read 25,000. There may be other reasons, but I don't believe there is a single reader who couldn't learn some new phrases or terms from this book.

With the aid of these letters, Reuben has certainly encountered a wide variety of sexual problems. He has also picked up some novel solutions and trivia. Did you know that "the semen of Greeks and Italians has a garlicky flavor, that of vegetarians has a bland taste, and Latin lovers tend toward the spicy side"?

Adolf Eichmann lives. The nervous little bureaucrat who systematically destroyed millions of Jews by just doing-his-job is one of us.

Most of us cannot resist authority, even when it conflicts with our personal sense of humanity. This thesis is irrefutably established by experiments conducted at Yale and reported with minimal interpretation by Dr. Stanley Milgram in *Obedience to Authority* (Harper & Row, \$10).

The experiments involved a hoax whereby the actual subjects didn't know they were being tested, but thought themselves to be assisting in a learning experiment. These "subjects" administered successively stronger (pseudo) electric shocks to an actor trained to perform a role of suffering.

By the time this "victim" was screaming in anguish and begging to be released, the subjects would sometimes respectfully question the lab-experimenter as to the wisdom of proceeding. All he had to say was, "Continue the experiment, please," and a large majority of the subjects would continue delivering up to 450 volts (so they were told) to the actor.

The experiment was described in detail to a sampling of people. When asked how they would react, almost every person was positive that he would refuse to continue the experiment. A group of psychiatrists similarly predicted that only a lunatic fringe would continue.

Dr. Milgram concludes that "ordinary people, simply doing their jobs, and without any particular hostility on their part, can become agents in a terrible destructive process. Moreover, even when the destructive effects of their work become patently clear, and they are asked to carry out actions incompatible with fundamental standards of morality, relatively few people have the resources needed to resist authority."

RECOMMENDED READING

The Country Music Encyclopedia by Melvin Shestack (Crowell, \$13.95). Mel Shestack covers the country music scene with more energy and understanding than anyone else. This encyclopedia deserves its name, but its liveliness may belie the book's value as an excellent reference source.

Nark! by Joe Eszterhas (Straight Arrow, \$4.95). An exposé of the police-state methods and mentality of agents on the Bureau of Dangerous Drugs. Eszterhas convincingly proves that these agents are involved in a crusade against a lifestyle rather than performing police work. The scene is San Francisco, but the storm-trooper tactics described can easily be applied to other U.S. cities.

Big Cy by Gary Youree (Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.95). A teenager, overendowed sexually and intellectually, Big Cy has a hilarious romp finding Ultimate Knowledge.—Norman Hoss

SOUNDS

ROCK ON

During the Sixties' heyday of the British Blues revival, the nineteen-year-old son of a London eastside dockworker had a sizeable hit in England with his version of the classic r & b tune, "Can't Nobody Love You." But what at that time seemed to be yet another promising entry in the "British Invasion" sweepstakes quickly faded, and with it the name of David Essex. After backing up his hit with a solid two years of exhausting tours, Essex followed his

manager's suggestion and went into acting as both a cure and a retreat from his ailing rock career. Untrained and inexperienced, Essex went out and immediately landed a lead in a local company of *The Fantasticks*. David's success in that show led shortly to his first major part and the beginning of widespread recognition—a long run playing Jesus in the London production of *Godspell*.

David's notices for *Godspell* were "embarrassingly good," he said. Harold Hobson, London's leading theater critic, "went berserk. He said mine was the best performance in town—better than Olivier, who was playing down the street—on a par with the art of El

Greco. . . . I mean, I was embarrassed. All I was doing was playing Jesus with a twinkle." Although David was not exactly enchanted with the show's music, he stayed with *Godspell* for two years and says that "being crucified on stage every night took five years off my life."

During the latter part of his stint as Jesus, David received the script for *That'll Be the Day*—a film which begins in the late Fifties of British rock 'n' roll and follows its progress through 1962. The film explores the psyche of a potential rock star as seen through the eyes and experiences of a poor English kid who would one day become the "greatest rock

singer of all time." Recognizing much of himself in the character and the importance of co-starring with Ringo Starr, Essex grabbed the part. His resulting performance in *That'll Be the Day* is brilliant—an incisive, perceptive portrayal of the rock star as working-class hero.

So far, *That'll Be the Day* is the definitive British rock film, loaded with nostalgia, trivia and a few surprises, including several well-known rock stars playing bit parts. Among others, Billy Fury (as Fifties' rocker Stormy Tempest), Graham Bond and, most enjoyable, Keith Moon as the drummer for a small-time dance band who observes that one "has to be American to write rock 'n' roll songs."

But the most stunning surprise in the film is Ringo's superlative performance as Essex's even lower-classed mate. He proves himself to be a character actor of power and believability. He is the ultimate sidekick—hapless, supremely seedy, and always overconfident of his charms. It is his character who would one day become Essex's manager.

Oddly enough, *That'll Be the Day* (which was England's top box-office draw last year) was made with a sequel already in mind and ends just as Essex's character decides he wants to be a rock star. Without performing

David originally wrote "Rock On" as the theme for *That'll Be the Day*, but it was rejected in favor of the Buddy Holly classic that is the film's namesake. In quick succession, "Rock On," "On and On," and "Lamplight" shot to Number One on the English charts and David Essex suddenly found himself the subject of massive prepubescent idolatry.

The question now remains whether or not Essex can repeat his success in America. In the last few years, two of England's top acts, T. Rex and Slade—brought over with much hype and ballyhoo—fairly bombed in the States. Can Essex do any better, especially if he's accompanied by the same sort of overconfident promotion?

Fortunately, there has been little ammunition so far to promote Essex. *That'll Be the Day* is not yet in general release here, and while it should do very well, it certainly won't have the same nostalgic impact on American audiences. But "Rock On" has become a hit and David's first album (also called *Rock On*), complete with an all-too-blue-eyed-and-pretty cover photograph, is also selling nicely.

Rock On deals mostly with the typical plights and joys of teenage life. "I don't really write wonderful lyrics," says Essex. "I know that. But I don't believe in putting messages in

wall of police sirens as the song fades. The sirens lead without pause into the highly irregular thirty-bar base intro of Essex's instant classic, "Rock On." Although its original intent may have been nostalgic, the song itself is futuristic and is delivered in David's distinctive, quite seductive manner.

The opening cut, "Lamplight," was a number-one single in England. Written by Essex (as are seven of the album's eleven songs), it is performed "in a style reminiscent of Dr. John, one of my favorite artists and major influences." Built around the same bass/percussion framework that characterizes the entire LP, "Lamplight" is the kind of song that Essex does best—containing sly lyrics and minimal production except for a sudden carnival-like explosion of orchestra in the middle.

Much of *Rock On* is high satire, and it is often difficult to determine where Essex's fine sensibilities lie: tribute or parody. The album contains what is probably the only cover version ever of Pomus and Schuman's late Fifties' hit for Fabian, "Turn Me Loose." Essex's rendition is very similar to Fabian's. With lyrics such as "I'm going to get a thousand kicks/I'm going to kiss a thousand chicks," Essex grunts his way through it. "Turn Me



Kim Gottlieb

one song in the whole film, the name and image of David Essex was put before every rock fan in England.

The sequel, *Stardust* (now filming) will begin in 1963 and lead to the present, with Essex's character rising to the pinnacle of rock stardom. It will, however, contain references to the "real" groups of the time and it contains a scene in which David Bowie, the Who, and others visit Essex backstage at "his ultimate concert."

On the basis of Essex's sudden and fast-growing popularity, Columbia Records signed him as a performer and released "Rock On," an unusually fine and infectious homage to rock 'n' roll, as his first single.

my songs and I can't stand pretension. I try to combine a sense of humor with good music." So *Rock On* straddles a fine satiric line between tribute and camp.

Essex and producer Jeff Wayne have succeeded in exploring and utilizing interesting production techniques. There is a tremendous emphasis on the rhythm section with very few frills. With bass and drums being the focal point of the music, each sound effect, echo, or burst of brass, strings, or piano has an added impact on the listener.

The album's excellent production is at its best in "Street Fight." The song has very few lyrics but maintains a tension throughout, building to a violent climax that includes the

Loose" is and always was a bit of hilarious adolescent nonsense. *Rock On* is a fun album, and everything about it is thoroughly enjoyable—a collage of divergent ideas, sounds, and eras in music.

As with the Beatles, Essex's popularity has grown out of an intense adolescent hysteria. There is little question that he is capable of transcending his current status as a genuine teenage idol. Perhaps he already has.

Essex's first album might not be another *Sergeant Pepper*, but it took five years and many albums for the Beatles to produce their masterpiece. In the meantime, David Essex has *Rock On* with which to whet our appetites.—Jeffrey Walker

SHORT TAKES

Toni Brown/Toni Brown (MCA 386). Toni Brown was a co-leader (with Terry Garthwaite) of Joy of Cooking, the best post-acid band in the Bay Area. Last year she and Terry travelled to Nashville to make one of the best albums of the year. Now she's solo, and with undiminished success.

Piano Improvisations Vol. 1/Chick Corea (Polydor ECM 1014 ST). Corea's solo improvisations have enjoyed a considerable and richly deserved underground reputation since the release in Europe of this album three or four years ago. Corea combines intelligence and skill more profoundly than any other jazz pianist. The best jazz recording of the year.

Don't Give Up Your Day Job/Country Gazette (United Artist LA090). Byron Berline is the current king of the bluegrass fiddle, and a first-rate mandolin picker besides. Country Gazette is his showcase band, a tight, hard-riding quartet that enjoys fine production (a rarity in bluegrass). Includes contemporary material by Elton John and others.

Ruta & Daitya/Keith Jarrett and Jack De Johnette (Polydor ECM 1021 ST). The pianist and drummer who backed both Charles Lloyd and Miles Davis in a series of introspective ex-

changes. How can Polydor be so good at jazz and so bad at almost everything else?

Ice Water/Léo Kottke (Capitol ST-11262). During the early Sixties, there was a 12-string guitar player named Fred Gerlach who put out a record that was spun endlessly in dorms and frat houses. Kottke must have been one of those listening. But he is a superb instrumentalist in his own right.

Windfall/Rick Nelson and the Stone Canyon Band (MCA 383). When he was known as Ricky, Nelson was one of the best white rockers. Then the Sixties put him through changes. The last few years have seen a deepening of his talent as a writer and performer. *Windfall* is a much harder-rocking product than anything he's done yet. Great.

Friend and Legends/Michael Stanley (MCA 372). A first-rate debut album by a very promising singer-songwriter.

Monium/Jeremy Steig (Columbia KC 32579). An excellent flutist, Steig displays his considerable talents with help from Eddie Gomez, Ray Mantilla, and Marty Morell. Fine eclectic modern music.

Check It Out/Tavares (Capitol ST-11258). Osmonds, Jackson Five, Isleys—look out! A surprisingly effective first outing by a quintet of brothers from Boston. Versatile, soulful rhythm and blues.

The Magic's In The Music/Ken Tobias (MGM SE-4917). Ken Tobias is another singer-songwriter at the interface of Dylan and the Beatles, but with an edge—especially as a performer—on most of his competitors.

Some Singin'/Maxine Weldon (Monument K232588). The first black woman country and western is going to be worth millions. Maxine Weldon includes songs by James Taylor, Kris Kristofferson, and Paul Anka. Tom Jans's beautiful "Loving Arms" is particularly fine.

Nice To Be On Your Show/Frank White (Fantasy F-9434). Frank White is an unapologetic and unpretentious rock 'n' roller. Terrific tunes, solid backup, good production.

Bright Moments/Rahsaan Roland Kirk (Atlantic SD 2-907). Roland Kirk, the miraculous multi-instrumentalist, has one of the greatest live albums ever: happy music on four sides—each running eighteen minutes or longer. With Ron Burton, piano; Henry Pearson, bass; Robert Sky, drums; Joe Habao, percussion; and Todd Barkan, synthesizer.

Theodorakis Songs of Freedom/John Williams and Maria Farandouri (Columbia M32686). Theodorakis is more famous for his politics than his music. But Farandouri is a marvelously expressive singer and guitarist and Williams should add "The Great" to his name. Together they overcome their badly chosen material.—John Gabree



Leo Kottke/Ice Water



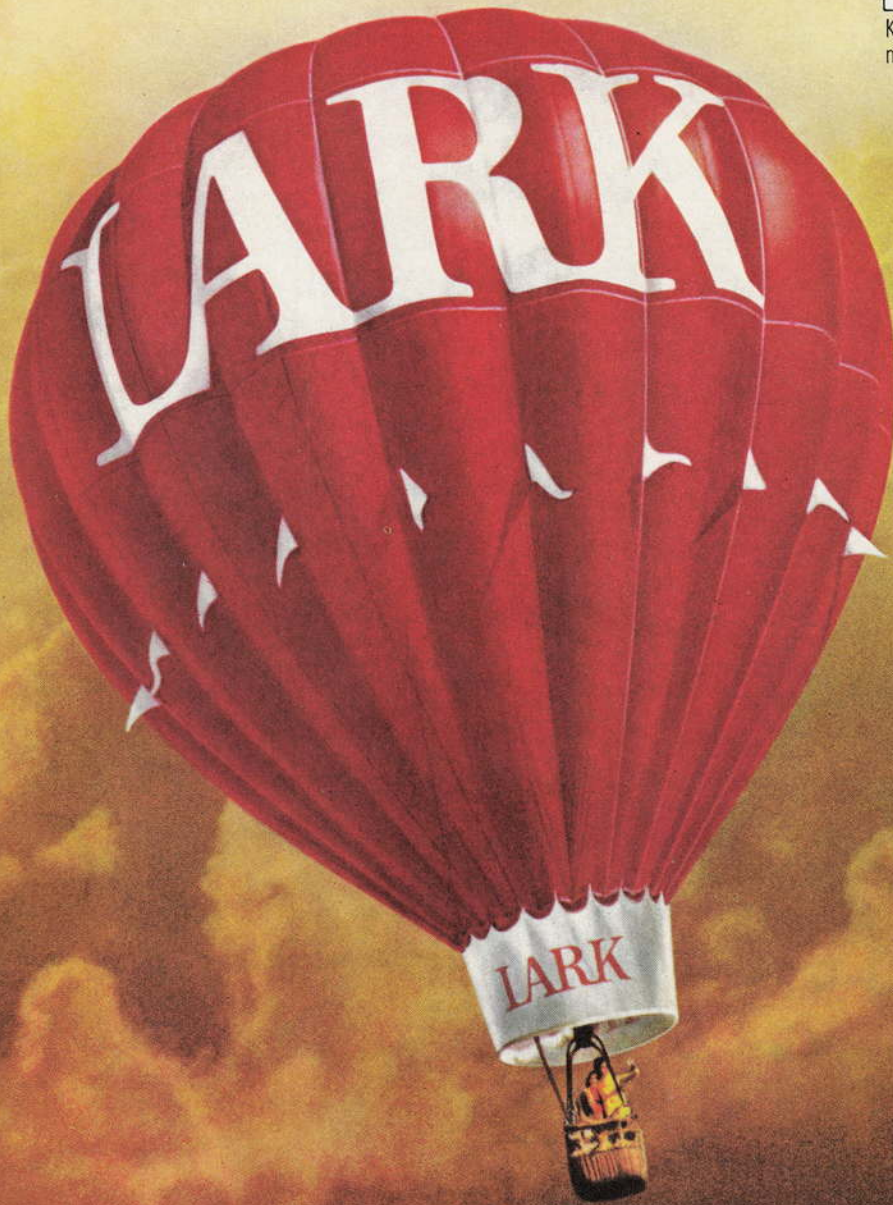
Jeremy Steig/Monium



Kirk/Bright Moments

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

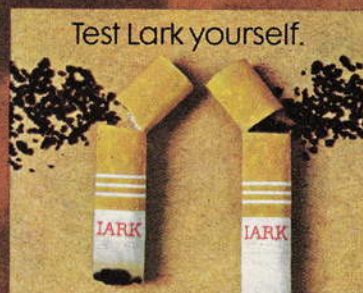
King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. 73.)



Smoothness you can taste from a filter you can test.

Break open the filter of a smoked and unsmoked Lark. Smell the difference. This easy sniff test proves Lark's famous filter really works. Two outer portions of the filter help reduce "Tar" and Nicotine. Specially treated charcoal granules in the inner chamber smooth the taste to give you rich, mellow tobacco flavor in a way no other filter can.

**That's why you can taste Lark's smoothness,
pack after pack.**







Failure of the Press

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

We are living in an age of disillusion and disarray—of Nixon, the Plumbers, Watergate, credibility crises, public cynicism, private venality, moral collapse, and such global *angst* as would have delighted Oswald Spengler. Not only can we watch the "Decline of the West" nightly in living TV color, but it seems that the East, South, and North are declining also.

Yet in this morass of despondency there does gleam at least one shaft of shining light. All might have been worse had not our knights in armor, our Lancelots and Galahads of the 20th Century, those champions of the Fourth Estate—the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, Walter Cronkite, Jack Chancellor—saved us from the final solution that Nixon and his Teutonic White House barons had prepared.

Maybe—we keep muttering to ourselves—the détente will crack up, maybe peace won't come to the Middle East, maybe Nixon will cling to his rickety perch; but at least, thanks to the media, the Constitution has been spared, the Bill of Rights preserved and our democratic way of life protected. We contend—at least some of us do—that, on balance, the nation has emerged the better for its trauma. And in the future, we go on to say, we can keep depending on these valiant knights of print and

electronics to ward off new assaults on our sacred liberties. . . .

I wish that I could wholeheartedly subscribe to such an analysis. I would sleep better if I could. But a nightmare keeps haunting me: It is an evening in the year 1977. We are almost halfway through the year, but the echoes of President Ford's Inaugural Address on January 20 are still ringing in my ears. His words were eloquent—"binding up the wounds . . . a people united . . . coming together again in a just cause . . . looking forward to a bright and prosperous future . . . America the Beautiful." It made us all feel pretty good. And Secretary of State Kissinger has once again promised a "generation of peace." Already he has flown to Moscow . . . to Peking . . . to Cairo . . . to Israel. . . . The Dow-Jones is rising by leaps and bounds, and an end to gas rationing is predicted by summer.

But this is one of *those* evenings. Rather low-key rumors have been circulating in Washington. Evans and Novak have hinted that a crisis is building up, and Joe Kraft now suggests that we may be in for a rerun of the Cuban-missile events. A *New York Times* reporter gets information that the CIA is about to land an expeditionary force in Cuba to forestall the placement of very sophisticated Soviet missiles. The story is

"Would the President and his Secretary of State intervene to try to keep the *New York Times* from publishing word of a planned American invasion of Cuba?
Certainly they would."

ready for the first edition of the *Times* when Kissinger calls Clifton Daniel, the august chief of the *Times* Washington bureau: "Look, Clifton, I don't want to interfere. You know me. But this is a case of really urgent national security. . . ." About the same time, President Ford is telephoning the *Times* publisher, Punch Sulzberger: "I just think you should know that the question of a third world war may be involved. . . ."

The *New York Times* holds up its first edition—cuts down the headline, softens the wording, inserts muddy qualifications into the Cuban story. The next day there is ominous quiet. The White House has no comment on the story, but a Pentagon spokesman quietly passes the word that "it might be worthwhile to check into the background of the *Times* correspondent who broke the story." Convenient data is made available from "authoritative sources" that the reporter once interviewed Castro and served a term as Moscow bureau chief.

The next afternoon the *Washington Star* blazes with a big black headline: **QUESTION MOTIVES OF TIMES REPORT.** The *Washington Post* in its early editions prints a full-dress rundown of leaked material together with an editorial titled "Lack of Responsibility." On the *Post's* Op-Ed page Joseph Alsop headlines his commentary: "Orders from Moscow?"

At about 2 A.M. the next morning the White House rouses reporters to announce a national alert. The president, it is revealed, called the National Security Council into meeting after midnight. At 3 A.M. the U.S. armed forces are put on a global "red alert"—that is, one step from war. President Ford proclaims a state of full national emergency, based on the old emergency act passed under President Truman and still, it turns out, in force. The world, it is suggested, teeters on the brink of nuclear holocaust.

At 10 A.M. that morning a bleary-eyed Secretary Kissinger announces at a nationally televised news conference that the United States has "as a precautionary measure" taken over Cuba. The operation has been totally successful and "virtually all resistance has ceased." When Marvin Kalb of CBS asks whether the crisis was contrived "as some commentators have suggested," Secretary Kissinger responds, "Marvin, I am hurt that you would say such a thing. Once this crisis is over, I will meet with you all and give you the full details. You will then see for yourselves with what restraint we have been acting."

Secretary Kissinger goes on to say that the gravity of the situation is such that the president has been compelled to invoke the full military power given him by the Emergency Powers Act, including "temporary" censorship of the media. This will be for the duration of the crisis only and, hopefully, it will be voluntary and cooperative as it was in World War II. But since 6 A.M. the standby censor (who has been standing by under the Emergency Powers Act) has been activated, and all news dispatches and broadcasts coming in and out of the United States

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Harrison E. Salisbury, who recently retired as an associate editor of the *New York Times*, is one of the most distinguished names in American journalism. For close to two decades his Pulitzer Prize-winning reports from the Soviet Union, Communist China, North Korea, and Vietnam have made him a salient figure in the evolution of the responsibility and efficacy of the press.

Salisbury, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, worked for the United Press International as a foreign correspondent and editor until he joined the *Times* in 1949. Traveling through the Soviet Union, Siberia, and Central Asia in the mid-Fifties, he filed the stories that won him the Pulitzer Prize in 1955 and led, in the 1960's, to a better understanding of Russia. In late 1966, Salisbury made a dramatic visit to North Vietnam. His reporting from Hanoi, at the height of the Vietnam War, incurred the wrath of the Johnson Administration for exposing to the American people the unpalatable truth about the conflict—as opposed to the Pentagon's propaganda.

In 1972 Salisbury made a six-week tour of China and followed this by what was the first visit of an American correspondent to North Korea, which resulted in his latest book *To Peking—and Beyond* (Quadrangle Books). His previous books include *The 900 Days: The Siege of Leningrad*, *War Between Russia and China*, *The Many Americas Shall Be One*, and *The Eloquence of Protest: Voices of the Seventies*.

are being scrutinized by him. Later on, President Ford tells us on nationwide television that a national censorship has been imposed with the "full cooperation of all patriotic elements of the press."

The next day the *New York Times* in a rather emotional editorial apologizes for its "overzealous" reporting and pledges full support to the president during the emergency. But even this does not prevent the *Chicago Tribune*, the *San Diego Sun*, and the *New York Daily News* from denouncing the *Times* as an irresponsible rumormonger. In his nightly ABC commentary, Howard K. Smith speaks of the "shame of the press," and Walter Cronkite closes his "Evening News" by saying, "There is only one America and we must all stand shoulder to shoulder in this crisis. And that's the way it is."

I won't carry this fantasy any further, although most of us could spell it out easily enough—days pass and no World War III starts, but somehow the national censorship lingers and the press shows a remarkable sycophancy in supporting whatever President Ford and Secretary Kissinger propose.

Perhaps it all sounds too farfetched—like some Seventies rerun of Sinclair Lewis's famous anti-Hitler novel, *It Can't Happen Here*. I, too, hope that it's farfetched. Some of my colleagues, including several who have played major roles in changing the internal climate of the American press by

their dedicated and daring efforts to print the truth regardless of official consequences, think that this picture is overdrawn. Yet the fact is that each individual segment of the scenario that I have sketched, except for the climactic imposition of a national censorship, has actually happened at one time or another in very recent months. The censorship powers are vested in the Office of Emergency Planning. A standby censor does exist, and all the procedures for the immediate and urgent imposition of a censorship have long since been worked out. It *could* happen here.

Thus, the question is not whether the president *could* put the country on a military alert at 2 A.M. It is not whether he *would* call a National Security Council meeting after midnight. He did just that during the Middle Eastern crisis last fall. At least Kissinger said the Security Council was summoned. (Actually, it seems that the only participants in the meeting were Kissinger himself and Secretary of Defense Schlesinger. Not even President Nixon was physically present when Kissinger and Schlesinger met, although he was consulted from time to time by telephone from the Lincoln sitting room on the second floor of the White House, where he remained.)

Nor was this kind of "crisis management" unique to the Nixon administration. Very similar situations occurred in both the Johnson and the Kennedy administrations, although it must be admitted that on both of these occasions the president was always physically present and took a central role in the decision-making.

Would the president and his secretary of state intervene to try to keep the *New York Times* from publishing word of a planned American invasion of Cuba? Certainly they would. The president and his secretary of state did precisely that at the time of the Bay of Pigs affair. Would the government try to destroy the credibility of a great newspaper like the *Times* and its correspondents? Certainly. Such attempts have been made repeatedly by Mr. Nixon and former Vice-President Agnew, and President Johnson and his cohorts tried the same thing on this writer and the *Times* when I went to Hanoi in 1966. The *Times* was called the "Hanoi Times" and my motives were repeatedly disparaged.

But what about the press attacking its own? Certainly I have overdrawn that? After all, an attack on one newspaper is an attack on all. Surely, my scenario becomes absurd when I suggest that the *Washington Post* would attack the *New York Times* as a suspect agent of enemy propaganda. Not so. This is precisely what did happen in 1966 during my Hanoi trip. Many newspapers of conservative inclination bitterly criticized the publication of the Pentagon papers by the *New York Times* and other newspapers, and many more assaulted the *Washington Post* for its "scandal mongering" about Watergate during the 1972 campaign (not much of this criticism persisted into the latter part of 1973, but there were still citadels

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Wear the Penthouse Watch, a limited edition designed by Lucien Piccard. Neither overstated nor overpriced; \$49.50.

As a Penthouse man, you reject the obvious.

Which is exactly why the Penthouse Watch is styled with quiet elegance; you see it reflected on the classic ebony-colored dial and simulated black suede strap.

Inside the watch you'll appreciate the technical genius behind 200 elements moving with ultimate precision; precision gained from each element being tested to a tolerance of 4/10,000 of an inch.

The mainspring is unbreakable.

While for protection, there's a unique shock-absorber to cushion those unexpected thumps and bumps.



This is a man's watch, crafted in Giltron, an exclusive process that deposits a layer of 17K. gold on the case, and with a 17K. gold-plated movement to guard against friction and wear.

The Penthouse Watch carries a Certificate of Excellence awarded by the Swiss Bureau Technique et de Controle de Haute Precision.

It also carries something else;

a guarantee, from Penthouse and Lucien Piccard, that will last one year from your date of purchase. The guarantee is subject to a **\$1.50** postage and handling charge and is not applicable to replacement of crystal, case or strap damaged in use.

The Penthouse Watch.

Because you deserve the time of your life.

How to keep abreast of the times.



Send to: **Penthouse Products, Dept. J-18674**
909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Note: Please add \$1.50 for postage and handling.
 NYC residents please add 7% sales tax.

Charge to my:

☐ Bank Americard ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge

Account No. _____ Expires _____

Interbank No. (located above your name) _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

Each year we come to the delightful conclusion that one of our Pets is the living embodiment of Pethood, and more so, perhaps, than any of her sisters. Now it's time again to nominate another candidate for Pet of the Year from the Pet quintet we feature in the following pages, each of them selected in response to readers' letters over the past year. It's a decision we could never make by ourselves, so we ask our readers to guide us in this difficult choice.

The *Penthouse* Pet of the Year combines the best of those qualities of beauty and intellectual achievement that characterize contemporary femininity, so judge each candidate not only on her physical merit but also on her personality and spirit.

To participate in the play-off, simply mail the name of your candidate to our New York or London office, marking your letter "Pet of the Year." The outcome will be announced with an all-new pictorial reappraisal in our September issue.



Bob Guccione

ANGELA ADAMS

At twenty-two would-be novelist Angela Adams has devoted nine years to her literary muse without much tangible result—but we'd be much surprised if she hasn't motivated quite a few shelves of lyrical tribute herself. A resident of London, Angela outnumbers other inspirers by a good 36-24-37, and the young literati of Chelsea crave her society as much for her rakish lines as for her wicked tongue. Employed by a leading English publisher, Angela looks upon sexual intercourse as an exercise in collaboration: "If a man's feeling very sexy," she says, "it makes *me* feel sexy too. And if he's very violent when he's making love—if he bites and scratches—than that's how I behave as well." Never without the hottest item between covers, even Angela admits that "bed is good for two things, but reading isn't one of them."



Bob Guccione



LANE COYLE

When Lane Coyle's needs are sexual, her reactions are chemical. Which is only natural, since she hails from Wilmington, Delaware, home of the DuPont chemical empire. Lane's mercurial responses to the temperature of social intercourse are belied by the antiphlogistic cast of her intellectual alchemy. Despite the shape of her 35½-24-36 container, twenty-one-year-old Lane views the pleasures of the flesh dimly, assuring her friends that only the inner woman is lasting and essential. "You can do anything you want with my body," Lane allows, acknowledging the predictable designs of her admiring fellowmen, "but my mind is something private and apart."



ISOBEL GARCIA OROBIYI

She looks like someone you met in Johannesburg, or was it Caracas? In fact, if you saw Isobel Garcia Orobiyi before her *Penthouse* premiere in our Seventh Anniversary issue, it was undoubtedly in one of the countless Spanish-produced films that Isobel has graced as an actress, dancer, and singer. These well-integrated talents come naturally to this daughter of a Spanish father and a black African mother. Indeed, Isobel's mixed blessings (39-25-36) make her a screen presence of rare interest, less prurient than primarily provocative in her accent on the unusual. "I've always loved sex and nudity, so what I am to think of this loco-craziness," wonders Isobel, "when in my own country my nudity is not legal? Not much I think!" Olé!



Bob Guccione





Bob Guccione

AVRIL LUND

"I love people," says Avril Lund, "especially men." A dilatary (40-24-36½) native of Dublin, Avril has in twenty-three years become an experienced psychiatric nurse and an accomplished amateur musician, traversing most of Europe on her own time and much of the United States on ours as a representative of Penthouse International Ltd. Avril intends to settle here permanently, since, she says, "I've seen more freedom, and more acceptance of individual freedom in America than anywhere in Europe." How's her love life? "I can't live without a man in my life," Avril avers, "but I'm rather curious about living with a man *and* a woman. As long, that is, as they both dig me but not each other—I want to be the center of attention." It's hard to imagine any place where she wouldn't be.







KAREN SATHER

As assistant to *Penthouse/Viva* associate publisher Kathy Keeton, twenty-one-year-old Karen Sather is largely responsible for the rhythmic efficiency of the world's youngest, fastest-growing magazine family, and she discharges her office with the cheerful assiduity of the classic American career girl. A native of Wisconsin, Karen is a self-styled "culture freak" whose hobbies include music, art, reading, films, and conversation. As to romance, "I firmly believe that love still counts. I take care of myself and am so independent professionally that *after* work I need to let a man do my thinking for me....So he'd better love me, because I'm liable to do *anything* he says." Well, under Karen's circumstances (36-21-35), he undoubtedly would.



Bob Guccione

The original cigarette.



The Original Length.

Others have added millimeters, filters and traps, but nobody ever found a way to pack in more flavor than the original Camel.

The Original Camel.

His name was Old Joe and he was just another face with Barnum & Bailey. Our artist sketched him, and 60 years later Old Joe remains world famous as the symbol of the finest cigarette made.

The Original Disappearing Pyramid.

Once we took this pyramid out to give Old Joe more walking room. Several tons of angry mail later, it was back in place forever.

The Original Blend.

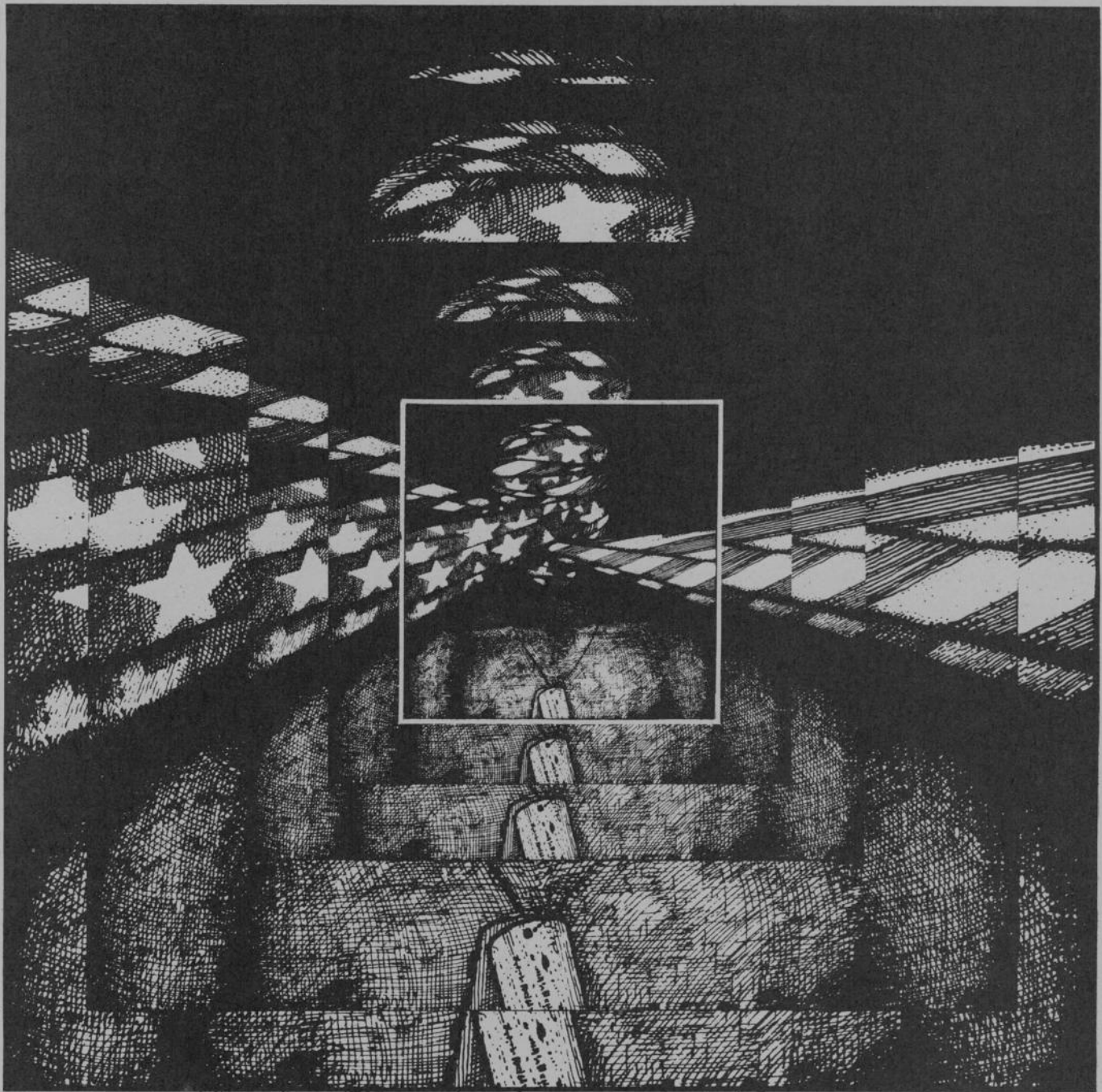
The original measure of a cigarette was taste. So we blended the Burley, Virginia and Turkish tobaccos that deliver the most taste. Result: Camel, still the best tasting cigarette in the world.

Camel. You don't change a good thing.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

THE VIETNAM VETERAN



Illustrations by Bill Greer

LOOKING FOR A JOB

By WILLIAM CRAWFORD WOODS

Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden

Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

Vietnam veteran Raphael Adorno is twenty-seven, looks older, talks much older. At one time, bitter words flowed swiftly from his mouth, but now only a helpless, battle-weary shrug bears testimony to his treatment at the hands of the government that sent him to Vietnam.

Adorno served in the 101st Airborne Division near Pleiku and has been wounded twice. The initial wound, caused by a mortar fragment that pierced his skull, has healed—sort of. A second wound, rendered by a unyielding job market, remains open and festering.

"Jobs, huh, you gotta be joking," says Adorno, slowly. "The job market's very bad, man, been that way ever since I got out of the army in '68.

"Seems like everyone's working against the Vietnam vet. Back in Nam, about six years ago I guess, I caught malaria and then hepatitis. I still get relapses from that and these pains around my eyes from my head wound. For all that, the VA gives me \$28 a month. Someone told me if I had caught hepatitis stateside, I'd be getting \$70 a month. Some bargain, going to Nam.

"In six years the most stable job I could get was working as a shoe salesman at a shoe store in the South Bronx, and that only lasted a couple of months. They fired me when I started getting relapses from the hepatitis, feeling tired and all that. Same thing happened at another store. Other than that, no one wants to hire me, which is pretty amazing, considering I have a high school diploma and 'good papers' [honorable discharge]. The guys without those are even worse off than me.

"When I went around looking for a job, I used to show the employers my Bronze Star and Purple Heart. Thought if they were patriotic at all, it might appeal to them. Now my medals are in the back of the closet and I've given up trying to look."

Adorno was interviewed at 7 A.M. on a chilly March morning—one hour after he had taken his place in line outside a veterans' welfare center in Brooklyn. At 6 A.M. Adorno had been the twenty-third person in line.

"It shouldn't be this way," he comments, "I hate the idea of welfare. But what's my choice? I've got a three-year-old baby and another on the way. We have to eat.

"If I had a job, then I could go to college, 'cause I know that's where the action's at. But without a job, ain't no way in the world. I can't afford tuition, books, food, and all the other necessities.

"Maybe one day I'll get to college. But not without that job."

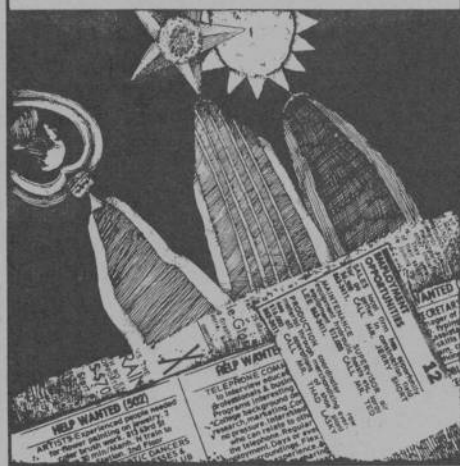
Charlie Allan already has a college de-

gree, but he's not much better off than Adorno. Somehow he got lost on that jobless treadmill too. Like many other Vietnam veterans, Allan said goodbye to Hometown, U.S.A., and migrated to the big city, hoping the job situation would be better. Early last year, he moved his hopes and dreams from Charleston, South Carolina, to New York.

He's still hoping and dreaming.

"Charleston was nowhere and neither is New York," says Allan. "As a matter of fact, I think it's worse here. Down there, at least

Such jobs
as are available
for the Vietnam veteran
are the dead-end leavings
of the economy.



the city can usually get you something menial. But up here, you can't even get a menial job.

"I checked with the VA and they don't have a fuckin' thing. That is, unless I want to be a bank guard and pack a rod for about sixty-five-a-week take home. No way I'm carrying a gun again, especially for peanuts pay.

"Sixty-five dollars a week. Shit. I've got my pride."

Allan, who is bearded and bears a strong facial resemblance to Walt Frazier

of the New York Knicks, has given up trying to keep as "cool as Clyde."

He shouts bitterly: "No wonder so many guys are just giving up on jobs, and are concentrating instead on ripping people off. What's their choice?"

Allan spent thirteen months in Vietnam as a buck sergeant in the 224th Division. The outfit was a trucking group, and Allan saw action all over Vietnam. He still carries rods and pins in his legs from shrapnel wounds.

"Hell, one job interviewer told me: 'Just because you drove a truck in Vietnam, young man, what makes you think you're capable of driving one in New York?' That guy might have made me an offer eventually, but I wouldn't have been around to find out. I walked out of his office."

Without a job, everything becomes a hassle for the Vietnam vets—especially necessities like housing. Raymond Rodriguez, an Airborne Ranger in Vietnam in 1968 and 1969, shares a heatless, two-room tenement apartment in downtown Brooklyn with his wife and two small children. "There's roaches and mice," he complains, "and I'm always scared that a rat may get at the baby. That's why my wife and I never leave her alone."

Rodriguez was wounded in the jaw during action in the Mekong delta, but he still bears that shattered jaw proudly. He doesn't like the idea of welfare, but has finally succumbed after three years without a steady job.

"How many job interviews have I had?" Oh, I guess several hundred. I'm not sure, though, 'cause after a while you lose count. These people are always fuckin' with my mind, you know, asking me if I'd ever been on drugs in Nam or whether I had committed any atrocities. Now it seems all the places want to give you lie detector tests. I've taken a few, passed them, but still no job offers.

"Well, I never was on drugs, though God knows it was everywhere, and if I committed any atrocities, I sure don't know about them. Maybe I should have. At least then, maybe there'd be a real reason why I can't get a job."

Rodriguez contends he's been stupid only once in his life, and that was when "I joined the goddamn army."

"I see my friends," he continues, "the ones who managed to get away from the draft. They're doing fine, which is more than I can say for me."

Veterans' job problems are color-blind, so the fact that he's white hasn't saved thirty-two-year-old Richard Miller from the "last-to-be-hired, first-to-be-fired" dictum

of post-Vietnam life. Blond and muscular, Miller, who lives in the Pelham Bay section of the Bronx, thought he had it made after he mustered out of the 101st Airborne. With luck and a golden connection, he managed to land a job in an elevator-construction union. The timeless army dreams—security, good pay, a house for his young family—all seemed on the verge of coming true for him.

No more. As the lingering recession finally slugged the usually secure construction trades, Miller found himself on the street, jobless.

"It's no good," he says, "no good at all, the way rents and food and the cost of everything keeps rising. I never thought I'd be doing this, but I'm just asking myself over and over just why the fuck did I go to Vietnam?"

"I almost got my legs shot off when my best buddy killed himself by stepping on a claymore mine. Sometimes I wonder if he's better off now than me. My wife and I had a nice little apartment, but had to give it up when we ran out of money. At least my mother was nice enough to take my wife, my kids, and me into her place. So I sleep on the living-room floor, the kids sleep in a spare bedroom, and my wife sleeps with my mother.

"Pretty fancy living, huh?"

"Every once in a while I can get a part-time job as a porter at a club in our neighborhood, but that's not reliable work, and no one else wants to hire me. I've been to the job agencies, everywhere. A couple of times I took some bad jobs giving me about \$75-a-week take-home pay, but they never amounted to anything. As for the construction trades, there's 10,000 unemployed on the streets now, and I'm not going to get any special preference just because I'm a vet—which is not what they told us when we mustered out.

"My wife gets pissed off sometimes at the way it's turned out. My kids, I guess they're too young to understand. Me, you can just say I'm mad, goddamn mad at the world, at the army. I've been in two wars: one in Nam, and now one since I got out.

"Being white don't help you if you're a veteran."

This is the unhappy legacy of an unpopular war. For some years now, the Vietnam veteran has been returning to a country that is at a loss to find full employment for its full-time civilians. And he has returned as an unwelcome reminder of an unwanted conflict.

Another war had earned his father a hero's welcome, but for him indifference

and suspicion replaced victory parades. Many combat veterans, subjected not only to the trauma of killing but to the tragedy of meaningless death, were underpaid cannon fodder in the service and are unemployed rejects now that they're out. Some veterans made friends with heroin in Vietnam and came home junkies. Some who were wounded were well cared for by the military but lost in the medical maze of the VA. Other veterans, seeking education under the GI Bill, have found that their benefits don't keep pace with rising

An interviewer said,
'Just because
you drove a truck in Vietnam,
what makes you think
you can drive one in New York?'



prices. Many veterans are a little crazy. Some are locked in jail.

Even the veterans who manage to beat these raps are caught in the same economic dilemma: too many people looking for too little work. As the *Washington Post* reported on January 18: "The U.S. economy hardly expanded at all in the last three months of last year, while prices rose at their fastest rate in 22 years, the Commerce Department [says]. A low rate of economic expansion means fewer new jobs and less spendable income."

"Look, I don't think the government should hand every vet a job on a silver platter. I dig, there're a lot of people in this country out of work. But I don't think it's asking too much to ask a little edge for people who went and got their asses shot at."—Bob Eggers, ex-infantry, now in TV electronics.

Considerably more sanguine views can be found, particularly from official sources, and even from some veterans' organizations and veterans themselves. But a general historical background offered by a recent Ralph Nader study of Vietnam veterans' problems is not optimistic.

The largest numbers of veterans drifted home during a period of rising unemployment. The majority left the service with little civilian training or work experience, and they brought the dubious skills of clerk and rifleman into a recession. The Nader report quotes one trooper who snarled out a practical paradigm: "Like I say, there's good jobs if you've got the training. I never got it. I mean I fought in Nam for a year and worked . . . for a year after Nam as a file clerk. That's my training. I can kill people, I can type thirty-five words per minute, and I know what debits and credits are."

At its 1971 peak, unemployment among veterans had reached 11 percent, and the figure was higher among younger men and minorities. The 1972 peak for black veterans hit 22.4 percent.

The most recent figures from the Department of Labor show a better picture. As of December 1973, joblessness among Vietnam-era veterans was 4.4 percent—four-tenths of 1 percent better than the rate for nonveteran males in the same age group and one-half of 1 percent better than the rate for the population as a whole. The total number of unemployed veterans is now under 200,000; at the 1972 peak, it was over 400,000.

The only difficulty with taking great satisfaction in these figures is that they remain a repulsive disgrace. And there's no way of knowing the size of the failure that is concealed by the expression "Vietnam-era," which includes all veterans of the time, no matter where they served. Statistics can be silly-puttied into any shape. These numbers do not mean that absolutely no jobs were available, but that not enough desirable ones could be found.

It is impossible to argue with the conclusion of the Nader report: "Those veterans who could least afford to be without work have been without it most often, and those who bore the largest share of the fighting in

Vietnam have also borne more than their share of economic dislocations at home."

It didn't have to be that way. Veterans of World War II and Korea were sucked swiftly back into the economic cycle. But Vietnam was different. Because of rotation, each veteran entered his own private postwar world before the war was over; and in that world lay shattered the traditional images of the American dream. Veterans of the two prior wars had come out scarred by their experiences but satisfied in the justness of their cause and eager for a share of the action—for the split-levels, Chevies, and barbeque pits that lay in wait for any honest working man. Today's combat returnee is, generally, a younger man, often a black, often as not a longhair/hippie/freak-in-the-making. Different war. Different goals. The timeclock path to an installment-plan color TV has small appeal, and new attitudes are surfacing that will influence employment patterns.

Even so, the reentry of these men into the civilian economy was a far more gradual and predictable process than it was in other wars, and their needs might have been better prepared for. The job plight of veterans has its ultimate roots in the policies of "economic restraint" of the first Nixon administration, whose drive to cut inflation meant cutbacks in government spending and hence inadequate funding for new—and existing—veterans' programs. Some suspected that many of the new programs were public relations ventures at best. In any case, new programs *had* to appear, because it was clear that the inherited assistance programs were keyed to another era.

Thus in 1970, a special Jobs for Veterans program, initiated in the American Legion and taken over by the Nixon administration as a National Committee, locked horns with veterans' unemployment—with varying results. The Nader report casts a cold eye on the JFV, citing it as an adman's triumph that "succeeded in every way but one": veteran unemployment continued to rise. But so did everybody else's.

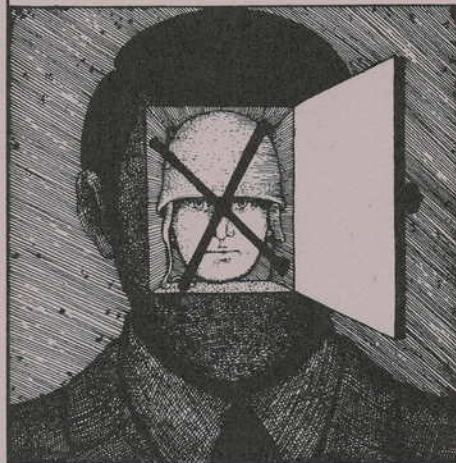
"Well—Jobs for Veterans—the people there try to do a job. The trouble is, the job they're paid to do is create good public relations for Nixon, a good image. What's he need that for? He's got a job. For now, anyway. He's a vet. If he loses the job he's got now, maybe they'll help him get another one."—John Showater, ex-air force file clerk.

In June 1971, President Nixon mounted, at

least on paper, a broader attack on veterans' unemployment: PVP, the President's Veterans Program. Nixon gave it "highest priority," but somehow neglected to provide the special funding that would have made the rating real. Still, during 1971–73 veterans' unemployment did decline. So did all other unemployment.

The PVP setup had six points: job placement efforts from the National Alliance of Businessmen; Project Transition; increased opportunities for veterans in federal manpower training programs;

“
My friends who managed
to get out of the draft
are doing fine—
which is more than I
can say for me.
”



mandatory U.S. Employment Service listings of job openings in agencies and contractors funded by the federal government; beefing up of the Employment Service; and special services for veterans drawing unemployment compensation for three months or more.

The Nader report contends that the National Alliance of Businessmen proved a straw horse, giving no priority to minority groups or disabled veterans and inadequately documenting its alleged achievements. Project Transition, a Defense De-

partment creation devised to give servicemen nearing discharge job training before their release, was good on paper, but seems to have offered inadequate counseling services and courses too short and too out of touch with employer needs. The number of veterans introduced into federal manpower training programs was increased without providing new funds, and the dropout rates were high (though, within its scope, the Public Employment Program was a considerable success). The mandatory listings with U.S. Employment Service proved very unpopular with federal contractors and met strong opposition, so they had minimal impact. The attempt to make the Employment Service more potent yielded minimal veteran job placement, and the special services for veterans on unemployment compensation just didn't pan out—partly because veterans didn't respond to offers of assistance, but perhaps mainly because, as the Nader report put it: "The quantity and quality of jobs available to vets were left to be determined by the economic needs and interests of employers, not by the needs and interests of the unemployed."

Overall, the president's programs seem to have suffered from the fiscal policies of their creator as well as from his conservative fear of seeing too strong a government hand in private industry. Whether the administration's efforts for veterans were largely a public-relations drive to polish the president's image or a real attempt to devise workable programs doomed by the decay of the general economy, the White House approach has been less than a triumph. But the administration is not the government; and the situation today may be somewhat less barren.

"Well . . . I'm not pissed at the VA. They've got all those old turkeys left over from the War of 1812 and the Indian wars and all that to worry about. I know they do a pretty good job for them. So why the fuck should they worry about me, right? I mean, nobody liked Vietnam anyway."

—Randy Cassal, ex-combat engineer, unemployed.

The Veterans Administration is big—the third-largest government agency in budget and second-largest in number of employees. Congress regularly gives it pretty much what it wants and little criticism is leveled at what it does with what it gets; except, increasingly, by Vietnam veterans.

As for employment matters, one VA spokesman first suggested that finding jobs for veterans is primarily a function of

the Department of Labor, but he added that the VA does run seventy-two Veterans Assistance Centers, which work closely with the Employment Service in finding veterans jobs.

"It was fairly rough for a while. Right after I got out, I ended up sitting at the beach for a few months while I was trying to put some things together. I got out in '69. There wasn't a lot of work around, even for qualified people. A lot of people from my unit who got out around the same time had a helluva hard time finding work. People can get dirt jobs but not jobs with genuine career potential. I can't really complain, because I ended up in law school and the GI Bill helped with that—it wasn't nearly as much money as they get now, but it helped. And I would have to say that the VA was generally quite prompt with the checks. I know that there is a widespread feeling that there's an enormous bureaucratic foul-up there and I would guess that there is—but I didn't have much trouble. Come to think of it, I did miss a check once and it took a while to get some action—the guy who finally handled the problem was an alumnus of my school and he shot it right through for me. So maybe you do have to have some kind of pull—even one that small—to get quick action from them. But I'm down on the VA, even though I think that you have to see the vet unemployment problem in terms of the whole economy. Vietnam veterans are entitled to the best deal they can get, and I'm certainly not sure that they are getting it."—Michael Barnes, ex-Marine, now a lawyer.

It's necessary to recognize that VA efforts can be stymied by veterans' attitudes as well as by the bureaucratic two-step. Many veterans see the VA as a part of the same social system that screwed them to begin with, as an unwieldy bureaucracy, a dispenser of too-small benefits, and so on. It's also true that the VA can only execute, not legislate. And it may be true, as some suggest, that the job demands of unskilled or undereducated veterans are often unrealistic: many of them need to be convinced to take advantage of the GI Bill.

But by even the most generous estimate, the Veterans Administration hardly emerges pristine. The Nader study concludes that it has "benefited men long out of service . . . far more than those with recent combat or service-connected harms." And in the view of a self-help veterans organization called Twice-Born

Men, the VA "claims that 20 percent of all Vietnam veterans are suffering from serious and prolonged readjustment problems. . . . At the same time, the VA states that it is not their responsibility to deal with these problems."

At the Department of Labor, James Hashian, the director of the information office of the Manpower Administration, pointed with pride to the accomplishments of the administration's programs (mainly the bringing to parity of the spread in unemployment rate between veterans and

“
Veterans get knee-jerk reactions
from employers
and from the government.
There's no fair shake
for the vet.
”

VIETNAM
VIET-VET
NEED NE
NO
A BITY AP

nonveterans in the same age bracket), and openly concluded: "Unofficially, with the vet unemployment rate at 4.4 percent, and the job that has been done, we don't consider the vets' plight, generally, what it was when the president first initiated these programs and the unemployment rate was 8.5 percent. We've done a job—the American business community with the help of the federal government. It is no longer the problem it was. . . . However, we are certainly continuing our all-out efforts. But thanks to the work that has been done, the

vet situation no longer is a front-burner problem."

"Listen, don't tell me about Project Transition. I was a laborer in civilian life and the army trained me as a heavy-equipment operator and Project Transition trained me as a car mechanic and then, when I got out, some fuck offered me a job as a short-order cook."—Randy Cassal.

With Transition fading and the President's Veterans Program no longer a "front-burner" project, it seemed worthwhile to get some word from the White House. The call was taken by a secretary in the press secretary's office, who fielded the question with a long silence. Finally he asked if the VA had been contacted? Yes. The Department of Labor? Yes. Defense? Yes . . . but didn't the White House want its views on record?

"There's nothing more that we can add at this time."

In the business community itself, response has been mixed. Some large corporations—GM and IBM among them—have special programs for hiring veterans, and make monthly or quarterly reports on veterans' affairs.

But in a handful of smaller businesses, certain notes were struck with some frequency: reluctance or uncertainty about hiring veterans with less-than-honorable discharges; a sense that younger veterans give their jobs last priority in their lives; that veterans often feel rooted near home, whether or not there is work for them there, and are reluctant to move; nervousness about dope; in general, no feeling of urgency to hire veterans.

For employers at all levels and for any type of job, the question of the type of discharge an applicant brings with him does seem to be the sticking point. There is also concern over what obscure dissatisfactions or creepy counterculture habits a young veteran may import into his employer's smooth routine. But employers are often more sympathetic than one might imagine.

"In the service, people are supposed to always be on their good behavior," one employer remarked, "but you can't count on that. Vietnam veterans weren't sure whether they were heroes or not. Heaven knows, I think it's all the more understandable for someone to run afoul of the system in that context."

But Allen Zack, a public-relations representative for the AFL-CIO, is not so optimistic and warns about the menace of the

bad discharge rap:

"Basically, the vets get knee-jerk reactions from employers, and from the government. There's no fair shake for the vet. There are three serious areas of deficiency: the less-than-honorable discharges—these guys were disadvantaged and ran afoul of the military code of justice; the employers who are self-enforcers . . . good-conduct vets themselves; and the administrative discharge review." This last, he says, is an adversary proceeding in which the GI has few rights, in which the jury is biased and the burden of proof is on the soldier. For a review, the veteran must bring his case to Washington in person, which many can't afford to do, and then wait for eighteen months.

According to Zack, the AFL-CIO is working to have review boards spread regionally around the country, and promoting legislation to prevent the military from using code numbers (familiar to employers) on discharge forms to indicate a record of drug use.

How does Zack feel about the quality of the performance of the veterans' help organizations?

"The Human Resources Development Institute is doing a good job—they've gotten three thousand jobs so far for white-collar workers. And the American Legion has done a good job on legislation to ease penalties," though he feels there's some failure to encompass the problems of disadvantaged workers in a white, middle-class organization like the Legion. "The National Congress of Veterans has done a great job—for example, suing the government for impounding veterans' funds." He is unimpressed by the government's assertion that more veterans than ever are finding work. "Sure they are; they're getting older—and older people find jobs more readily, that's all." The building trades are good, he says, open to hiring. The United Auto Workers gets good jobs for vets, though seniority is a problem. "Give people a decent job that pays well. Give a man a union contract where he's protected by somebody."

At the National Alliance of Businessmen, there was rather less sympathy for the have-nots. A spokesman touched more than once on the theme that minorities (not racial) "sometimes scream louder." He pointed out that, traditionally, businesses like to hire veterans, and that more than 5½ percent are doing so; and he agreed that business should go directly to the manpower source because a lot of veterans, turned off by the system, are unresponsive to the government and simply won't use its

hiring services. But he added that the Department of Labor is the primary labor market.

What about veterans with "bad" discharges?

"Look, there are about two hundred bad conduct discharges per city—maybe forty thousand altogether. They don't deserve the full attention." Minority problems, he said, get the majority of press attention.

The National Alliance of Businessmen is meant to function as a catalyst between business and government. It sparks

“
Now
the energy crisis
is also causing problems for
the newly hired veteran—
last hired, first fired.”



pledge campaigns, in which businessmen are asked to make commitments to hire a number of veterans. It has been functioning as a job bank for over two and a half years, and has been placing disabled veterans for nine months or so. The VA provides a lot of their information. They list only jobs with good possibilities for advancement. Since the Alliance is not responsible for specific job placements, it has no figures on the exact number of veterans employed through the NAB, and businessmen's commitments vary.

"You'll find a lot of disagreement on this issue," the NAB spokesman concluded, "but you've got to separate the bullshit from the grass."

Austin Kerby, an economics advisor to the American Legion (where Jobs for Veterans originated), finds a good deal of bullshit in the administration of Public Law 92-540, which contains the Veterans Unemployment and Readjustment Act of 1972. "This law needs more teeth," he said. "The Department of Labor hasn't been fair in implementing the law—they let other programs supercede it."

Under PL 92-540, a veterans' employment representative (VER) must be provided in each state, and if the population of the state exceeds 250,000 veterans, an assistant—AVER—must be appointed for each multiple of 250,000. The law should have caused a nationwide increase of sixty-eight appointees. According to Kerby, there has been only one. (The Department of Labor disputes this.)

VER's and AVER's are federally financed but under state control, and Kerby suggests that in many states they spend only a small percentage of their time actually working for the veterans. (He cites Oklahoma as an impressive exception.) Kerby gives an instance of a call to a VER in Maryland about an employer eager to hire a veteran. The VER said he was "too busy" to handle it.

Kerby also refers to a section of the U.S. Code that calls for any federal contractor to list openings with the U.S. Employment Service and requires the employer to put "special emphasis" on hiring veterans. But contractors characteristically fill new jobs with their old people, listing the job after it has been filled. "The vet sees the job listing and applies, but the job is filled. So what's 'special emphasis'? That phrase isn't worth the paper it's written on."

The Legion has several programs for veterans. Foremost among them was Jobs for Veterans. There are plans to abolish it this year, though the Secretary of Labor has indicated that it may be continued by his department.

Job fairs are another project of the Legion. There have been hundreds of them nationwide, and Kerby reports substantial success. "It gets a fella in contact with twenty-five or thirty employers. Where else can he do that in one day?" But at a Chicago job fair in 1972, veterans trashed the interviewing stands, obviously unconvinced.

"If the law is implemented, it would take care of the need," Kerby repeats, "but it

must have teeth in it."

A Labor Department spokesman denies some of these charges:

"It's not true that only one veterans' employment representative has been appointed . . . they're all in the works. It's been a matter of getting the funds earmarked to hire them. Manpower had a 20 percent reduction in force during the wage-price freeze . . . we had to wait for the Office of Management and Budget to allocate the funds."

It's also not true, the spokesman asserts, that the employment representatives spend little time on veterans' affairs. "I don't know where these vets live, or if they're looking through rose-colored glasses, but the truth is that there just aren't enough vets coming in to keep the VER busy . . . it's just good use of the man's time to give him other things to do."

The veteran story is a good story, the Labor spokesman concludes. "The Manpower Administration and the government can look with pride on these programs."

What about "special emphasis"?

"This is a matter that should concern the Congress . . . I can't say right or wrong. If people want to order a private businessman to hire vets first, fine, but until such time as Congress passes a law, this has to be voluntary."

At Jobs for Veterans, public-relations director Nick Burke said that "things have gotten better in the past few years. The younger guys are still having a hard time, but these are usually people who haven't sorted out their objectives, or who don't have an adequate education. Vets are entitled to on-the-job training under the GI Bill. . . . This allows a man to get government money to supplement a low income while training. The program has been quite successful." He admitted that these people often get pretty trashy jobs. "This is not discriminatory—it's just the nature of the job market. However, for blacks and other minorities, the veteran unemployment level is about twice as high as it is for whites. The energy crisis is also causing problems for the newly hired vet. Last hired, first fired."

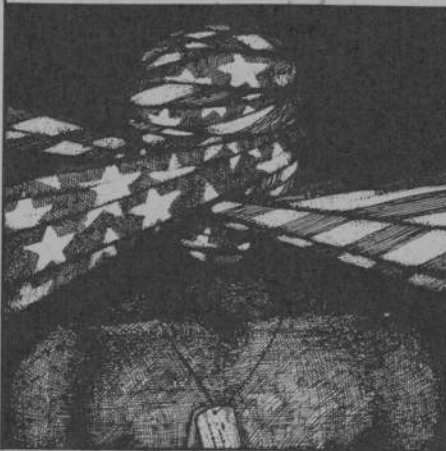
Jobs for Veterans is a nonprofit corporation structured primarily to provide public relations and information to encourage "local community interest in aiding vets." Jobs for Veterans doesn't actually perform job placement, except on rare occasions—as a favor to a congressman or some such.

But by all accounts, Project Transition and Jobs for Veterans are in their twilight and are soon to be discontinued.

"All the recruiting ads say the service will train you for a career you can carry over to civilian life. Thing is, civilian life doesn't know that. The only thing I carried over was three lost years."

"It's a bummer, man. You go in the service for two or three or four years or whatever. That's two or three or four years you're off the street and out of the market. You're not in school. You're not at work. You've lost some time, that's all. Unless you've lost your life or your legs or something."—Bob Eggers.

No wonder
so many guys
are just giving up on jobs
and are ripping people off.
What's their choice?



"The major problem is that the American people have a negative image of the veteran and the veteran has a negative image of his potential ability," says Rusty Lindley, an ex-Special Forces officer and for some time a powerful voice within the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Lindley ticks off what seem to him to be the larger failures of job programs for Vietnam veterans and some of the social forces stacked against them: the administration's unwillingness to seek adequate financing for a Department of Labor Job Bank, the gen-

eral lack of response to Project Transition, the inability of employers to evaluate military skills in terms of civilian needs, the drug stigma that clings to many vets who came home without a habit but stereotyped as junkies.

But the real fault lies, he feels, not with federal agencies like the VA or official offshoots like the JFV or their links to employers like the NAB, but rather with the Congress, the administration, and in the Office of Management and Budget. He argues that the administration approach to veterans' problems has been to hide them behind the screen of an adroit public-relations effort, so only enough funds are forthcoming to assure the success of the image, with not enough substantial aid behind it. Such jobs as are available are the dead-end leavings of the economy. "We need a lot less jobs for veterans and a lot more meaningful careers. . . ."

Vietnam Veterans Against the War has published a worksheet that goes far toward making this case. It summarizes the primary troublespots in veterans' unemployment—the scarcity of jobs with career potential, veteran alienation, and employer reluctance—and proposes specific remedies: the revival and reorganization of Project Transition, an increase in on-the-job programs, a nationwide placement service, training seminars for employers, and a beefing-up of the Emergency Employment Act, among others.

The VVAW proposal concludes with a rhetorical flourish which, for all its drama, seems to state a simple truth:

"If we fail to respond to the needs of these men, we will lay to waste the talents, the aspirations, the skills, the dedication, the motivation, and the sacrifices of eight million men. . . ."

"If your response to the veterans of Vietnam is but a public-relations campaign to obscure the grim realities, a job for a vet and not a productive career, a token action or a meager stipend to appease a guilty conscience, it will serve only to compound the bitterness, frustration, and distrust engendered by the war. Your response must . . . [offer] an opportunity and not just a job for a vet, an education and not just a chance to go to school . . . a heartfelt commitment and not just a guilt-ridden gesture. For only then will the Vietnam veteran free himself from the tragedy that created him and build a new life for himself. . . ."

That seems to be little enough to ask for a man whose country asked him to take up the job of killing in what it assured him was a good cause, and who would now like to

get to the business of living, with a reasonable career to see him through. But it is not surprising that these requests should have an air of existential contradiction. The same government that asked him to pick up a gun is charged with locating his options now that he's put it down; the same economic environment that made the war good business for a time is his link to a return to the system that conscripted him. The service organizations that applauded him for arming himself in his country's cause must explain him to a society that now fears him.

The usual explanations and solutions—administrative reorganization and decentralization of the VA, increased veterans' benefits and training, sharper teeth in public laws, more pressure on Congress for funds and on the Office of Management and Budget to properly direct them, better links between veterans' self-help groups—go only so far toward suggesting solutions to the Vietnam veterans' situation. They do not seem to strike to the root of why that situation is unique.

The postulate we began with—that the Vietnam veteran is the radically different product of a radically disjunctive war—comes closer to explaining why all these committees and foundations and groups and organizations and corporations fail to engage his interest or enlist his confidence. He's a changed man returned to a changed nation. Business as usual doesn't mean much to him anymore.

But the greening and cleaning and preening of America to the contrary notwithstanding, a man must work to live. It is surely correct to say that jobs mean little in themselves, and satisfying lifetime careers mean a lot. If the mass of unemployed Vietnam veterans needs training and education to achieve careers, that should get priority over methodical placement in mechanical jobs. Men pulled away from their initial chances in that direction deserve no less from the society that asked for their time and their blood. Whether they were trained as riflemen, clerks, or whatever, they know what their debits and credits are.

"The unemployment picture for vets is so much better now than it was that the government, or I guess I should say the Nixon administration, isn't really worried about it. It comes down to people. A guy who's got a good job would probably agree with that view and one who doesn't, wouldn't. And as you say, there are plenty of people who still don't. But all the signs seem to point to a diminished interest in veterans. Which I think is just about par for the course in terms of attitudes toward the war the way they are now. For five years or ten years or whatever, the war was the absolute center of everybody's attention. Now it's like that guy said, 'A back-burner problem.' We've got Watergate and the energy crisis and all the rest of that shit so there's no way to get veterans back on the front page and there's no way to get their needs met until they are. It's not just employment, it's everything. People don't want to think about the war and people don't want to think about the veterans. Period."—Bob Eggers. O—

CALL TO ARMS

After World War II, American soldiers came home with pride and were welcomed as triumphant winners. The whole country was involved in the quick and efficient assimilation of GI's into civilian society. Retraining these veterans was highly expensive, but Congress made sure the job was done. The result was the World War II GI Bill, "one of the most important and effective pieces of social legislation Congress has ever enacted. It profoundly affected the fortunes of veterans and postwar society, and it transformed the nation's higher education system" (Princeton Educational Testing Service).

The World War II GI Bill paid the full cost of tuition, books, and fees at almost every public and private school in America. It also provided for a monthly subsistence allowance. Rich or poor, a veteran needed only to meet a school's admission requirements to become eligible for benefits. All veterans were given an equal chance for education and training.

Today, the Vietnam-era veteran faces an entirely different welcome. Congress has changed the GI Bill. The present formula provides a lump sum of \$220 a month, from which he must pay all his education fees and living expenses. Obviously, this calls for an independent means of support. Therefore, millions of poor and middle-income veterans are educationally disadvantaged. The present GI Bill also discriminates against veterans who live in states with high-cost public education. The Educational Testing Service has found that the ability of a Vietnam veteran to take advantage of his GI Bill depends more on the state in which he resides than on any other factor. This was not the case after World War II, when veterans were free to choose any public or private school.

Today, many of the colleges and universities that were open to all in World War II have in effect closed their doors to Vietnam veterans who can't afford to pay tuition. This situation is dramatically illustrated by Harvard University. After World War II, over 50 percent of Harvard's students were veterans. Today, Vietnam veterans make up only 3 or 4 percent of the student body.

Some senators have recognized and responded to the needs of today's veterans. Senators George McGovern, Charles Mathias, Daniel Inouye, and Robert Dole, all of whom were educated under the World War II GI Bill, have introduced a bill (S. 2789) to give all Vietnam veterans an equal opportunity for education and training, by paying tuition costs above \$400 a year and by speeding up subsistence payments. Acceleration of payments would enable veterans who had some previous college education to complete their education at a private institution or attend law, medical, or graduate school. Most importantly, it opens opportunities for veterans who are unprepared for or unable to, afford a four-year college program to enter productive careers through two-year technical and vocational programs.

However, *Penthouse* predicts that pressure from the Nixon administration and from conservative members of the House of Representatives will defeat this comprehensive bill. Vietnam-era veterans should write to their congressmen in support of the bill. *Penthouse* is also eager to obtain the views of veterans and concerned citizens and we will forward any comments to the appropriate parties. A copy of the bill may be obtained by writing to the Senate Veterans Affairs Committee.



alicia

*"A woman is more
than just a cunt..."*



justin the nick of time

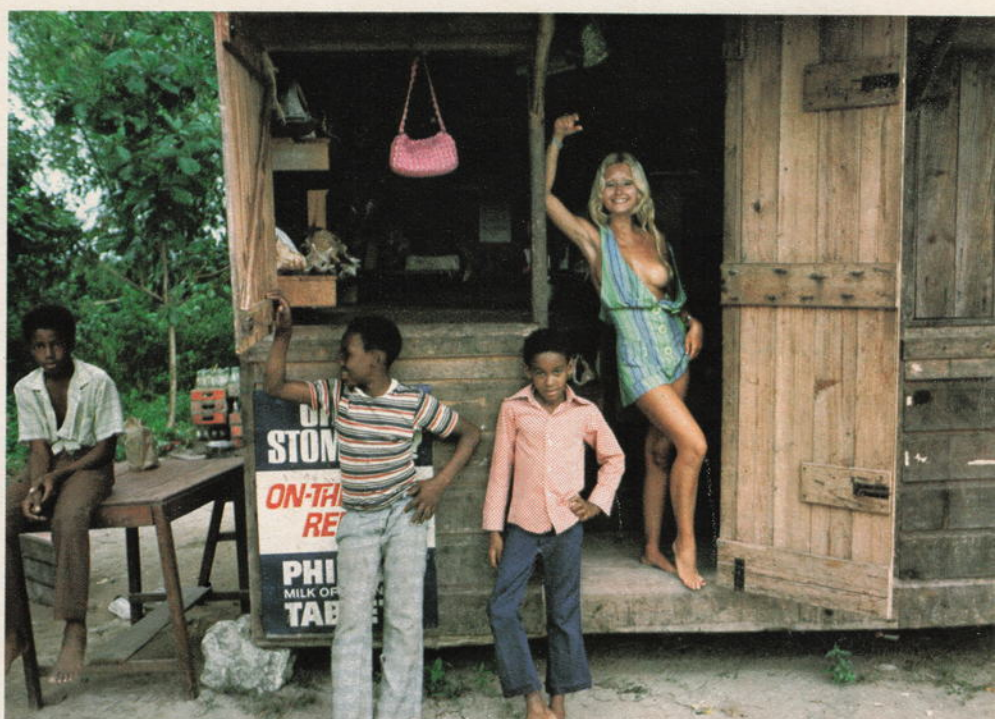
feel that I'm selling out in a way," fretted Alicia Justin, who polarizes our pages this month with flashes of forthright feminism, "but at the same time I'd like to make my own statement that seeing women as sex objects is only one way to look at them. There's a lot more to real sensuality than that. A woman is more than just a cunt, and if this is one way for me to reach out and tell men that women are people too, then I guess that's what I've got to do, right?"

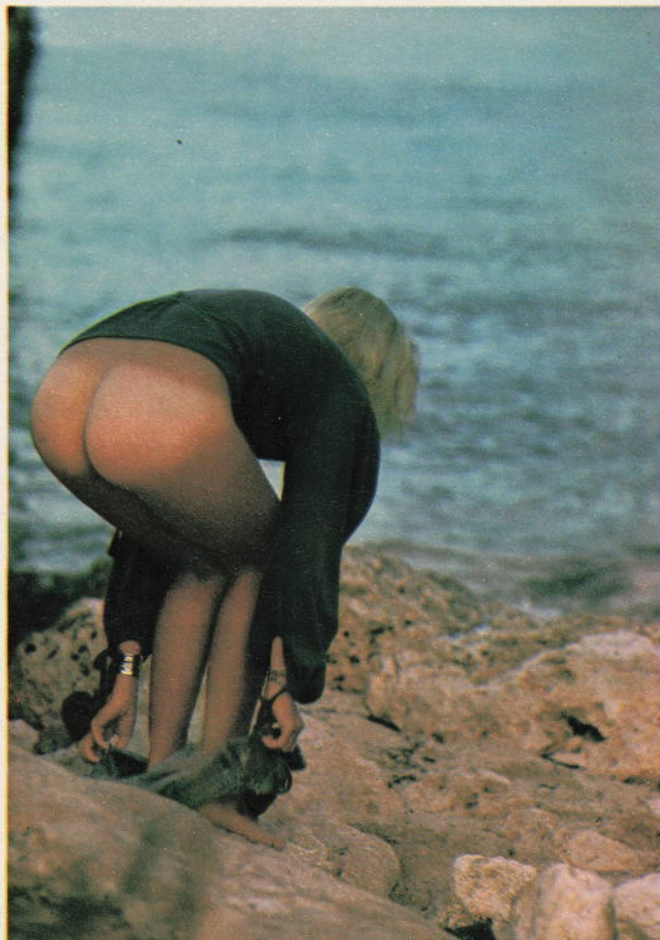
Aye. Of course, we never doubted it for a minute, but Alicia's devotion comes as a refreshing commitment to an ideal in this apathetic old world. Or as Miss Justin puts it: "I'm into total fulfillment in life, unhampered by any of the conventional standards, not fettered by the status quo. I like everything and anything...everything is an experience." That's why it's easier for this twenty-five-year-old

high school civics teacher to make her home in Hawaii: "I love the heat, I love the sun. I meditate, and I feel closer to God when I meditate in the sun. I feel healthier, cleaner, more attuned, and in union with all of creation. The sun is my thing and my religion is humanism."

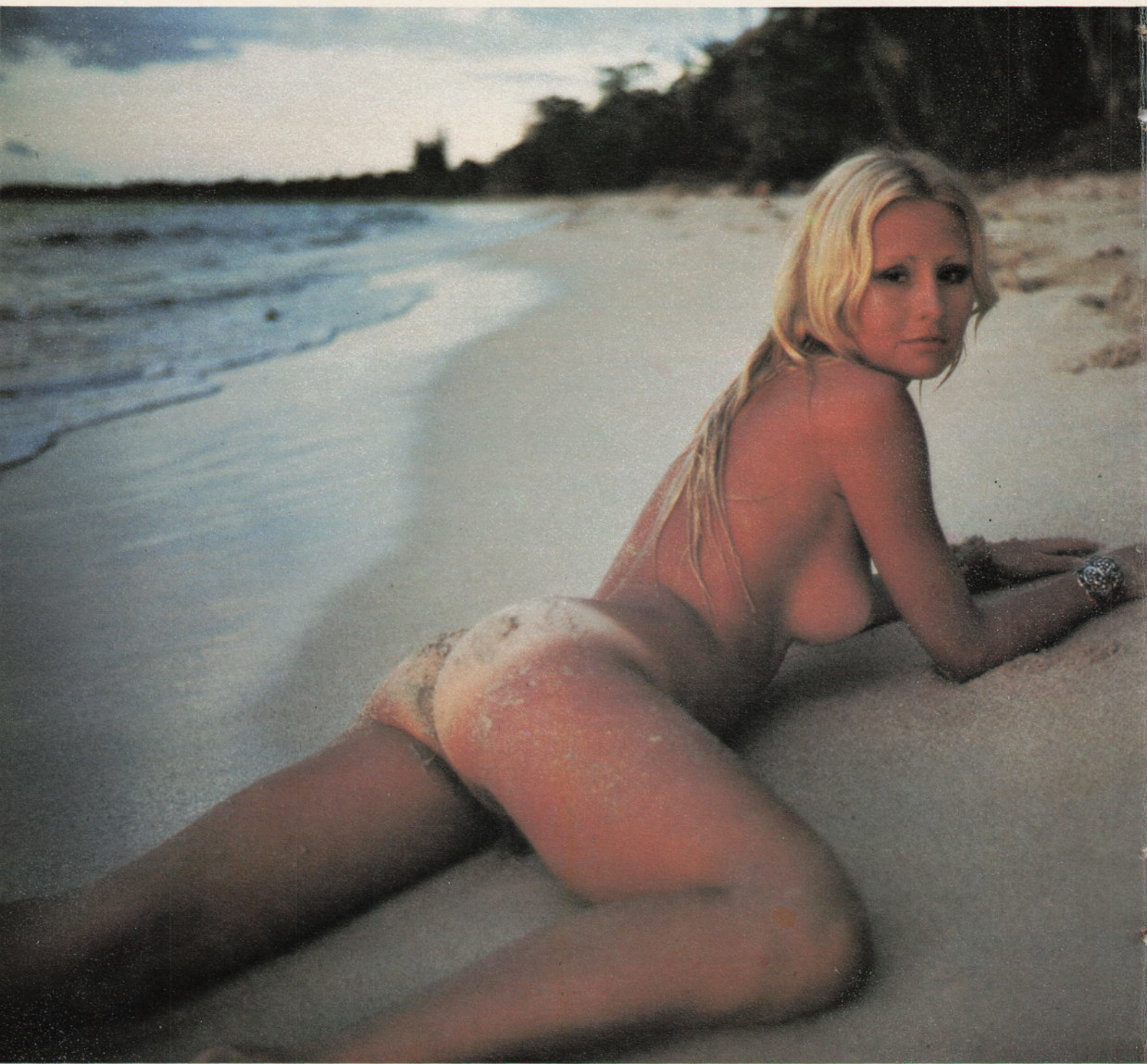
She has a garden and raises her own organic foods. She takes in stray animals. She helps out those "less fortunate than me, children who're crippled and need tutorial services, or are disturbed and need a friend to talk to." For most of her life, Alicia's gotten up every morning with the lustrous, outlandish, palpable Pacific sun. And she wants to keep on doing that for a long time to come. "One of my heroes is Paul Gauguin, who ran away from a bank job when he was forty to learn to paint and live in Tahiti. I understand exactly why he needed that tropical island to create his canvases. The one thing I

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER FORTUNA



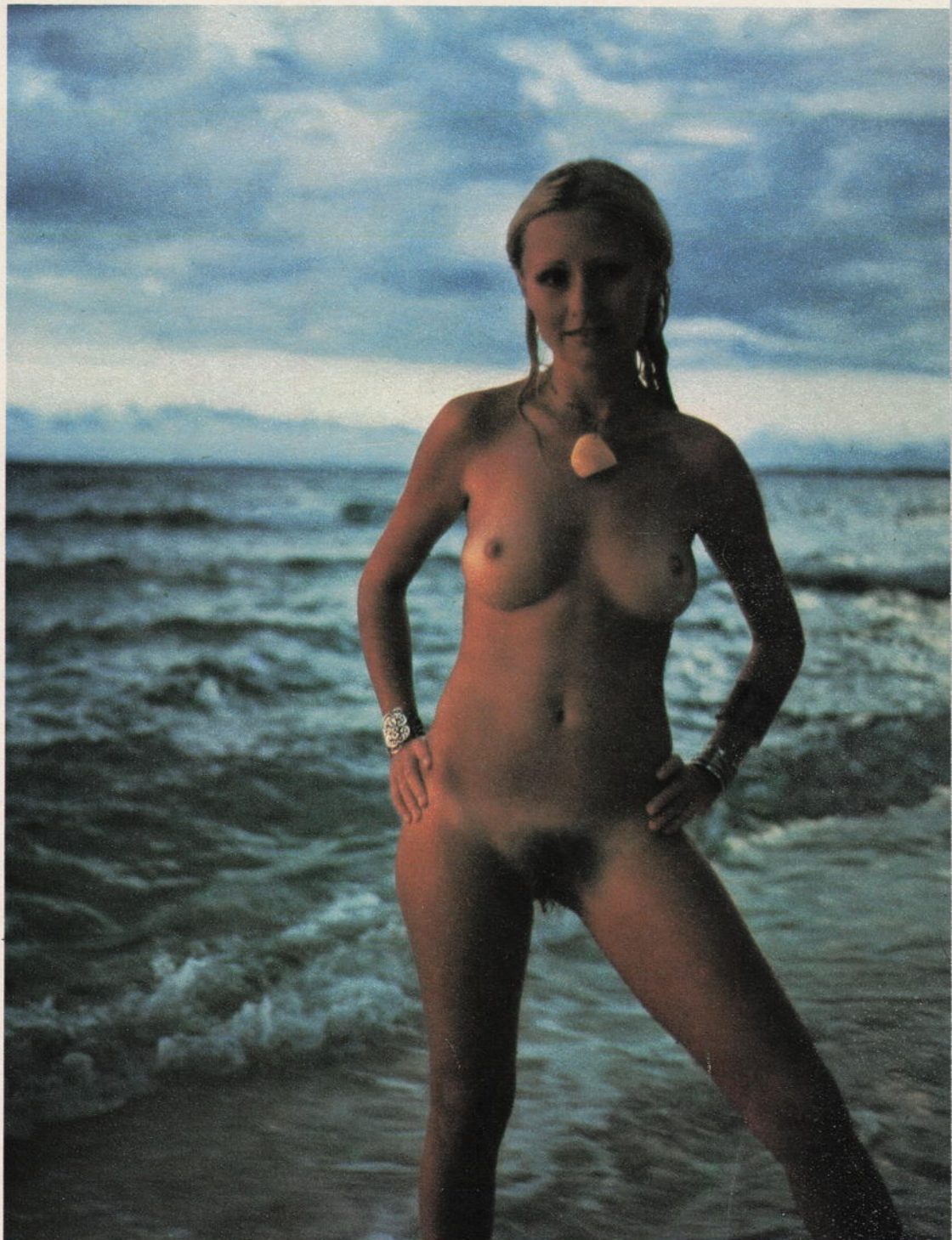






hate about him is that he treated his wife and his mistress like animals, but the pictures he painted of Tahitian women more than make up for that. He loved women the way only an artist can.

"I don't see either sex or nudity as being dirty, but I don't want people to misunderstand why I'm taking off my clothes for a magazine. Because clothes signify material possessions, they are a lie and a shield from the world itself. And the only way we can evolve...the only way there is going to be understanding in the world...is if we accept each other as individuals—men and women." Absolutely 













MISS ALICIA JUSTIN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



SHOWS EVERY 30 MIN.



LONG SUPPRESSED
NOW AVAILABLE!
SCANDINAVIA

FROM

ONLY \$5.95



Rodriguez

Winston



tastes good like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

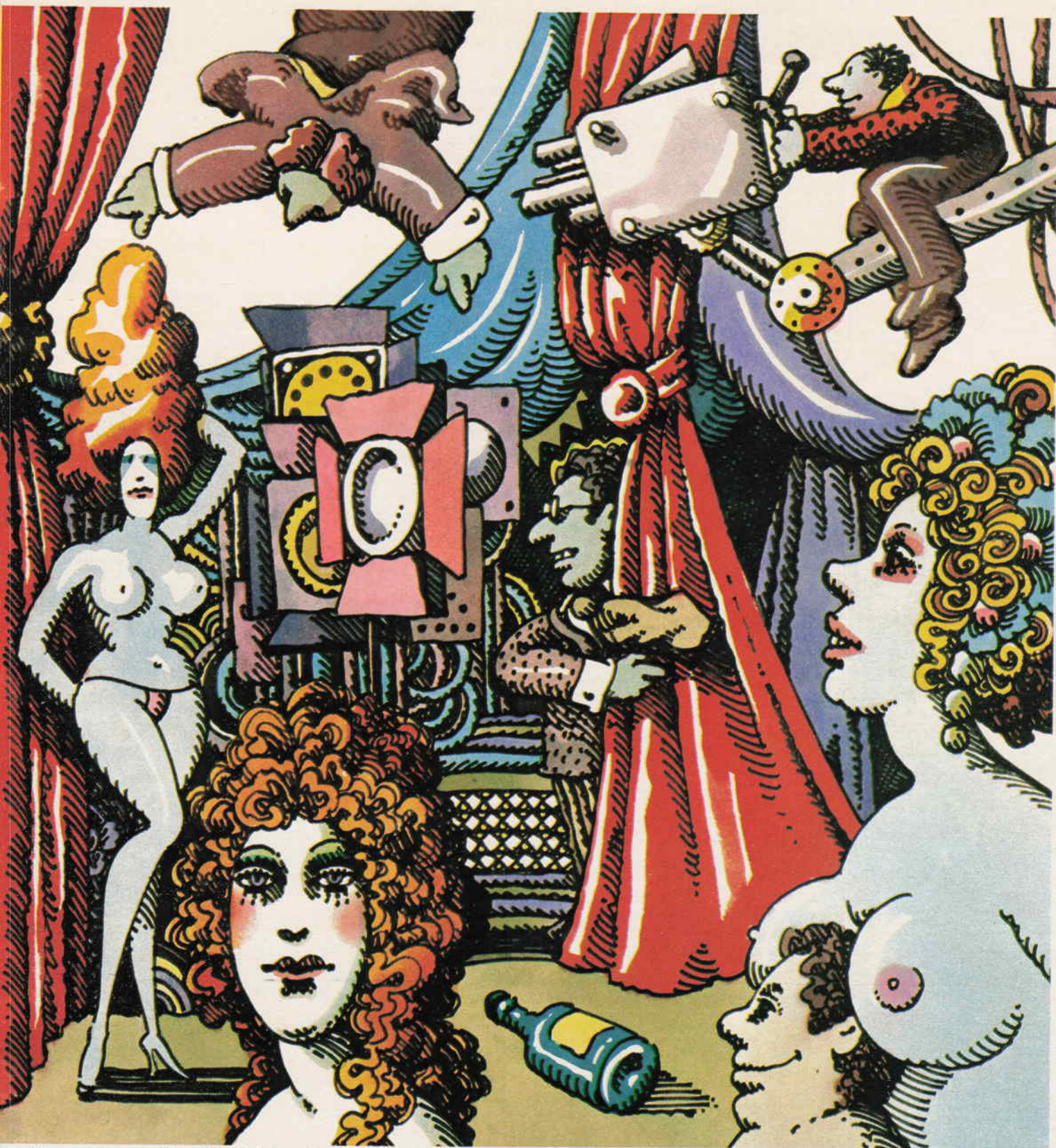
© 1974 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.



A public execution
at the stroke of
midnight highlights a
surrealistic New Year's Eve
telecast—which turns out
to be an electrifying
event for one and all.
Fiction by Robert Shiarella

What is it?—twenty-three? Yeah. Twenty-three times I cracked these doors . . . in nine years. He shook his head. Another couple months, they might as well brick the mothers up. Swinging open one of the huge doors, he stepped into the cool darkness, closed the door and locked it once again.

Warden Tully Keyster, of Achen State Penitentiary, stood in the dark a moment, then flicked a switch and illuminated the barren, fifty-foot passageway which led to still a second set of massive iron doors. *The Last Mile*. He strolled along the concrete corridor, listening to the echo of his footsteps. *Not the same, walkin' IT ALONE. No con bawlin' . . . no chaplain makin' with the mumbo jumbo. Creepy.*



He gazed around him. *Probably be takin' guided tours through here in a couple years. Look, folks, here's where Rhino DeBussy vomited on the floor . . . and over there's the exact spot Tallulah Masheen told the chaplain and all the guards they could have a shot at her crotch if they'd let her live. Boy, them were the days!* The warden unlocked the second set of doors with reverence—*It's the end of an era, by squat*—and swung the metal portals open.

Before him spread a spacious chamber, two hundred feet long and nearly a hundred feet wide, with a forty-foot ceiling. Decades ago, when the convicts had farmed, built roads, dug cesspools, etc., this expansive structure had served as a heavy-equipment

garage—and soon it would probably become a garage once more—but presently it enjoyed a much more awesome designation: Tully's Playpen.

Somber walls of granite blocks stood windowless on every side. Near the middle of the gray expanse of concrete floor, several rows of folding chairs sat in neat formation around a small platform made of rough plankwood. Above the wooden platform, descending from the lofty ceiling on a long black wire, hung a bare electric bulb, which was always lit. It was the sole illumination in the gloomy hall, and directly beneath it, in the center of the plankwood dais, sat "The Devil's Throne"—Achen State Penitentiary's electric chair.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

*"When you're just horny and
want to get laid, you find
the best-looking, most virile
man you can"*

GEORGIA GIRL



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER







At twenty-one, Deborah Clearbranch is certainly an adult woman, but she's also a totally uninhibited girl. For example, "I have been involved in sex with more than one person. I never dreamed in my whole life it would happen, and I even had hostile feelings about it. But there was something natural and beautiful about the way it just came together, like the flow of electricity you feel at a very high-energy rock concert. . . . It could only happen in L.A. The friendship that developed from it was beautiful."

It could, in fact, only have happened in Los Angeles since July 1973, when Deborah went

there to settle. A native Southerner, Deborah spent most of her life in Savannah, Georgia, where her parents were both airline executives. Eleven years ago the family was transferred to Guam, and Deborah is not unacquainted with the pleasures of the Pacific. But somehow she still wears the graceful aspect of a plantation belle and indeed, Miss Clearbranch imparts an unusual breath of magnolia romanticism to the Great Western Playground.

"I came to California specifically because I was in love," says this Aquarian ex-sophomore from the University of Georgia. "In love with a dashing,



romantic man from San Francisco. One day he asked me to come to California with him, so we just drove out here in his old van. Here, people are much looser and more creative. I'm discovering my own integrity in L.A., discovering that I'm really a very honest person. And I like that.

"I like almost everything... in fact, I love everything! I have no hang-ups about sex. With the right man and with the right, relaxed attitude, sex is the most exciting thing I know. There's got to be more to a man, of course, than just a nice body: I've been to bed with men who were incredibly good-looking and said

goodbye to them the next morning not even wanting to see them again. When you're just horny and want to get laid, you find the best-looking, most virile man you can. But to get it all together, I need the body *and* the mind. I remember hiking in the San Gabriel mountains with a guy I really liked, and we crossed a ravine and couldn't get back. We were sort of trapped on a plateau, with nothing to do but build a fire and wait for daylight. It seemed like such a desperate situation, but our lovemaking was all the more beautiful because of it. There just wasn't anything at all to compare it with." Rather like Miss Clearbranch herself. 





"Who's the father?"

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

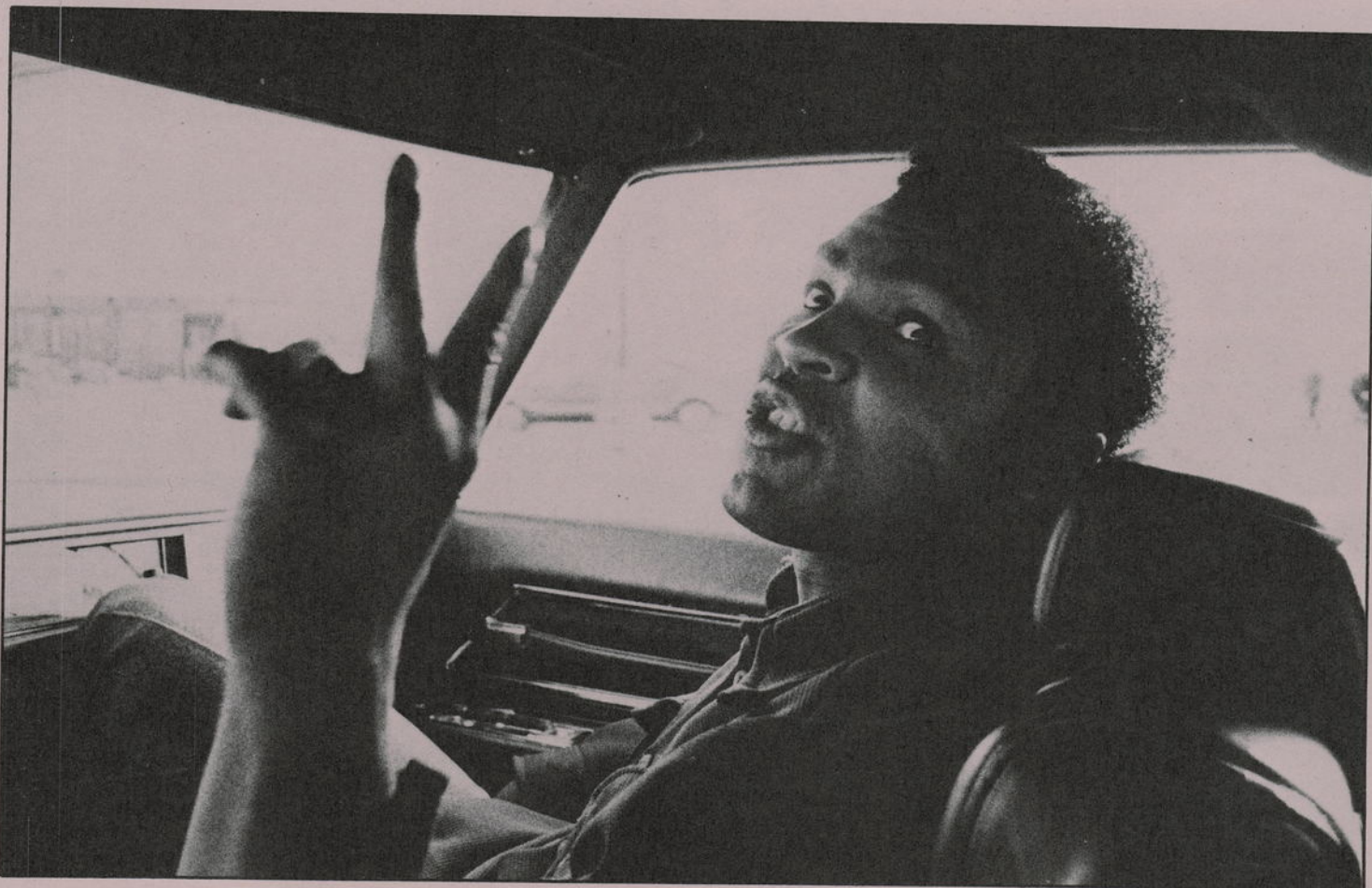
Last January in an ABC television studio, Muhammad Ali, the prettiest clergyman ever to hold the heavyweight title, had a pre-fight fight with another ex-champ, Joe Frazier. Ali said Joe was "ignorant." Joe stood up, menacingly. Then Ali stood up and put one arm around Joe's neck. Slowly they fell to the floor. Slowly they struggled. When it was over they were unmarked.

Meanwhile, sportscaster Howard Cosell was carrying on as if he were describing the Hindenburg disaster. And why not? In the lackluster world of boxing, what reporter is not grateful for Muhammad Ali and the diversions he dreams up to provide copy? Without him, Cosell would have had to dust off his law books and go back to defending people who smoke on buses.

When and if Ali does retire, every heavyweight in the world should go into mourning. Where else will they find an opponent who can draw such crowds? Millions of people pay to see Ali out of love, out of hate, or simply out of a desire to see what he is going to do next.

Ali began as Cassius Clay, a teenaged Golden Glover out of Louisville who went to the 1960 Olympics and came home with a gold medal. Soon he was proclaiming, "I am the greatest. I'm pretty. I float like a butterfly and sting like a bee," etc., etc.

At first most of the white public regarded him as a nice-looking boy who was a little pushy. Rednecks wanted to kill him. The black community, for the most part, adored him.



MUHAMMAD ALI

Ali's troubles started when his draft board classified him 1A despite the fact he had flunked a written exam. By 1966 the army didn't care how smart a guy was if he had the strength to climb on a plane for Vietnam.

Ali protested that his taxes were enough to pay 200,000 soldiers for a year. It was an exaggeration, but he meant well. He thought the hard-nosed businessmen who run the country and the draft boards would appreciate his talking in terms they could understand.

They didn't. Ali appealed, first on the grounds that he was a hardship case, then because he was a conscientious objector, and finally because he had become a Muslim minister.

The government decided he had gotten conscientious too late. He was sentenced to five years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine. Again Ali appealed. While the court fight continued he was stripped of his title, and for more than three years—in the prime fighting age between twenty-five and twenty-eight—he was barred from the ring. He lectured, acted in a flop Broadway play, divorced his wife because she could not adapt to Muslim ways, and married a Muslim girl:

In 1970 the rules were relaxed and he returned to defeat Jerry Quarry in Atlanta. On March 8, 1971 Ali fought Joe Frazier, who had been crowned heavyweight champion during Ali's three year absence from the ring, and suffered his first defeat on a close decision. He then won a succession of victories before being beaten in March 1973 by Ken Norton, who broke his jaw. Ali said he fought with a bad right hand and a twisted ankle. Last September he met Norton again and won a not-too-convincing split decision. Then he came back early this year to defeat Joe Frazier. Now he is in full cry, calling for the blood of the present champion, George Foreman.

Ali turned Muslim and adopted his current name after he won the championship from Sonny Liston in 1964. He has since been billed as the warrior of Islam carrying the banner against a corrupt Christendom, although he personally disclaims any thought of being a leader, deferring always to Elijah Muhammad, the Muslim chief.

His Islamic supporters have since built that first Liston fight into a rerun of the Crusades. But putting Sonny Liston in the role

of a Christian knight was a great act of the imagination. If ever a man had been in collision with the Christian establishment, and lost, it was the late Sonny. He had a long record as a petty criminal and had served time. He also had the most fearsome face ever constructed for a human being. His gaze was so deadly that reporters interviewing him would avert their eyes out of fear of being turned into stone.

At the weigh-in, Ali met that stare head-on and gave a performance worthy of all four Marx Brothers. He screamed, raged, stamped, strutted, popped his eyes, ground his teeth, and shrieked hysterical insults. It went on for an hour. It was the outstanding scene of his career. If anyone else had behaved that way in public he would have been ushered into a strait jacket.

His supporters say it was all an act but most impartial witnesses say Ali was in a state of terror. Whatever it was, the bizarre blowout apparently got the adrenalin moving and by fight time Ali was ready. He took Liston in seven rounds and went on to defeat all comers before being barred from boxing.

His supporters claim that if he had not lost those three and a half years during his court fight, Ali would be undisputedly the greatest boxer in history. Maybe. If Red Sox outfielder Ted Williams had not spent five years in the service, during his prime, he might have hit .400 again. If, if, if.

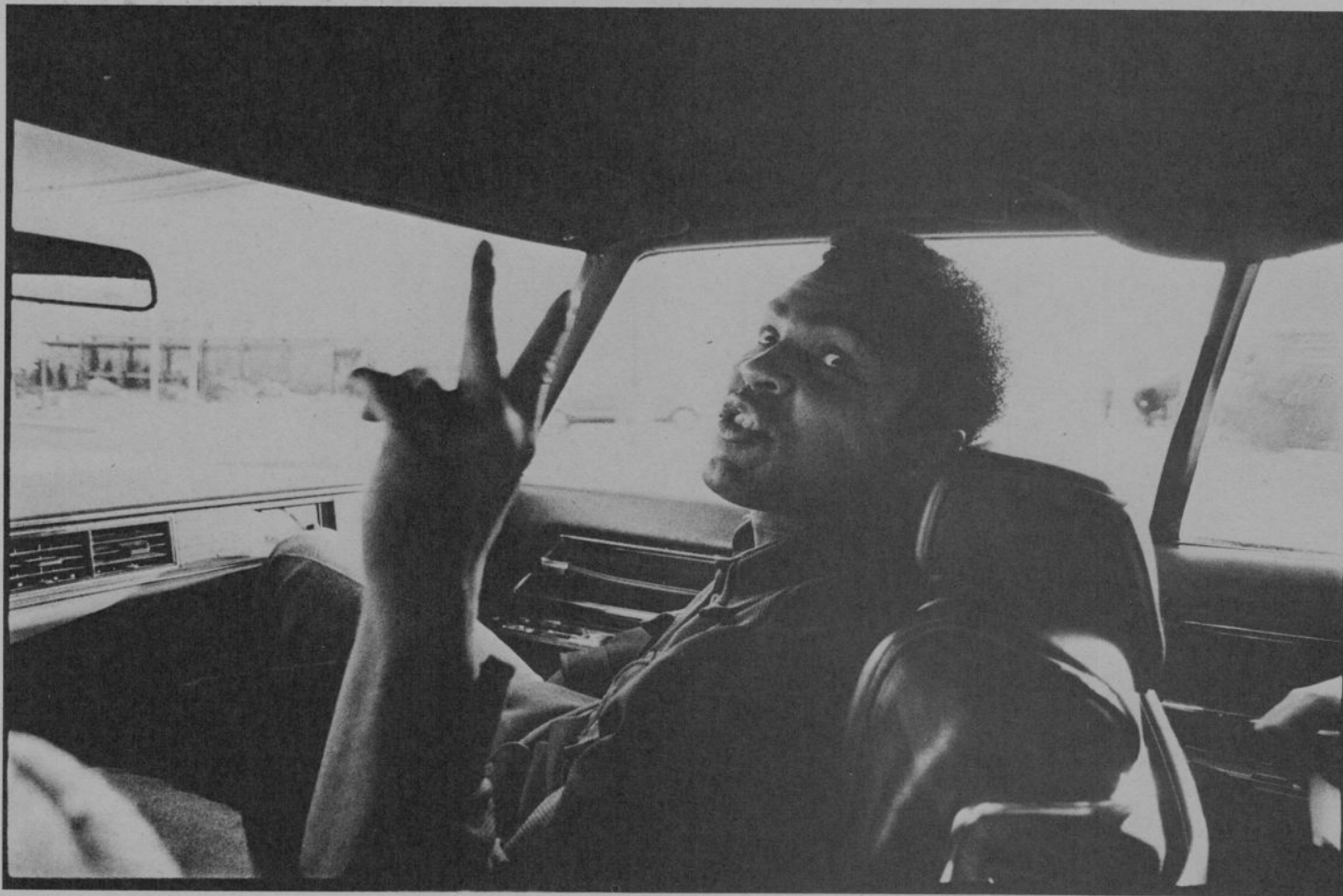
And while Ali had the financial resources and the reputation to win his fight to avoid military service, other war protesters did time for their convictions.

Ali is now thirty-two years old. He has a large home in a wealthy, mostly white suburb of Philadelphia, just across the river in New Jersey. He lives well with his wife and three daughters. He has several automobiles including a Rolls Royce.

He says his life is now devoted to Muslim principles. He also says he has become a great writer and he will read his philosophic prose and poetry to all who will listen.

Two who did listen were **Andrew Wylie** and **Victor Bockris** who conducted this exclusive *Penthouse* interview at Ali's training camp in the Pennsylvania hills.

"America's going to be
so plagued with
droughts and tornadoes
and earthquakes and
all kinds of shortages that
God is going to force
America to let the
black people go free,
separate."



Ed Gallucci

Penthouse: How do you feel when you first come into the ring?

Ali: How do you feel when you get up and walk down the street? It's natural. How do you feel when you breathe air? It's natural. How do you feel when you eat? It's something you gotta do. It's something natural with me—looking at crowds. I suggest to myself that I'm going to do this and do that, and I do it. I believe I'm gonna get him in this round; I practice it. And I believe I can do this, and do it.

Confidence. Confidence. Every man wants to be determined, every man wants to believe in himself, every man wants to be fearless. And when I display this, it attracts people; they come to see if I can do it. Many of them envy me, because they want to do it and they can't. Many of them like it; many of them don't like it. Many like me for it.

Penthouse: Are you ever afraid of anything?

Ali: No, sir. 'Fraid of nothing. We have a saying in the faith: "True Muslims neither fear, nor do they grieve." I don't fear nothing, nor do I grieve

about nothing. I know what to say and what not to say. I put it all together, and I can use it.

*The man who has no imagination stands
on the earth.
He has no wings.
He cannot fly.*

Joe Frazier has no imagination. You all saw that. George Foreman has no imagination. They just pugnosed boxers. Left hook here, right hook there, and that don't attract women who like ice skaters, that don't attract the fan who likes to play bridge, that don't attract the man in Africa and England—but my image and my imagination does.

Most boxers, they just draw the boxing fans. Go to Madison Square Garden on a Saturday night and you just see the boxing fans. There's an old fellow sitting there with his hat down and a cigar. He says, "Hey, Joe, come on yum hum yum yaha." That ain't colorful. But then I come out in my pretty white robe, do my shuffle and

give my predictions:

*you talk jive
you'll fall in five*

*that won't do
you go in two*

I'm the greatest! Hiya! Haaa! Ha! I'll get them there! "Hey, let's get a ticket, go and see this." Laugh it up! Make it colorful! Imagination! See, I fly—they stand still.

Penthouse: When you were young, did you have a lot of heroes you looked up to?

Ali: No.

Penthouse: What teachers did you have when you were a child?

Ali: My mother and father were my teachers.

Penthouse: How are you going to teach your children?

Ali: We have our own schools, and my children will go to school in Chicago—in a Muslim school where they are separated, boys with



Ed Gallucci

boys, girls with girls, and taught and disciplined in the Muslim way of life.

Penthouse: You don't approve of racial integration, do you?

Ali: There are now more white women after Negroes than ever before. There are more Negroes after white women. Go to a discothèque in New York and watch what's happening: everybody sitting with their integrated mates. That ain't *nothing*. That's bad. Bastard children. No intelligent white man or white woman in his or her right mind wants black boys and black girls marrying their sons and daughters, introducing their grandchildren as half-brown, kinky-haired Negroes. They don't want that.

No black man, no black woman in his or her right black mind wants any white boys or white girls marrying their beautiful black sons and daughters, introducing their grandchildren as blond-haired half-Negroes. It's embarrassing. Every man wants a child that looks like himself. The Japanese love their little Japanese children. Eskimos got their little Eskimo children. I

love my daughters and my son, and they look like me. I don't want no blond-haired, blue-eyed son. That ain't progress.

The Chinese love China. The Mexicans love Mexico. The Hindus love India. They love their culture. Who wants to lose themselves through blood mixing? You come back twenty years later, you don't know who's who. That ain't no progress, that's fighting God. Bluebirds fly with bluebirds. Pigeons like pigeons. Eagles like eagles. Buzzards like buzzards. All of them are birds, but they have different hang-outs. Flies are with flies. You see bees with bees. Insects got sense. Now, why are Negroes and white people in America so right, and all of nature so wrong? You see the black ants dragging the other ants to get out of his neighborhood. They even fight. Everything want to be with his own kind. But the Negroes don't know themselves. And the white people are trying to trick the Negroes into thinking that four-hundred-year-old enemies are, all of a sudden, brothers. All of a sudden you can go to Mississippi, go get a

white girl, take her out and screw her. But you know her old father, who didn't like niggers five years ago, ain't changed now. You can do anything you want now down South. I could take a white girl right now and walk downtown with her in Mississippi, hold her in my hands, and won't nobody say nothing. That change is too quick.

Penthouse: So, you believe integration is a snare for the black man?

Ali: Well, the only way Pharaoh could stay alive was to keep the slaves in Egypt. As soon as the slaves got out of Egypt, then Pharaoh was in trouble. Likewise, as long as black people are in America, she won't have too many problems, but soon as they separate, or even start thinking of splitting, there's going to be a lot of trouble. So the government don't want this, and they are stopping it through integration. They got a fresh-air program down there where they send little black boys from the North to the South and into the white towns. And you know that's phony! It's hypocritical. What's a white

family in Alabama doing with a little black boy? Here's a little black boy, eight years old, and a little white girl who's twelve, and they're running around and playing. What's that going to lead up to? That ain't no good. And the white family's taking care of the black boy. You know that's not real. It's something that's being pushed by the government.

Penthouse: Well, what do you think's going to stop it?

Ali: It ain't going to stop. America's going to be so plagued with droughts and tornadoes and earthquakes and hurricanes and beef and food and milk and all kinds of shortages, that God is going to force America to let the black people go free, separate. When a woman is nine months pregnant and the baby starts kicking—that baby wants to get out. If they don't get the baby out, the woman and the baby will die. Well, America is pregnant with the truth. In 1930, the seed of truth was planted. Allah God, a flesh and blood man, came to America, taught Elijah Muhammad, told him to unite black people, bring them back to Islam, back to their right names, cultures, religion. America's rule is over. It's time for us to separate. Now this truth has been planted and it's growing. The baby, the black man, is now kicking. He wants to be free. America's paining. And if she don't let him go, they'll both die.

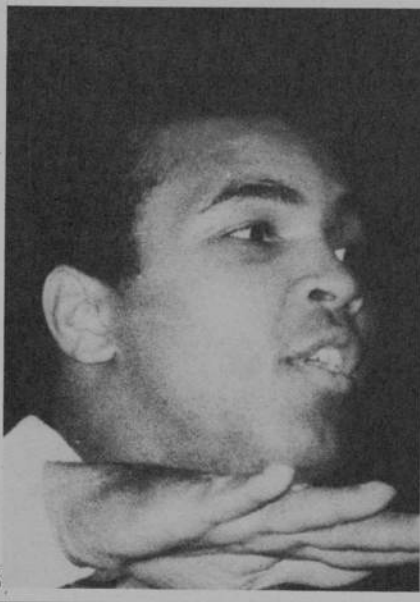
Penthouse: Does all this make you hate?

Ali: I don't hate nobody. I know people. I know where to go, where not to go. I know whose daughter to look at, whose daughter not to look at. I don't get in no trouble. The man in trouble is the man who don't know where he is. The man in Vietnam who knows how to find booby traps is in less trouble than the man in Vietnam who can't find a booby trap. I respect you. I treat everybody good. Integrate? We're integrating now. But I ain't going to go drinking with your women; that's going too far. Too many pretty black women that I could meet. I can marry a Mexican woman, ain't nobody gonna be mad. I can marry an African woman, ain't nobody gonna be mad. I can marry an Egyptian woman. I been offered all kinds of women in the Moslem world. I can marry a Pakistani woman—they're beautiful people. Why do I want to go out of my way chasing after someone when her brother might shoot me or poison me? It's sick. See, this ain't no progress. It's gonna be stopped. Black people are all gonna be Muslims soon. They all gonna be with Elijah Muhammad.

Penthouse: And what will happen to the white people?

Ali: The white men—who are the most powerful—will get weak. And when they see that they ain't so big and bad, then they'll come and follow. The power will be broken. See, the black people are like leeches on a dog's back, sucking his blood. The dog die, the leech die. So the leech has to find another back to hop onto. See? So, if you notice the country, you notice the way the money's falling. You turn on the

"Black people are all gonna be Muslims soon. They all gonna be with Elijah Muhammad."



news at six o'clock, all bad news. Look at the meat problem, the concrete problem, the wars. America's like a poor person who has a lot of food in the Frigidaire. All they got is what's in the fridge. As soon as the Frigidaire be empty, that's real trouble. She's still pretending to be big and powerful, red white and blue; but she's got just a little left in the Frigidaire, and when that's gone, that's it.

America has only been here but a few years. Look at the history. America's been here two hundred years. What's two hundred years? The pyramid at Gaza in Egypt is 7500 years old! I mean, America just got here yesterday. People are intoxicated with narcotics, alcohol, and some wealth. America's so intoxicated that she really believes now that she's God.

Penthouse: Do you believe in inspiration?

Ali: Yeah. Inspiration is just somebody who inspires you, like our religious leader in America, Elijah Muhammad. He's been here forty-two years, trying to unite black people, clean 'em up, give 'em morals, teach 'em to do for themselves, quit begging white people, get out and

work, respect their women.

He's running a whole nation from his living-room table. And one man doing all that inspires me to say, "Well, he runs a whole nation of people, so I can watch this camp and I can make sure they clean that bunkhouse." If this man, seventy-five years old, can handle a whole nation, with all those black people, then I can handle my little world.

Penthouse: When did you begin making up rhymes and poems about people?

Ali: Oh, way back in '62. I fought Archie Moore. I predicted his fall in round four. "Moore" rhymed with "four," so the publicity for that fight was:

*Moore will
hit the floor
in round four*

Then when I fought Henry Cooper, I said:

*This is no jive
Cooper will leave in five*

One thing led to another.

Penthouse: How about some of your more serious writing?

Ali: I have some good writing I've been working on for about three months. Since the last time I saw you, I been working on these. I was offered a professorship of poetry at Oxford University. Some people don't understand it, but I'll let you hear some of the things I don't reveal to the public too much and let you get an idea of how I write. These are short poems that I think I'm going to put on signs. People hang these things up in kitchens, they put them on their walls, and I read a lot of these twice because a lot of them are so good that you don't understand them right away. And I don't care what race you are, what religion or what country. These facts are true of everybody's nature.

*Destiny can take your best friend as an
instrument to cause you harm, and your
worst enemy to do you good.*

Penthouse: How about some examples of that?

Ali: Judas betrayed Jesus, and Malcolm X betrayed Elijah Muhammad. I just fired two fellers who were with me for a few years. And some people who didn't like me said, "You know, I been watching you and I like you now." One time I couldn't fight in this country, I couldn't box nowhere; now they beg me to come. Destiny caused this, see? Isn't that beautiful?

*Where is man's wealth? His wealth is in
his knowledge. If his wealth is in the
bank and not in his knowledge, then he
doesn't possess it because it's in the bank.*

Ain't that beautiful? A man with no money can get it. They had me broke at one time—I was

fighting and thinking and writing—and I come back. A lot of people lose their money, but if they have no mind, they don't get it again.

Many admit the truth to themselves, but few admit it to others.

Right? Watching Watergate I got that.

Life is a continuing battle, and he alone is victorious who conquers himself.

When I'm up here in training and I have to dodge people and certain types of foods, it's a constant battle. But if I can fight myself, defeat myself, I'll go right through it.

*Do I pass through life? No.
It is life that passes through me.*

Penthouse: Have you been doing any other writing?

Ali: Yeah, lectures. I studied a few things, putting topics together. I just spoke at Cornell College, spoke on the topic of friendship. I'm getting lectures together before I even know where I'm speaking. Lectures on different subjects. I carry a briefcase of them, and when I go to a lot of places, a lot of times I don't know what type college it is. After setting down and weighing the situation, I pull out a lecture to fit the occasion. The lecture I'm writing now is for doctors or nurses or other people who care for children. This lecture's entitled "The Education of the Infant" and it explains how children go through three or four or five different colleges within themselves, even before they're three years old.

Then I have a lecture called "The Power of Suggestion." And in it I say that if you suggest failure to yourself, then you'll be a failure. Some people say, "I'm timid" or "I'm forgetful" or "I'm stupid." And once you repeat this two or three times, it deepens your stupidity or your forgetfulness.

I have another lecture called "The Art of Personality." You know, personality's not something you're born with. We're born as individuals. What I'm trying to say is that personality is the development of individuality.

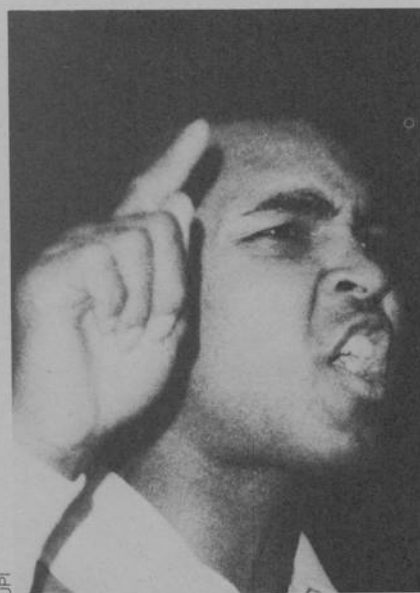
Penthouse: Do you think you've got a lot of personal magnetism?

Ali: Well, I attract people. Pretty girls from all over the country charter planes to my fights because I say things that attract them: "I'm beautiful! I'm too pretty to be a fighter! Look at me! I'm the prettiest fighter! There ain't never been a fighter so beautiful!" And they just say, "He's crazy!" But they know I'm pretty.

Then I get the redneck white folks that don't like black people: "I'm the greatest!"—*That nigger's too arrogant, he talks too much!*—"I'm pretty! I can't lose! I'm the greatest!"—*The nigger needs a whoppin'!*

Then I attract the black militants that don't like the whites: *Yeah! Tell 'em brother! Tell*

*"Do I pass
through life. No.
It is life that
passes through me."*



them honkies, brother!

Then I get all the long-haired hippies, because I don't go to war. I ain't goin' to no Vietnam, I said:-

*Clean out my cell
And take my tail
On the trail
For the jail
Without bail
Because it's better in jail
Watchin' television fed
Than in Vietnam somewhere dead*

Then I attract the Moslems, because of the name Muhammad Ali. Then the Israelis, who don't get along with the Moslems, might come to see me get whupped, because I'm a Moslem. And the Moslem's gonna root for me, because he don't want the Israeli to get his wishes. So you add it all up, I got a helluva crowd. It's personality.

Penthouse: What do you really think of your poems? Do you really think they're so great?

Ali: Ah, it's good stuff. It's beautiful. I never heard it in my life before, and I don't think there's nowhere else you can get it. It's really going to inspire the people.

Penthouse: When do you find time to write?

Ali: During the night sometimes, eleven to three in the morning.

Penthouse: You stay up that late?

Ali: Sometimes I do. What happens is, when I'm in the city and I'm eating cheeseburgers and drinking sodas and I'm up all night, I can't think. Those living close to nature, in solitude, as peasants in the country, have greater intuition than educated people living the city life. Why? Well, now I'm breathing fresh air, my mind is clear. But not in New York City. I'm only drinking fresh water from the ground, rainwater. There's nothing in it. You can taste that water when you drink it. The vegetables I eat are not frozen or sprayed. The tomatoes I eat, the lady picks out of her garden. So I'm nourishing my soul and my thoughts with real water and real food, which is natural for the body. So I seem better than the man who's eating artificial food, breathing artificial air. That's why they say wise men go off and meditate, go on top of a mountain and fast and think. They eat just honey and vegetables and no meat and things that just come to them. Like I wrote something the other day—I got it in mind, I haven't written it yet—"The world is a field, and we are born to cultivate the field. Once we learn to cultivate the field, we can produce anything." I can sit down and I can figure out a problem or something I want to do, and I just know about people.

Penthouse: Do you dream a lot?

Ali: No.

Penthouse: Do you listen to the news much?

Ali: Yeah. All the time. I got TV's all over the place. That's where I get most of my information. I don't read much except Elijah Muhammad.

Penthouse: Do you have any opinions on the presidency and its problems right now?

Ali: Well, my wisdom is too limited to judge a man in such a great position, so I have nothing to say, and it is not my business.

Penthouse: Is this crisis in the presidency important to you?

Ali: I feel there ain't no more important thing than the black people the government's mistreating every day. There ain't no more important thing than the black people that was robbed, whom the government brought over here. There ain't no more important thing than us. Nothing more important than the Muslims in my religion, shot and killed daily by police throughout the country. So Watergate is just a case of white people judging white people, because white people were crooked to white people. I think they should judge everybody like that.

I don't know nothing about Watergate, I just know what I hear on TV. I don't follow that closely. To me the country's always full of lies,



Ed Gallucci

thieves—so it ain't no surprise to me that something like this happened. My phone is tapped. Elijah Muhammad's phone is tapped. It ain't stopped. They still snoop on us. So I ain't surprised by that. I don't worry about it.

Penthouse: Do you have any advice to young people about how to take care of themselves in the Seventies?

Ali: I think we have enough white scholars and millionaires to take care of their problems, know their people, better than anybody else. All I know is my people. So I would tell all black children to go to an Islamic temple, a mosque. There they'll get everything they need to make it in the world. The teaching of Islam as taught by Elijah Muhammad. This is all I can tell you. I could talk for hours about what I been taught by him. So I just tell young people where to go and get it.

Penthouse: Do you have any favorite musicians or singers?

Ali: Yeah, people like Sammy Davis, not only my favorite, but the world's favorite, James Brown,

Bill Cosby. . . .

[Gene Kilroy, the manager of the camp, enters with a young white hippie.]

Gene: Listen, Muhammad, here's a friend of mine, a hippie, come up to say hello to you.

Ali: Yeeaaaah? Ha ha! We was just talking about kids!

Hippie: I just packed up and left. . . .

Ali: You did the right thing! You did the right thing!

Hippie: You gotta be a hippie to make it.

Ali: Yeah, ha ha. Well, how'd you get here?

Hippie: Hitched.

Ali: Yeah? No kidding. Coming from where?

Hippie: Well, I come up from Ambler, down around Philly. I just got back from Florida. I've been on the road for a while. Just tripping around, you know.

Ali: How many clothes you carry with you?

Hippie: My jeans, pants, pair of shorts, a couple of shirts.

Ali: That's all?

Hippie: Toothbrush.

Ali: No kidding! You're not married? You don't worry about nobody?

Hippie: Well, I been through them things.

Ali: Yeah? How old are you then?

Hippie: Twenty-six. How about yourself?

Ali: Thirty-one.

Hippie: You get used to it, you know.

[Hippie leaves.]

Ali: Yeah. You gotta admire somebody like that.

Penthouse: Tell us about this camp. It obviously means a lot to you.

Ali: Yeah, having this place is one of those things that gives me the incentive to keep going. You know, if I was still in a hotel or in somebody else's gym, I'd be bored. And now this—this is like a real life. I can go to the gym when I want, got my own cooks in the kitchen and my own bunkhouses, my own crew, fresh air, fresh water, peace, looking at the view, can't beat it. I didn't know it would be this nice.

There's not a camp in the world like this for boxing. I mean, the rocks and the logs and the rustic look, the rough antique.

Penthouse: When you showed us around the camp, we noticed that a lot of stuff you're getting is antique, like that great wagon and the outlaw posters for your cabin.

Ali: The outer appearance of all these houses is antique; but the oldest thing that would really be old all the way through would be my bunkhouse. I'm building it out of old railroad ties. Just a one-room log cabin like it was two hundred years ago, I'm gonna have my mountain-rock fireplace built there. Nice to have a good hot fire at night. No electricity! I'm gonna have coal-oil lamps, just a real antique camp, you know, no radios. An old Benjamin Franklin cook stove, they put the wood and the coal in, and you cook on the stove. And then that big, old pot-bellied stove over there will be in the middle of the room. If the fireplace itself will heat the room, I'll just use the fireplace. But it will be a lot of fun in the wintertime, to come in from zero cold days and make your own fire and wait for it to heat up.

I have replicas of old posters—they even look old and smell old—I'm putting them on the wall. Me and the wife will come here, and the children. And then we'll probably get some kind of refrigerator, which would need some kind of electricity.

Penthouse: How did the whole thing begin?

Ali: I got this land almost two years ago. Guy who owns that house right there, he owns a mink farm about a mile down the road. He wanted me to train on his mink farm, and he had a punching bag in a cinder-block building which he used for making coats and things. I pulled my trailer up next to his cinder-block building, punched the bag a few days and didn't like it. There weren't no gym. Had to go into Reading, thirty miles a day. So I said, I got an idea: you sell me the land and I'll build me a gym. Then I pulled my trailer over here. That's how I got started. Then we needed somewhere to eat, so I built a little kitchen out of logs. I liked the log effect. After the kitchen, we built the bunkhouses, 'cause we needed a place to keep the crew; hotel bills are too high. And then we got into decorating with the rocks and all these things I'm doing now, like that big bell I brought in last week. Did you hear it ring yet?

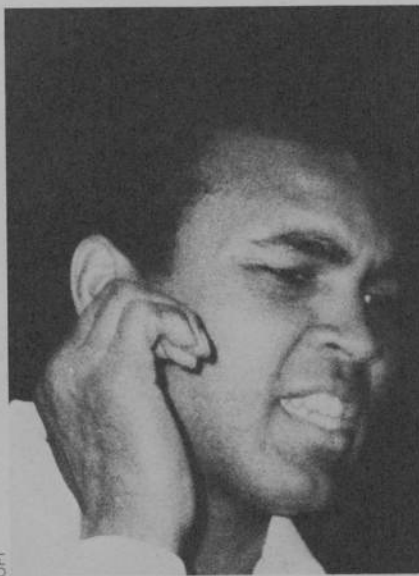
Penthouse: No.

Ali: You can hear it all over. That bell is to wake up the fighters at five in the morning; to ring eight o'clock for breakfast; two-thirty for training at three; then at six o'clock for dinner; eight o'clock for the movie; eleven at night, everybody's gotta be off the grounds and in bed. It keeps the spirit. Then the chicken coop up there. You know, we just keep ten or fifteen chickens around, and those we eat. We're not trying to raise them.

Penthouse: How many people are living up here?

Ali: There's about eleven. Eleven of us in a hotel on Miami Beach, at least eight rooms renting for forty-five dollars a day, and eating three

"I don't get into no trouble.
The man in trouble
is the man who don't know
where he is."



meals apiece, man, we had bills for ten thousand a month, easy! So I build a bunkhouse for twelve thousand dollars. And other fighters'll use it.

Penthouse: What's going to be happening here when you are not training?

Ali: When this thing is finished and publicized, it'll be a well-known spot and people will be coming in, renting to good fighters. I know if I was training for a top-notch fight and I saw a place like this, I'd go crazy.

Penthouse: Do they really call this place "Muhammad's Mountain" now? Someone answered the phone when we called up and said "Muhammad's Mountain!"

Ali: That musta been Boudini. Muhammad's Mountain! A lotta people on this mountain, not just me. I like it, it's lovely. It gets to be a habit, you know, hanging round here with the rocks and everything. Those cranes are coming through with those rocks. I'm gonna have a great big rock sitting there, and it's gonna say Rocky Marciano. This rock'll be Jack Johnson. Rock over there might be Joe Louis. Rock over

there might be Jack Dempsey. The name of the camp is "The Fighter's Heaven." This is a fighter's heaven. And then, these rocks here are like tombstones. Jack Johnson's dead, so he's in heaven now. Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey are still living. But the idea is, all the great fighters are here. They around here someplace. Fighter's Heaven.

Penthouse: You gonna have Louis and Dempsey up here?

Ali: Louis and Dempsey are coming up, right! And they'll stand by their rocks and get photographed. Then let them have the pictures blown up. Sugar Ray Robinson, Henry Armstrong, Jersey Joe Walcott, they all coming up to stand by their rocks and get photographed, every one in different places.

Penthouse: Are you gonna have a rock?

Ali: The whole mountain will be my rock!

Penthouse: Do other celebrities ever come out here?

Ali: All the stars come out here, boy! Elvis Presley—when did he come here last? Paul Newman, Anthony Quinn, Charlton Heston. Flip Wilson was out here the other day. Samantha Eggar, have you heard of her? Richard Harris. . . .

Penthouse: What will you do after fighting George Foreman?

Ali: Oh, I don't know. Most likely, retire. I'm not sure. And go back to ministering the Muslim faith, spreading it throughout America.

Penthouse: That's what you'll do full time, as an occupation?

Ali: It's up to our leader, the honorable Elijah Muhammad. He's gonna give me assignments—where to go, what to do, either to serve at the mosque or temple in one city, or else to do a lot of traveling around, studying. I got to get a lot more lessons from him.

Penthouse: What do you think is the biggest strength you have?

Ali: The teachings of Elijah Muhammad. I've been involved with his teachings now for fourteen years, and I am developing more and more each day.

Penthouse: But obviously everyone who's taught by him doesn't have the same ability to go out and spread the word.

Ali: Right. Well, naturally, my boxing is what causes my influence in the sport world and recognition up there. That's what makes me more popular than anybody else. We have thousands who are qualified to spread the word, but they can't get the crowds. But this is only because of my boxing.

Penthouse: Do you ever wish that you weren't so famous?

Ali: Right.

Penthouse: Do you wish that now, or when you retire from boxing, that you could be a less-famous person?

Ali: I want to be famous to help others, to draw crowds to promote, propagate the faith. Otherwise, I wish nobody knew me. 



TAKE ONE FOR INHIBITIONS

Take twelve for neuroses!

Whatever separates your impulses from your instincts can be broken down by the medical miracle formula of PENTHOUSE-FORUM®—the international journal of human relations.

It's the best thing that's happened to sex since the pill!

That's because anti-inhibition PENTHOUSE-FORUM® contains a mentally-proven formula that has successfully helped millions of sufferers. It can help you!

No case is hopeless!

A magazine that restores your mixed-up metabolism—the latest breakthroughs in human sexuality are published every month. Digested regularly they provide almost instant and long lasting relief from sexual staleness.

Banishes all traces of sex taboos and neuroses in a flash!

Permanent freedom from that paranoia-pain. To fight sexual neurosis or prevent its recurrence use the publication

with the longest history of complete curing powers of them all—PENTHOUSE-FORUM®

See for yourself what some satisfied users say!

"I didn't know what happy human relations meant until I tried your product..." F.S. Las Vegas. "It's the most extraordinary sexual dialogue in the world today..." H.M.H. Chicago.

Medical opinion: read what Britain's leading sexologist writes!

"PENTHOUSE-FORUM® and other so-called sex magazines... I'd say the basic difference is that PENTHOUSE-FORUM® takes sex seriously. I know. I write for it..." Robert Chartham PhD.

Guarantee!

Satisfaction guaranteed but only from the genuine article. Beware of inferior products.

Warning!

This product contains material of an adult nature. Store in a cool place. Use only as directed. Keep out of the reach of children.

Dosage!

PENTHOUSE-FORUM® is available at all leading newsstands without a *prescription* but a *subscription* is suggested. Take regularly; 12 times a year—at a saving of \$2.00 on the bookstall price. Don't delay, using the coupon below, fill it in, cut it out and mail it off. Today!

**Penthouse Forum
Subscription Dept.,
155 Allen Boulevard,
Farmingdale, New York,
NY 11735**

PF64

Send me your miraculous magazine every month for one year. I enclose a check/money order for a mere \$10.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

OKAY TRIBESMEN,



NOW HEAR THIS...

By HENRY MORGAN

Every couple of months some guy with a grant from the University of Somewhere goes to Australia or the Philippines and discovers a bunch of people who don't know about the rest of the world. The guy gets all excited and writes a big piece for one of those journals that print that kind of thing and forever after he is known among his colleagues as "McWhirtle . . . you know, the archeologist fella who found the Guattis."

Sometimes the guy is an ethologist, a botanist, or a simple anthropologist, but it doesn't matter. What matters is that he has the grant and is able to get away from everything and have a fine time in the sun sleeping with Radcliffe girls, who have to go on trips like these or they'd never get laid.

The bad part is that these scientific gentry are only interested in getting their papers printed. They don't do anything for the simple tribal folk at all except annoy them to death with stupid questions. They never tell them anything about how the rest of the world lives. *Penthouse* is fortunate in having had a reporter go along on a recent trip to the Outback with Professor Bunder and Miss Gladwether. They were lucky in coming across a tribe of Bushidim who had never before set eyes on white folk. In a couple of weeks the reporter managed to teach some English to the head person, an old boy named Marsuppi. We print the entire interview except for the dirty words. It just happens that the Bushidim don't have any dirty words, the simple bastards, they don't know a moral stricture from a loaf of halvah.

As will be apparent, our reporter was trying to be helpful. He wanted to listen rather than talk, but it didn't turn out that way. The following is right off the tape:

Penthouse: First, I want to thank you for taking the time for this interview.

Marsuppi: What that mean, "time"?

Penthouse: Well, time, like. I mean if you want to go from here to over there it takes time. A couple of minutes, anyway. We all live by the clock, see. It's a dingus that tells us what time it isn't yet, so we don't have to be there until later. Now is, well, *now*, see. Later is when it gets dark. So that takes time, the difference between now and then, see.

Marsuppi: Why you care?

Penthouse: Well, that's how we do it, see. Suppose I want to see a fellow in some other place and I want to get there when he gets there. Okay, so we set a time. So we arrive together.

Marsuppi: How? If one man arrive first, other man arrive second. What first man do?

Penthouse: He waits.

Marsuppi: Then what good is the time? We don't have time. We wait anyway.

Penthouse: Look. A day has twenty-four hours. We split it up into twenty-four parts.

Marsuppi: Why?

Penthouse: Because. That's why. Each part is an hour, each hour has sixty minutes, and each minute has sixty seconds.

Marsuppi: You like that?

Penthouse: Sure I like it. Jeez, you don't even know when it's Thursday.

Marsuppi: That bad?

Penthouse: Sure that's bad. How the hell can you get anything done? How do you expect to accomplish anything if you don't know when it is?

Marsuppi: I know when it is. What I don't know is what is when?

Penthouse: Well, when is when you don't know when it is, like. Jeez. I ask you to do something for me, but not right now. All right, then the question is, when?

Marsuppi: If I like you I do it anyway. What you care about when?

Penthouse: Because I have to go away sometime, see. I have to go back to where I came from. All right, I have to know when. It's a week from Wednesday as a matter of fact.

Marsuppi: Okay. Goodbye.

Penthouse: (sighing) Listen. Before I go, I'd like to tell you some things about how the other people in the world are living. It will help you. For instance, you don't seem to know what a government is.

Marsuppi: What is it?

Penthouse: Well, a group of people get together and they elect a chief, like you. He is the head of the government, see?

Marsuppi: Sure. Same like here.

Penthouse: No, there's more to it. They pay money to the government to do things for them that they can't do for themselves. Like, well, like hiring police.

Marsuppi: Police?

Penthouse: Yeah. See, we own a lot of things. Well, some people want to take things from other people, so you have the police to stop them from doing that. And, of course, the police catch criminals and run the traffic and keep the dope runners from taking over the whole place. They keep order, see. Law and order. They stop fights and like that.

Marsuppi: When I have a thing, if somebody wants that thing, I give it to him. Why you don't do that? Then you don't have to pay police. Easy.

Penthouse: But our things are worth a lot of money, not like the crap you have around here. We want to keep our things.

Marsuppi: What you need them for?

Penthouse: To use. Say you have a radio or a camera or a TV. Why, these creeps come around and steal them and sell them to fences and use the money for dope. You know, mani-mani. Smoke 'em up.

Marsuppi: We give mani-mani. Take all you want. We got more. Why you no give yours away?

Penthouse: Because you can't, that's why. You can't give everybody everything he wants. You can't run a society that way. Some people have a lot of things, some people don't have a lot. So the people who have the stuff want to keep it, see?

Marsuppi: No. Me no understand you.

Penthouse: What the hell do you know. You

haven't got anything worth stealing.

Marsuppi: Right.

Penthouse: You're not living, you're just existing. Hell, you're almost a vegetable. What good is life if you have to live this way?

Marsuppi: What way?

Penthouse: Oh, I've watched what you do. You hunt a little, you fish a little, you sit in the sun and tell stories. . . . You have a couple of kids and you don't care about tomorrow. Christ, you're not *responsible* people. You don't accomplish anything.

Marsuppi: Accomplish. What that mean?

Penthouse: Achieve. Create. Advance. Progress. Get ahead. Do things, invent things, improve your lot. I mean, man has come a long way from the way you live. Why, you don't even have a newspaper or a radio. You don't know what's going on. You're . . . primitive. Plain. In a thousand years, you just haven't gotten anywhere. You live the same way your father lived, and his father, and his father. You're a . . . savage.

Marsuppi: If we make this, uh, progress, everything be better? Nobody get sick, nobody die?

Penthouse: Well, of course, we get sick. But we have made big advances in medicine. We live longer than you do.

Marsuppi: Ah. And what you do with the . . . uh . . . time? What you do when you live long time?

Penthouse: Well, when our people get old—like you, for instance—we put them up in little villages where they can meet other old people. Then they have their shuffleboard, their social evenings, their arts and crafts and other hobbies, and there's always a doctor in attendance and a hospital not too far away. Or they can just sort of sit around in the sun if they feel like it.

Marsuppi: Oh. What young people do?

Penthouse: They go and visit the old people every so often. Maybe on a Sunday. Of course a lot of them live far away so their children never see them, but they write letters. What do you do with your old people?

Marsuppi: We keep them.

Penthouse: I know . . . but what do they do?

Marsuppi: They hunt a little, they fish a little. They play games. They sit in the sun. They very nice. They know a lot. They tell us what they know, then we know. Very nice.

Penthouse: *Ours* retire. They don't have to work all their lives. We give them a rest.

Marsuppi: In little village, hah? By themselves, hah?

Penthouse: Yessir, that's what progress is. You work all your life, then you get to rest.

Marsuppi: Then die, hah?

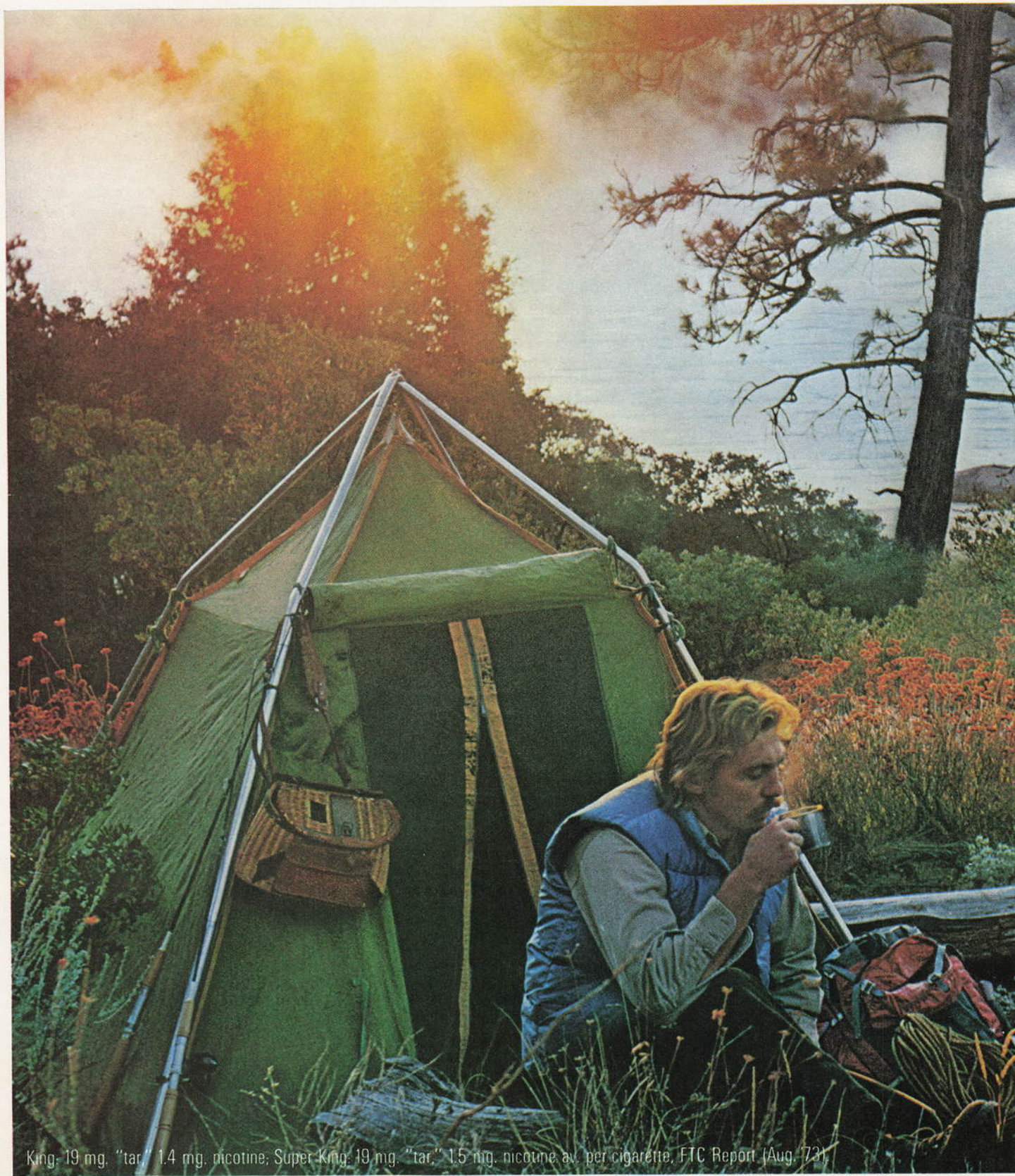
Penthouse: Well, of course, we all have to go sometime.

Marsuppi: Okay. Goodbye.

Penthouse: But wait, it's not next Wednesday yet!

Marsuppi: You forget. I can't tell time. For me is now next Wednesday. So long.

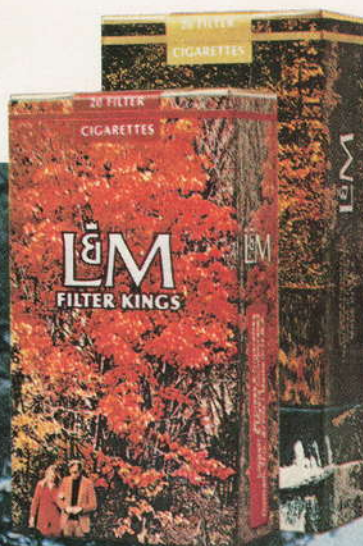
At this point the tape ends. 



King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Super King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '73)

The L&M moment.

A time to enjoy...Wide open flavor.™



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Failure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

of support for Mr. Nixon and criticism of the exposures by newspapers as widely separated as the Manchester, N.H., *Union-Leader*, the *New York Daily News*, the *Indianapolis Star*, the *Phoenix*, *Arizona Republic*, and the *San Diego Union*.

The idea that the press and electronic media, those cosy companions and advocates of a steadily ringing cash register and a nonrocking boat, have suddenly been transformed into valiant watchdogs of the Fourth Estate is at best wishful thinking and at worst sheer hypocrisy.

Far be it from me to denigrate the achievements of the Fourth Estate during the last three years. They have been notable, and the Pulitzer Committee—which is to newspapers what Oscars are to Hollywood—has duly recorded this. The big prizes in these three years have gone to the *New York Times* for publishing the Pentagon papers, to the *Washington Post* for Watergate, and to Jack Anderson for the "Anderson papers" (his exposé of U.S. policy at the time of the Bangladesh crisis). This is no accident. These prizes are recognition of the importance of courageous journalism. And it is true that the performance of some reporters, some newspapers, some TV commentators, and some newsmagazines have been superlative. If they have not changed the course of history, at least they

have deflected it from a most dangerous path.

But even considering these recent achievements, can we rest certain that if a new and unexpected challenge to fundamental freedoms should arise in the United States, the media will rush to their defense? I simply do not think so. And my concern on this point is reflected, in whole or in part, by a whole series of inquiries into the state of

TV viewers are no more ready to believe Walter Cronkite than they are Richard Nixon.

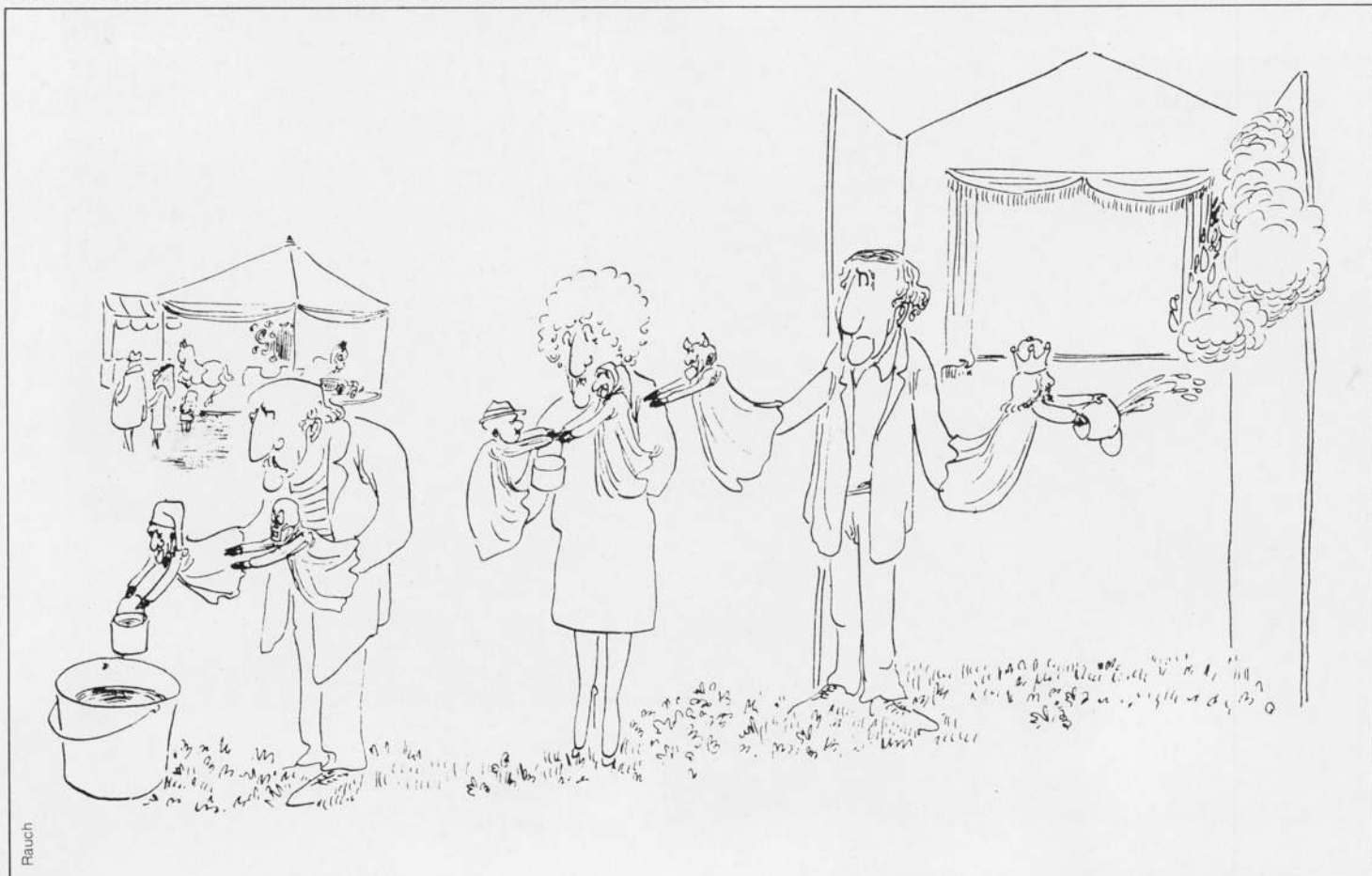
the press. The results of these studies has not been to heap praise on the press but to express the most profound doubts of its effectiveness as a watchdog of the public trust.

Just look at the record. The My Lai massacre, possibly the most scandalous atrocity of the Vietnam war, was exposed not by a great newspaper but, essentially, by a single reporter, Seymour Hersh, working for a tiny news syndicate. Even with his facts in hand, Hersh had enormous difficulty in publishing his story. No major American paper was interested in printing it in the first place, and it was almost by accident that it eventually saw the light of day.

In fairness I should report that Hersh does not take quite so harsh a view of the press's record on My Lai. He agrees that the story was overlooked and unreported by the press in general. He agrees that no newspaper leaped to publish the story. But he feels that when the story was delivered to them through the Dispatch News syndicate, the forty-odd papers that subscribed to the service understood what they had and felt no hesitancy about putting it in print.

However, the point here, I think, is not that smaller papers like the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* ultimately published the My Lai story, but that newspapers with great resources like the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Miami Herald*, and the *San Francisco Chronicle* did not dig up and publish My Lai on their own.

And this underlines a fact that has been true all along and is still true: that there are many more independent and courageous correspondents than there are independent and courageous representatives of the media. More than a decade ago a tough-minded reporter of integrity, Charles Mohr, resigned his job as Saigon correspondent of *Time* magazine because he could not persuade his editor to print the truth, as he found it on the actual scene, about the Vietnam war. The brilliant reporting from Vietnam in the late Fifties and early Sixties of Homer Bigart for the *New York Times* did not budge the editorial page of that paper from its evenhanded support of government policy. That change did not occur until 1965. David Halberstam reported detail-by-detail



JEWELRY & for the PRACTICING HETERO- SEXUAL

PENTHOUSE/VIVA
3-DIMENSIONAL
BOLD KEY SYMBOL
2½" LONG WITH
24" CHAIN.

Send to: Penthouse Products Dept. PKCP674
909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Quantity	Item No.	Description	Price
☐	J15	sterling silver	\$22.50 ea.
☐	J16	gold plated	\$15.00 ea.

Note: please add \$1.00 for postage and handling for each. NYC residents
please add 7% sales tax.

Charge to my ☐ Bank Americard ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
Account No. _____ Expires ____/____/____

Interbank No. (located above your name) _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

the tawdry quagmire into which we were sinking in Vietnam without touching off the slightest competitive instinct on the part of the *Kansas City Star*, the *Denver Post*, or the *Baltimore Sun* to go out and emulate him (or expose him if he was wrong).

In fact, it could well be argued that the American media, taken as a whole, played as important a role as any other segment of our society in the creation of the Vietnam quagmire by their blind, dogged, and unquestioning support of American policy from the sleazy foundations laid down by John Foster Dulles to the megalomaniacal grandeur of Lyndon Johnson's latter-day "electronic battlefield."

Eventually all this changed. The *New York Times* did send me to Hanoi in 1966. My Lai and a host of other stories were printed. The *Times* did publish the Pentagon papers, and many other newspapers followed suit. The *Washington Post* did crack the Watergate case.

But how deep an effect have these developments really had? Has a permanent change been effected, a change by which the press and TV have actually assumed the watchdog function that is implied in the special powers and privileges granted them under the Bill of Rights?

David Halberstam, who has probably done more than any other single correspondent to create a fresh atmosphere in the Fourth Estate, believes that the press has acquired a new perception of its responsibility. "The press will behave well if it is a

direct head-on confrontation," Halberstam says. "It can't escape doing a good job if the crisis is visible. The average reporter is much more iconoclastic than he was ten years ago. Every Washington bureau now has its own Sy Hersh. Maybe they are only small papers but they are doing their thing."

I agree with this, but it is only a part of the story. The newspaper field in the United States is dominated today, all across the country, by great chains. In the medium-sized and larger cities the single monopoly newspaper, more often than not, is one of a chain of ten, twenty, thirty, or even fifty papers owned by a huge corporation—a corporation that is interested in newspapers as a way to make money. Small newspapers, in the classic words of Lord Thompson, the British newspaper magnate (who incidentally also owns a dozen or so American papers), are "like cash registers." In other words, they are small golden geese, constantly laying 24-carat eggs. The managements of the great newspaper chains are businessmen—often, of course, excellent businessmen—and their interest naturally lies in making profits for the stockholders. Thus, it is probably understandable that the powerful new chains like Newhouse, Gannett, and Copley, which have been built up largely in the past twenty years, are neither household words nor famed for their brilliance in exposing the multiple ills of our complicated society. Occasionally, very occasionally, a reporter for one of these newspapers uncovers a major national

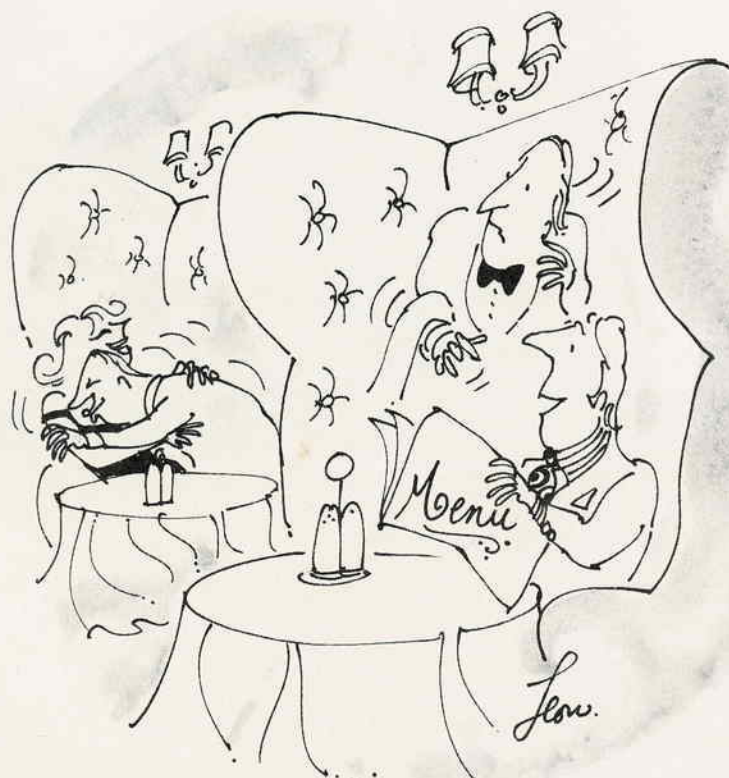
story, but I defy anyone reading these lines to recall one. Nor is the record any more positive for those two old classic American newspaper chains, the Hearst group and the Scripps-Howard group, both of which came into their own in the great days of the muck-rakers (Upton Sinclair, Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, etc.) and which, alas, seem to have been sinking into a kind of paralysis of the nose-for-news for the past half-century or so.

Not that chain operation need be bland. The Knight chain—the *Miami Herald*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Charlotte Observer*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and others—engages in as tough, hard-hitting, no-holds-barred investigative reporting as is to be found anywhere in the country. A Knight newspaper broke the Eagleton story, and Knight reporters have been first on many angles of Watergate.

Up to this point the emphasis has been on print rather than the electronic media. This is no accident, for the great stories have been broken by newspapers rather than television. The role of television has been important in providing a reverberating board for the exposés of the newspapermen. I do not wish to minimize the important role played by CBS and NBC in their straightforward and honest reporting of the Pentagon papers affair and Watergate once these stories had broken. After all, it is television and radio that bring the news to the great majority of the population, and electronic journalism has an instant impact which print can never attain. Without print, however, there is no reason to believe that these breakthrough achievements of journalism would have occurred. And if the role of the networks in investigative reporting of our government has been secondary, that of individual TV and radio stations has been nonexistent. There is not one television or radio station in the whole country which has contributed a nickel's worth to the development of any of the major stories of our time.

In fact, as Neil Sheehan, the correspondent who broke the Pentagon papers story, has noted, if the media as a whole is ever to develop as a genuine bulwark of democracy against the continuous buildup of presidential power, the electronic arm of the media must be freed from the government's almost total power of reprisal through the Federal Communications Commission. The problem now is not so much the actual exercise of reprisal as—what is equally chilling—the fear of reprisal.

Now, I happen to think that freeing the stations from the threat of reprisal by government would not produce a Utopia overnight, for if Lord Thompson's cash-box theory is true for newspapers, then it is even truer for the average television station and for many, many radio stations, especially those that are well established. The managements of these TV and radio stations, after all, are almost invariably dedicated to the profit principle. News is something that is tolerated only insofar as it produces revenue. It is possible that if relieved of regulations on public service and programming,

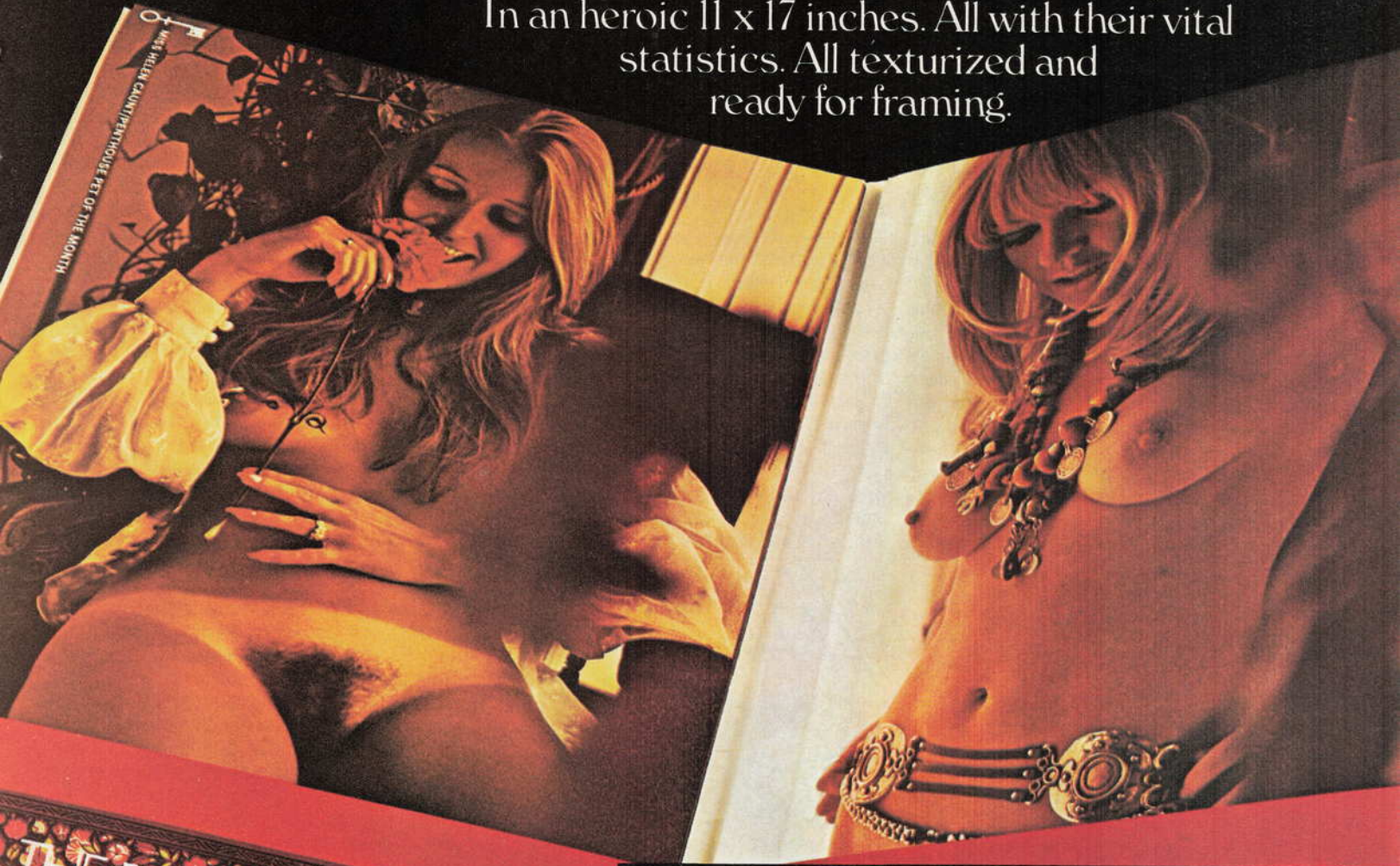


"I've changed my mind... I'll have what he's having!"

The Penthouse Petfolio

The climax of over two years of Penthouse Pets.

27 Full Color reproductions of the best pets published. They're all here.
In an heroic 11 x 17 inches. All with their vital
statistics. All texturized and
ready for framing.

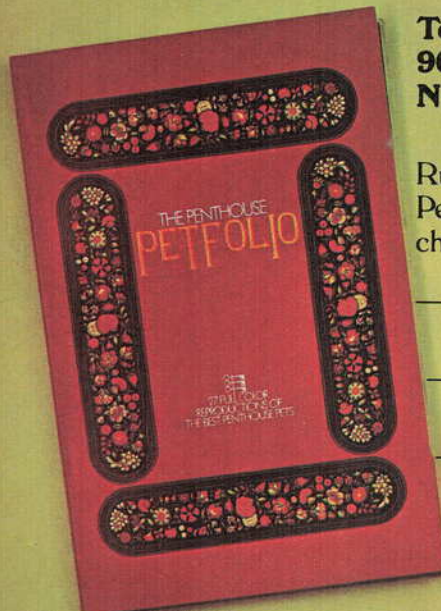


THE PENTHOUSE

Special Offer

\$9.95

Available only through
Penthouse Magazine.



**To: Penthouse Book Society
909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022**

Rush me _____ Penthouse
Petfolios. I enclose my
check/money order for \$ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip P674

Please add 50¢ for postage and handling. All items non-refundable.

many stations would simply junk news and reporting entirely. Hopefully, however, a few would rise to the opportunity and the responsibility.

But I think it is reasonable to suppose that in the future we must continue to rely on the major networks and the top ten newspapers, with occasional and peripheral assistance from the newsmagazines (chiefly *Time* and *Newsweek*—*U.S. News and World Report* has won no medals in this field). So what can we expect of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and a handful of others?

Halberstam believes that these great organs of the Establishment, each of which has played a considerable role in establishing the new order in journalism, are considerably more traditional than most of their correspondents and possibly more conservative than some of their editors. They are wary, he believes, of getting too far out in front of the pack. This consideration, however, was not very important for the *Washington Post* in the Watergate case, because the Nixon administration had, in effect, first declared war on the *Post*. There was no personal or Establishment relationship at stake, and it is also true that the dimensions of Watergate were not immediately perceived by the *Post*. This was clearly indicated by the fact that the story was assigned to two young city-desk reporters, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein,

rather than given to prestigious members of the national staff. Watergate was first regarded, in other words, as a "police" story and not as dramatic evidence of the deep stain on the morals of the American governmental system. The fact that Woodward and Bernstein did so well on the story is in large measure due to their own inherent capabilities as reporters, rather than to the conscious mobilization of coverage resources by the *Post*. And it is equally note-

“
The great newspaper chains
have been sinking
into a kind of paralysis
for the past fifty years.
”

worthy that no other newspaper, not even the *New York Times*, rushed in to cover Watergate in depth. The *Times* did rather sluggishly get into the story, but not until the crackling series of *Post* exclusives had become an embarrassment. It should also not be overlooked that all of the press investigation of Watergate had reached a dead end before November 1972. Despite the best efforts of the Woodward-Bernstein team, it was not until Judge Sirica's pressure on James McCord bore spectacular fruit in January 1973 that the story really moved to

the front and center of American interest. Certainly, the role of the press was, has been, is, and probably will continue to be important in Watergate, but the major thrusts into this immensely tangled pattern of intrigue were made by Sirica and the Watergate Committee.

What about the record on the Pentagon papers? Here is a story that was broken by a newspaper, the *New York Times*. Most of the responsible papers of the country did their best to move in after the *Times* and cover it themselves—for instance, the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and others. But could, or would, these papers have broken the story without Daniel Ellsberg? The *Times* has never placed on record how or where it obtained the documents, but Ellsberg has declared himself the source. Could the papers have dug out the story on their own? Even Neil Sheehan is uncertain on that point. Newspapers, he points out, with the possible exception of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, are not really organized and equipped with the specialists and expertise to make this possible.

Sheehan also feels there is a great tendency on the part of newspapers to slip back into the old attitudes under which government was able to manipulate them almost at will. "Watergate," he says, "showed that the Nixon people didn't know how to deal with the press but that they did know how to use the tools of espionage and subversion. Even so, most of us didn't react to Watergate the way we did to the Pentagon papers. We just assumed that it didn't reach into the White House. In a sense the media got something by default."

Next time it may be different because, as Sheehan has pointed out, there is no indication of any change of philosophy in either party as far as the role of the president is concerned. The liberals, Sheehan believes, want the president to be all-powerful in order to deal with domestic social problems, while the conservatives really want a kind of European authoritarianism. Both groups want the power to impose their concept of order on the country, and either approach would be devastating so far as freedom of the press is concerned. "We've come to see the extent to which we were manipulated in the Sixties," Sheehan says. "Given sophistication, it should be possible to influence the media even more."

There is still another danger in this situation. The national credibility crisis, after all, does not exclude the media. Public-opinion surveys show that a very high percentage of newspaper readers and TV viewers are no more ready to believe the *New York Times* or Walter Cronkite than they are Richard Nixon. They accept Watergate and the Pentagon papers, but their approach often seems to be, "So what else is new?" And they are just as ready to believe that the press and television are lying as they are to accept "all politicians are on the take." Nor is this skeptical view of the media confined to any par-



"Warp factor five, mister!"

ticular segment of the population. It is not just a blue-collar attitude. You will find it at Harvard and Berkeley. The right and the left join hands in this.

The reason for this skepticism is quite clear. It was clearly stated some years back by Albert Camus: "Freedom of the press is perhaps the freedom that has suffered the most from the gradual degradation of the idea of liberty. The press has its pimps as it has its policemen. The pimp debases it, the policeman subjugates it, and each uses the other as a way of justifying his own abuses."

Camus was certainly fully aware of the faults and inadequacies of the press: "A free press," he said, "can of course be good or bad, but, most certainly, without freedom it will never be anything but bad. . . . With freedom of the press, nations are not sure of going toward justice and peace. But without it they are sure of not going there. . . . When intelligence is gagged, the worker is soon subjugated, just as when the proletariat is enslaved the intellectual is soon reduced to silence or to lies. In short, whoever does violence to truth or to its expression eventually mutilates justice, even though he thinks he is serving it."

I do not believe that anyone can challenge Camus's thesis. Certainly, I, who have lived and worked half my life as a correspondent in Communist countries where the freedom of the press was the first victim of the "triumph of the people," can only agree on the symbiotic relationship between free print, free thought, and a free society. And if I raise a skeptical voice, if I suggest that we halt a moment and rethink our present position, it is not by way of decrying the courage, the muscle, and the dedication of those newspapers and their reporters that brought us those mutilated remnants of the truth represented by the Pentagon papers and Watergate.

I merely want to suggest a word of caution. We are not home safe yet. We probably never will be. No country, no society, can rely on the integrity of a handful of individuals for its salvation. Salvation must be the work of all—or at least of many—in a complicated and often incomprehensible society. We would not want a society in which decisions were made by fiat by Katherine Graham of the *Washington Post* or Arthur Ochs Sulzberger of the *New York Times*. Nor would they. We need them and we need their newspapers; we need Otis Chandler and his *Los Angeles Times*; we need the faceless heirs of the McCormicks and the Pattersons of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News*. We need the corporate managements of CBS, ABC, and NBC. Each must play its role if, in due course, the imperial presidency is not to produce an emperor.

But the chance of preserving our society and of bettering it in a democratic way rests not, I believe, on a few newspapers and their brilliant reporters. It rests with society at large and its insistence that reporters tell it like it is, regardless of the high and mighty of the land and of the consequences. 

A&C Cigars wants you to "Have-A-Ball."



So we're offering you great discounts on **SPALDING** tennis balls, golf balls, basketballs, baseballs and gloves.

And after you enjoy your favorite sport with your new Spalding balls, you can sit back and enjoy what's sure to become your new favorite cigar—the A&C Grenadier.

Or maybe it'll be the A&C Panetela. Or take your pick from the more than ten different A&C shapes and sizes. You'll find them at your favorite cigar store.

Switch to A&C.



And "Have-A-Ball."

Enclosed are 5 A&C cigar bands for each item plus
my check for \$_____

Send to: A&C "Ball" Offer
P.O. Box 7390, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check or money order, no cash. Offer expires March 1, 1975. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Offer good only in Continental U.S.A. Void if taxed, restricted, or forbidden by law.

Please send the quantity indicated.

	Our price + 5 A&C cigar bands each	Mfr's sug. retail value
— Spalding Dribbler basketball(s)	\$5.35	\$9.20
— Set(s) of 3 Spalding Championship extra- duty tennis balls + wrist bands	\$3.00	\$4.25
— Dozen Spalding Uni-core golf balls	\$5.05	\$8.50
— Tom Seaver baseball glove(s) + pro-league baseball(s)	\$8.10	\$14.50
check one: left handed ☐ right handed ☐		

Carnalade of Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Uncle Tully's Widow-maker. Warden Keyster walked slowly toward the execution platform, his crepe-soled shoes making eerie squishing noises on the polished concrete floor.

Brooding on its rough-hewn dais, the chair held out its oaken arms, patiently waiting to administer the embrace of eternity. Keyster mounted the low platform and ran a finger over the chair's polished seat, to be certain that no dust had gathered there. *Tighten your belt, man-eater. Looks like you're in for a couple lean years.* The warden sat down in his electric chair.

Yessir, chalk up one for the pansies. My Death Row's as empty as an old maid's cranny. Never thought I'd live to see capital punishment get muff-canned. Fought it till my buns broke. Well, it's no skin offa my squat. They'll see, the scum bags. I give this leeching law a year . . . then they'll be shippin' beef up here so fast I'll have to fry 'em piggyback.

Keyster climbed to his feet and strolled from the platform. He shoved his fists into his suit-coat pockets and walked toward the massive iron doors. Then, before he left the huge death chamber, he paused and gazed once more at the sullen chair, dwarfed by the lofty granite walls around it. *Well, I still got seven months before that sow-suck law takes over. Maybe time for one last cookout, just to shut the place up in style. I'll have to shop around—see if I can't find me some beef to barbecue.*

But the warden didn't have to shop around. Fate and a 'till-now obscure subway conductor named Lewd Noogie joined together and did it all for him.

Within the space of ten days Lewd Noogie had been celebrated worldwide as the father of novuplets—a world record of nine multiple live births; then he had been interviewed on the late-night television show, "The Pastel Penthouse," where he told 200 million viewers that he wished the novuplets had never been born; and finally, the very next day, he had accidentally stumbled against the babies' special incubator, knocking it over and cracking its glass, and thereby asphyxiated all nine of his and his wife's world record.

The public outcry of murder was loud and the wheels of justice swift. Within two months, Lewd Noogie was sentenced to die in the electric chair. One more milestone had been added to his undistinguished life: condemned to die at twelve midnight, New Year's Eve, he would be the last man executed in the state.

Enter now one more character, and the stage is set.

Along the walls of the corridor leading to the Pastel Productions Conference Room in the BBS Building were pictures of Art Pastel, each marking a milestone in his seventeen-year career with the Blue Broadcasting System. One showed Art emceeing his very first television show, "Doodle Room"—then there were photos of him on the set of the "Miss O.K.—U.S.A. Pageant" and many shots of "The Pastel Penthouse." There was also a dust jacket of his best-selling book, *You Said It, Not Me!*

Art Pastel strode down the hall and entered the Conference Room where his staff was already waiting for him. With head bowed and hands in his pockets, he marched straight to the head of the long table. You could hear a pin drop. When the star finally raised his head, he did not look directly at anyone; instead, his gaze focused upon the clock at the rear of the room. "I am going to air a special program this New Year's Eve, from eleven to twelve-oh-five. The concept of this show will be two-fold: to ring in the new year and to televise the execution of Lewd Noogie. Aside from this electric-chair gimmick, the show will go roughly the same as last year: celebrities, dancing, a lot of schmaltz, flag-waving—crap like that. Okay, that's it, now get your asses in gear and work out the details." Art Pastel put his head down and strode from the room.

And if any of his staff doubted then or during the remaining five months that such an unbelievable idea for a show could ever come off, they were all made believers by 10:45 P.M. on December 31 when the special program actually got under way.

"Fifteen seconds," said the stage manager, on stage. "Break a leg, everybody."

Art Pastel set his jaw, closed his eyes and held his breath. The pains were gone now, as usual; only the customary terror remained. He felt the countdown click away inside his head: *five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . .*

On stage, the orchestra erupted into the show's theme; on the screen of the backstage monitor appeared the logo THE PASTEL PENTHOUSE, superimposed over a long shot of Studio 7-A. The music faded somewhat, but the announcer still had to shout to be heard above it. "Hey, America! There's a party tonight—in 'The Pastel Penthouse'! Your Host, of course, is Mister Television Himself—Art Pastel!"

Alone in the backstage twilight, Pastel clenched his teeth and shook his head with intense determination. *You can't make me. You can't make me do it.*

A trumpet fanfare sounded. "And now, all you Pastel Penthouse Peeping Toms—" the announcer shouted, "glue your eyes to that keyhole, 'cause here comes the Man with the Magic Smile!"

I will not. The star prepared to make his customary leap through the curtains. *I will not make pee-pee for you.*

"Ladies and gentlemen—Mister Art Pastel!"

When Mister Television smiled, heaven and earth belonged to him. One hundred and thirty million Americans squirmed and giggled with delight, while off in the wings, sitting in the semi-darkness, Jenny Pye Keyster—blond, nubile, thirteen-year-old daughter of Warden Tully Keyster—gazed at Art Pastel on stage. The spark ignited by his fan magazines had smoldered in her young breast, and now it was becoming fanned to greater intensity by the dynamic stage presence of Art Pastel himself. "Karoo," she whispered, her wide eyes absorbing the rugged features of the star. "He's somehow sleek."

The show proceeded normally and as scheduled until Art Pastel introduced Warden Tully Keyster and left him on stage on his own.

The warden started off nervously. "Tonight, most of you out there will be witnessing your first wienie roast—ah . . . execution—so I figure a couple words might be in order before we strap our con into the Whoopee Seat." He stuffed his hands into his jacket pockets, glanced at the ceiling to collect his thoughts, then leveled his gaze at the camera lens. "Now, the only profession older than prostitution is criminal punishment. Back in the days of the cavemen . . ."

In the control trailer, Monteczuma realized that Warden Keyster was not following the script. "Oh-oh, that fat bastard's winging it." He glanced at the clock, which read 11:46.

Off in the wings, Pastel paused.

"Mr. Pastel?" Lilly, the elderly makeup assistant, smiled sweetly and held up a powder puff. "May I powder your face?"

"Here, honey," the star cupped his hand over his crotch, "powder this." He bolted off through the semidarkness, bound for the sanctuary of his dressing room. Suddenly, he stopped cold in his tracks; before him stood the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

On stage, Warden Keyster was amazing himself with the brilliant insights issuing from his mouth. ". . . Then, the goody-goodies come up with a new toy—Criminal Rehabilitation, they call it. But I call it Rat Crap. Anybody thinks my cons are sick in the head is an A-number-one Sunday Sucker, pure and simple. Why, my staff shrinks say cons are better adjusted than most so-called decent people—and then I get these roach-brained do-gooders tellin' me my goons are antisocial because they're emotionally disturbed or socially oppressed—if that don't scratch your crabs. And alla time the cons are stringin' along, playin' them for a sap.

In the wings, Art Pastel stood before Jenny Keyster, paralyzed by her gaze. Finally, he lowered his head and tried to walk around her, but she reached out and touched his arm, stopping him dead.

"Criminals are born, not made," explained Warden Keyster. "And Darwin taught us we gotta wipe out all the murderers and rapists before they pass on their fag-forsaken genes." The audience broke into thunderous applause and sounded noisemakers.

"Karoo, Mr. Pastel," sighed Jenny. "I really think you're thermal!" She pressed the tip of her breast against his arm.

How to form your own corporation without a lawyer for under \$50⁰⁰

By Ted Nicholas



You may have considered incorporating. I'm sure you want to accomplish this in the most economical way. You may already be in business and are looking for ways to save tax dollars or limit personal liability.

You can benefit from this report if you are planning a one man business if you are associated with a partner or are the owner of a large company.

This exciting report shows you step by step how you can accomplish this for less than \$50.00. It contains tear-out forms for everything that is needed! This includes minutes, bylaws, and the actual certificate of incorporation!

It is presented in simple, clear language.

You'll learn of the many benefits of incorporating either an existing business or one that is planned.

Some of the features of the 8½ x 11, 30,000 word, 103 page report:

How you can incorporate without any capital requirement with zero capital.

The many personal tax benefits of incorporating.

How a corporation limits the personal liability for the owner(s) of a business, to the investment in the corporation. (Except for taxes)

How to actually form a corporation step by step. Included are instructions on completing the forms.

How to own and operate a corporation anonymously if desired. This assures maximum privacy.

How to form a non profit corporation. How to utilize tax "gimmicks" to personal advantage.

Find out why lawyers charge huge fees for incorporating services even when often times they prefer not to.

Learn how and why you can legally incorporate without the services of a lawyer. There is a fallacy in that most people feel it is necessary to have a lawyer to incorporate.

How to form an "open" or "close" corporation and the difference between them. Report contains tear out forms.

Sub Chapter S Corporations. What they are. How to set one up. How to operate a business as a corporation, yet be taxed on individual tax rates if more advantageous.

Learn about the many dangers and hazards of not incorporating partnerships and proprietorships.

What a Registered Agent is. How assistance is provided to individuals who incorporate. The most economical company to use. A complete section on this.

How to cut out all fees of the "middle man" normally involved in forming a corporation.

IRON CLAD GUARANTEE. If you are not completely satisfied with the book after you have it for 10 days you may return it for a full refund.

COMMENTS FROM READERS

- "I want to buy several copies for my clients."—Insurance Executive
- "If I'd known about this I would have incorporated years ago."—Salesman
- "This report is a handy reference for me."—Lawyer
- "The author is experienced in the corporate world, giving him the qualifications to write this book."—Judge
- "Fantastic! Do you want a partner?"—Lawyer
- "Good idea. Brings the concept of being incorporated within the reach of anyone."—Artist
- "I was quoted a price of \$1,000 each for 3 corporations I want to form! This report saves me almost \$3,000!"—Business Owner
- "Excellent! Written so that anyone can understand it."—Secretary
- "Takes the mystery out of forming a corporation."—Printer
- "Very well written. Will encourage many small businesses to incorporate."—Housewife
- "Well written. Will eventually produce more business for lawyers."—Lawyer
- "Great idea! I'd be glad to promote it for a piece of the action."—Advertising Executive
- "Should be in every business library."—Executive
- "Will be forming two new corporations in January using this method."—Publisher

How a "professional" can benefit from incorporating.

How to save from \$300 to over \$1,000 in the formation of the corporation alone!

What a "foreign" corporation is. A State by State list of the filing fees involved in registering a "foreign" corporation.

Learn how a corporation can sell its stock to raise capital at any time.

How a single individual can be President, Secretary and Treasurer. There is no need to have anyone involved except a single stockholder although, of course, as many as desired can be included.

How to arrange for any stock sold to an investor in a corporation to be tax deductible to the investor's personal income in the event of loss. This makes the sale of stock in a corporation far more attractive to an investor.

An outline of the many situations where an individual would benefit by incorporating.

How to legally incorporate and sell stock in a corporation without "registering" the stock.

What par and no-par value stock is and which is the most practical.

How an existing, unincorporated business anywhere in the United States can benefit by incorporating. Also included are the steps to take after incorporating.

The reasons why ¾rds of the corporations listed on the American and New York Stock Exchanges incorporate in Delaware—the State most friendly to corporations—and how you can have the same benefits as the largest corporations in America.

What to do if you are already incorporated in another state and want to take advantage of incorporating in Delaware, without ever visiting the State.

Learn why many "side" businesses and investments should be separately incorporated.

Just complete the coupon below and your report will be promptly mailed to you.

TO: ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING CO., INC.
1000 Oakfield Lane, Dept. PH-170
Wilmington, Del. 19810

Please send me _____ copies of "HOW TO FORM YOUR OWN CORPORATION WITHOUT A LAWYER FOR UNDER \$50.00" at \$7.95 each, plus 45¢ postage and handling.

It is my understanding that if I am not completely satisfied with the book after 10 days of receipt, I can return the book undamaged for a full refund.

☐ check enclosed ☐ Master Charge ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Diner's Club

No. _____

Signature _____

NAME (Please Print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ADD ☐ 80¢ SP. Del. ☐ \$2.25 U.S. Air ☐ \$4.25 Fgn. Air

Mr. Nicholas has been to the White House to personally meet with the President of the United States after being selected as one of the outstanding businessmen in the Nation. *Lyndon B. Johnson 1964

Pastel's breath caught in his throat; the young girl's proximity made him tremble. He tried to smile into the admiring blue eyes, but their radiance was too intense. He averted his glance and stammered, "You . . . ah . . . you look a little like my . . . sister."

"True-tell?" Jenny picked a piece of imaginary fluff from the star's lapel and brushed her downy breast against his arm. "Is she pretty?"

"She . . . she's beautiful." Pastel blushed.

"Omega-karoo, what an omee thing to say!" Jenny laid her head upon his shoulder and returned his compliment with a hug.

On stage Warden Keyster was leading the Condemned Man out of the way so that everyone could have an unobstructed view of the electric chair.

In the wings, the warden's daughter was leading the emcee out of the backstage traffic. "If I let you crash off without dropping me your autograph, I'd just go crambo!"

They stood close in the semidarkness and Pastel searched his pockets for pen and paper. "I . . . ah . . . I'm afraid I don't have any—"

"Not like that, fuddle," the girl cooed, "like this." She lifted his right hand, captured his index finger with her silken lips and danced her playful tongue across the tip. Withdrawing the moistened finger from her mouth, she placed it to the bare flesh of her chest, just above her throbbing heart. "Sign here, deva-doll."

Art Pastel shakily moved his finger tip across Jenny Pye Keyster's smooth, cool flesh.

"Mega-thank, deva-doll," whispered Jenny, as Pastel crossed the last *t* in the hollow of her left shoulder. To further illustrate her gratitude, she rose on tiptoes, wound her arms about his neck, and softly planted her moist open lips on his.

"Now, when a con gets the chair," the warden was explaining, "we call it Ridin' the Thunderbolt. In a couple minutes, when our friend here's time runs out, you'll see me pull that switch over there, and that'll cut loose a jolt of juice hot enough to singe the hairs off a hippo's hornies. Y'see, only a small current—maybe a hundred volts—is enough to cook a guy, but because the body is highly resistant to electric current, we have a pump a whole muff load into him just to drive it through from head to foot. The principle it works on is a lot like your electric light bulb with the Condemned Man acting as the filament. We feed 'im a grand total of two thousand volts for a period of two minutes—or enough electricity to light every Christmas tree in Zenobia for a month." The audience was visibly impressed.

Jenny's hot, electric tongue slithered into Pastel's mouth. The emcee's entire body trembled violently and his hands clutched at her honey-blond tresses.

Nearby, several leering stagehands lounged about on packing crates, grinning lasciviously, and passing around open bottles of champagne.

Jenny eased her mouth from Art Pastel's and studied his face to see how far out she'd taken him. The emcee raised his eyelids and gazed at her with wonderment; then lunged at her again, devouring her wet ripe mouth.

Jenny tore her mouth from the star's sucking vortex, aware that the stagehands were giggling. Pastel clutched at her once more but she held him off, so he just stood gazing at her with helpless longing. Then she gently took him by the hand and led him off into the solitary darkness behind the lighting board.

In the wings, Ralph Goliones knocked on Pastel's dressing-room door to inform the star that he was due on stage in exactly two minutes. There was no response. Behind the lighting board, in the humming darkness, the warden's daughter unbuttoned the emcee's shirt and fluttered her tiny fingertips over his bare chest. Then she took hold of his dumb hands and led them around her to her firm, pert buttocks.

Returning from the star's empty dressing room, the anxious stage manager approached the stagehands who were swilling champagne. "Where's Pastel?" Ralph hissed. The men just giggled and shrugged their shoulders.

Art Pastel's hands were under Jenny's gown now, kneading the hard mounds of her buttocks, lifting her from the floor and sucking her velvety lips with his voracious mouth. Her arms slowly settled

around his neck; drawing up her silky knees, she wrapped her legs about his thighs.

The stage manager combed through all the dressing rooms, rest rooms, closets—hissing frantically for the missing emcee.

In the control trailer, Montecuma ran his hands through his hair. "It's eleven-fifty-five—Pastel just missed his cue! We're in trouble, Ralph."

The stage manager was outside the building, prowling through the parking lot. "Pastel! Pastel!" He clicked on his headset. "No dice, Rolly."

"Keep looking," ordered the director. "Stand by, everybody—this is gonna get hairy!"

Throughout the Playpen, the crews of Pastel Productions swigged champagne, wondering what all the fuss was about.

Off in the wings, Art Pastel released the girl's buttocks and ran his hands over the bare flesh of her shoulders and back. Jenny captured his hands and peeled them from her; stepping away from him, she gazed into his hungry eyes as she reached up behind her and began to undo the bodice of her gown. Pastel awaited the sacred revelation, panting and transfixed.

Behind the lighting board, in the sultry flow of a red emergency bulb, Jenny Pye Keyster paused a moment for dramatic effect, then let the silken bodice of her gown peel away, totally exposing her body from the waist up. Art Pastel's breath rattled in his throat as he ogled the glowing crimson flesh, ebbing and flowing before his eyes like gossamer mist—drifting crimson clouds, rippling down across a subtly contoured angelic chest, then puffing into a pair of fleecy swells whose crests were capped by bell-button uppity-dugs. Foaming at the mouth, the berserk superstar crushed her to him with a gurgling, slobbering over her silky shoulders as she darted her tongue into his ear, making him jerk as though hit by speeding bullets. He kissed her throat, licked her shoulders, bit her hair, and danced his hands upon her breasts, kneading the soft bulges and tweaking the gumdrop nipples, trying to steal them from her candy chest.

On the stage, the chronometer read 11:57:13. "Well," said Warden Keyster, having completed strapping Lewd Noogie into the Hot Seat, "I guess it's about time for the Condemned Man's last words. How 'bout it, cream puff—wanna say nighty-night before we turn off the lights?"

Lewd Noogie's ashen face was bathed in sweat. He flicked his gaze from side to side and his Adam's apple bobbed, but no sound issued from his mouth.

"Atta boy," said the warden. "Have a nice trip." He began fastening a black hood over the Condemned Man's head. "And Happy New Year!"

Art Pastel's jellied knees buckled and he sank downward, dragging his flapping tongue down across the girl's chest and into the fragrant valley between her breasts. Then his arms locked about her hips and he straightened up again, lifting her from the floor and pressing her back against the warm lighting board as his moaning mouth mashed her left breast, sucking the hard nipple like a souped-up vacuum cleaner. Floating on the crest of a girlish dream, Jenny let her head loll back; her arms drifted languidly upward and she tangled her wrists in the ropes overhead, imagining that she was strung up there and at his mercy.

11:57:54

Warden Keyster walked stage right and mounted the platform where the large circuit breaker was located. "Hold your hat, maggots—this is gonna take your breath away!"

In the control trailer, Montecuma was snapping out emergency orders. "Ralph, if you don't turn up Pastel in thirty seconds, forget it. Have Freddy Fredella announce the countdown on the off-stage mike. Ulloch, your music cues stay the same. Lights, when Keyster throws the switch—"

The Playpen audience was spellbound as Warden Keyster explained, "Now, at ten seconds to midnight, we'll all have a little countdown, from what I understand. Then, at twelve o'clock, right on the gnat's no-no, I'll flip this here switch, the juice'll go on, the New Year's celebration will get going, and I don't know what all else. Course, this ain't exactly the way they planned things, but just leave everything to old Tully—I ain't had a bad burn yet."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

LOVE GARDENTM

SENSUOUS COSMETICS

DESIGNED TO ENHANCE YOUR PERSONAL PLEASURE



**Sexual Lubricant
For Men**

*lubricating gel
to enhance your
sexual experience.*



**Sexual Lubricant
For Women**

*lubricating quality
with an exclusive
warming effect.*



**Climax Control
Gel For Men**

*designed exclusively
to assist in climax
control.*



**Climax Control Spray
For Men**

*aids in prolonging
the sexual
experience.*



**Musk For Men
Eau de Cologne**

*an "Earthy" scent
for the man of today.*



Sensuous Body Oil
*combines an
exclusive scent with
a warming effect.*



Musk Body Oil
*the most exciting
scent of today, with
a warming effect.*



Stimulant Capsules
*a stimulant
to enhance your
sexual awareness.*



Oil of Musk Perfume
*blended with the
woman in mind...
natural and earthy.*

Please send check or money order to:

**Postmart Dept. V01674PH
P.O. Box 1805
FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022**

Please add 75¢ per item to cover postage and handling. N.Y.C. residents add 7% sales tax.

Sexual Lubricant For Men (Wild Strawberry)	\$3.50
Sexual Lubricant For Men (Imported Champagne) . .	3.50
Sexual Lubricant For Men (Mandarin Orange)	3.50
Sexual Lubricant For Women (Wild Strawberry) . . .	3.50
Sexual Lubricant For Women (Imported Champagne) .	3.50
Sexual Lubricant For Women (Mandarin Orange) . .	3.50
Climax Control Gel For Men (1 oz. tube)	4.00
Climax Control Spray For Men (5/16 oz. aerosol) . .	5.00
Stimulant Capsules (10 Capsules)	5.50
Oil of Musk (.33 Fl. Oz. roll-on bottle)	3.00
Musk For Men (1 Fl. Oz. spill-proof bottle)	3.50
Sensuous Body Oil (4 Fl. Oz.)	5.00
Musk Body Oil (4 Fl. Oz.)	5.00

Ripped-Off a T-Shirt Lately.

Just fill-in the pretty
little pink box below and
send your check or money
order to Penthouse Products,
Dept. T674, 909 Third Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10022.

Penthouse Power!



To: Penthouse Products Dept. T674
909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes. Please send me _____ t-shirts at \$3.95 each—(including post-
age and handling). I prefer:

RED

☐ T01-Small

☐ T02-Medium

☐ T03-Large

YELLOW

☐ T04-Small

☐ T05-Medium

☐ T06-Large

LT. BLUE

☐ T07-Small

☐ T08-Medium

☐ T09-Large

GOLD

☐ T010-Small

☐ T011-Medium

☐ T012-Large

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

NY residents please add appropriate sales tax.

Songs My Brothers Taught Me



BY JOHN WALLACE

“Jazz is a strange business . . . one that goes beyond everybody’s understanding.”

Dave is sitting in with a blues band in Watts. He's got the tenor sax jammed tight against his body, the mouthpiece wired to his teeth. He's cookin' tonight. Burnin'. The drummer is pushing him hard—the crowd too. "Yes, yes, David!" "Ah, do it to me!" "Gimme some too!" "I hear ya! I hear ya!" Everybody's got a stake in ecstasy.

By the end of the set, everybody's thrown their minds away. The din is incredible. The drummer is beating the shit out of every surface he can reach. The bass man is raking across all four strings like a flamenco guitarist. It's all sweat and teeth and shouting.

Dave is feeling real good as he packs up his horn. A little dude with L.A. dope-dealer sunglasses and a surprisingly deep, raspy voice is shouting in his ear: "Man, you are too much—I mean too fucking much!"

Dave is all humility. "Oh, thanks, man. I'm trying."

"Oh, no, man! You good. You *real* good."

Dave shrugs his shoulders. He's always putting himself down.

"I mean, you can't be *white*. Ain't no white man play a horn like that. You a brother, David. Yes, yes. A brother."

Dave is pleased. Inside he's glowing. "Aw, shit," he says and smiles.

"No, I mean it, man. You a brother. You so good man, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get you a baritone saxophone."

Dave is surprised. He hadn't expected this. "A baritone saxophone?"

"That's right, a baritone saxophone."

"You mean you're going to *give* me a baritone saxophone?"

"Well, I can't just give it away, but I'll fix you up real good."

"Oh, gee, man, I can't afford a baritone saxophone. They cost about five hundred."

"Don't worry about it, Dave. Don't worry about it. You need a baritone saxophone. You too good not to have one."

A light goes on in Dave's head. "Is it hot?"

"Now don't go asking embarrassing questions, Dave. You want a brand-new baritone saxophone?"

Dave is getting greedy. "Well, yeah, I'd like to have one but I—"

"I said don't worry about it. How much money you got on you?"

Dave goes through his pockets. "Aw, shit, man. All I've got is four dollars."

"That's okay, that's okay. Don't worry about it. How about your partner over there? How much money he got?"

Dave is getting *real* greedy. "Just a minute, I'll go see." Dave rushes over to his buddy. "Jack, guess what? There's a guy over there with a hot baritone sax he wants to unload. How much bread you got on you?" Dave is excited. He's high anyway from all the smok-

in', drinking, and playing. He's not thinking too clearly.

Dave's friend is doubtful. "You sure, Dave? A baritone saxophone?"

"Yeah, yeah, a baritone saxophone! I think I can get it for practically nothing. How much bread you got on you?"

"Well, I don't know Dave, I don't think—"

"Oh, c'mon, Jack, it's a good deal. We'll buy it from the guy and sell it and split the profits."

"How come he's going to give *you* such a good deal?"

"He really digs my playing."

Jack goes through his pockets. He's got three dollars and fifty-nine cents. "Shit!"

Dave complains. "Are you sure that's all you got?" That's all Jack has. Dave takes it anyway. He rushes back across the room.

"Aw, man, I don't know. All I've got is seven dollars and fifty-nine cents."

"That's okay, Dave. That's okay. Seven dollars and fifty-nine cents? That's enough."

Dave can't believe his ears. Too much! A brand-new bari sax for seven dollars and fifty-nine cents! "Are you sure that's enough?"

"Well, Dave, I wouldn't do it for anybody else. But you play good. I'll do it. Yes, I'll do it. But only for you—nobody else. C'mon, let's go get it."

"Hey, man, I don't even know your name."

"It's Junior." He sticks out his hand. He and Dave shake. They rush out of the club. Junior is something else. He even has a car waiting right outside the door. There's three other guys in the car. Junior introduces Dave. "This here's my friend Dave. I'm going to take him to get that baritone saxophone I picked up the other day." The three guys are all smiling and nodding their heads like they do this every night.

They roar off with Aretha Franklin pouring out fifty thousand watts of soul power from under the dashboard. Dave is in the backseat between T.J. and Orville. Junior is up front with Milt. Milt is clutching the wheel. He is big, with two huge stoned-soul-picnic hams for arms. He doesn't say much at all. Orville and T.J. are as gregarious as Junior. The three of them have Dave laughing his ass off. It's all sweet mouthin' and funny stories. Junior lights up a joint and passes it around. Dave is feeling super good. He keeps thinking of the brand-new baritone saxophone and it makes him laugh even harder. T.J. says, "Hey, man, after we get Dave his baritone saxophone, let's take him down to Sister Sadie's and get him somethin' else!" Everybody laughs like hell, especially Dave.

Milt stops the car in front of a house. "We're here, we're here," rasps Junior. "Okay Dave, give me the seven dollars and fifty-nine cents and I'll go get the baritone sax."

Dave starts to give him the money but some-

thing stops him. He has a moment of clarity. "Now wait a minute, Junior," he says with a chuckle. "I wasn't born yesterday. You go in the house and get the baritone sax and *then* I'll give you the money." Dave is just a little bit smug, pleased with himself. He turns to Orville and T.J. for approval. They smile back.

Junior says, "I can't do it that way, Dave. You got to give me the money first."

Dave says, "No baritone sax, no bread."

Milt settles the argument. He says it slowly in a deep, booming voice. "*Hey, man, there ain't no baritone saxophone.*" He sticks his big ham back over his shoulder with the palm turned upward. He doesn't even turn around. Dave puts the seven dollars where he's supposed to. "And the fifty-nine cents," Milt says quietly.

It's all over too quickly for Dave to get really frightened. The next thing he knows he's standing on a street corner in Watts, it's two o'clock in the morning, he doesn't know where the hell he is, and he doesn't even have a dime for a phone call.

But things are always turning out freaky for musicians. It's musicians' karma. The only musicians I know who are anywhere near happy are those who manage to get a working old lady. They play about four casuals a year. The rest of the time they stay home getting loaded and watching "Highway Patrol" and daytime movies, leaving the house only to pick up their unemployment checks. The truly happy ones are those who won't even get out of bed. They've been around long enough to know that it's sheer madness for a musician to pick up a horn, or even go outside for that matter. There's nothing out there for musicians but trouble.

Take Ace, for example. He can't even walk across the street without half the San Antonio Police Department jumpin' all over his ass for jaywalking, littering, loitering, public nuisance-ing, constituting a menacing presence, resisting arrest, suspicion of armed robbery, and so forth. Ace comes to me in tears. He wants to know why his life is such a mess. "Ace," I tell him, "it's because you're a musician."

Ace doesn't understand. He gets mad at me. "What the hell does that have to do with anything?" Ace is too young to understand. He can't connect going on the stage with a guitar in his hands and the shit that keeps coming down on him out on the street.

I keep calm. I'm very good at this kind of counseling, having gone through it many times before. "Look, Ace. Name one musician you know who isn't fucked up."

Ace thinks on that one for a time and then, "I guess I don't know one."

"See what I mean?"

Me and Ace are in a bar drinking. He's sinking lower and lower. I order a couple of beers.

Ace drinks his and then starts to eat the glass. I can't believe my eyes. Ace has taken a huge bite out of the glass. He gives me a silly grin, all the time crunching on the glass like it's granola with nuts. Blood appears at the corners of his mouth and trickles down his chin. A woman at the next table lets go with a horrified scream. The bartender rushes over to our table ready for anything but what is going on. He's stopped cold by Ace's outrageous insanity. I grab Ace by the collar and run him to the restroom. "Ace, don't swallow, goddamn it, DON'T SWALLOW!" I make him spit the glass out. He rinses his mouth out with water, washes his face. It isn't too bad. Most of the cuts are inside and don't show. We go back into the bar. The bartender is madder than hell. "Why don't you guys take your business somewhere else?" I convince him to give us two more beers—mine in a glass and Ace's in a paper cup. Ace is suddenly moody.

"Why do I do things like that?" he wants to know. "Foy's wife won't invite me over 'cause the last time, I ate her best glasses."

"It's because you're a musician, you asshole," I snap. Ace is starting to get to me. He's the toughest one I've ever worked with. He just won't see. He won't face the facts. He's blind.

Me and Ace are privates in the air force. We spend as little time hanging around the base as possible. Most of the time we are working gigs in San Antonio at places like La Cita where there's a knifing every other night or Little Joe's where there's at least one every night. Tonight we are working at the Randolph Field officers' club where nobody gets knifed but everybody gets very, very drunk. Foy, whose wife is mad at Ace for eating up her best crystal, is playing bass. Foy doesn't eat glasses but sometimes he takes off all of his clothes and runs out of his house screaming. Tonight he's straight. The drummer is heavy into dope and, as a consequence, is very paranoid. Whenever anybody comes up to me from the audience to request a tune, the drummer whispers, "Who's that? What's he want, man? Watch out, that dude's a cop," and so forth. He's into a heavy thing with Patti, the singer. At intermissions, he and Patti run out to the car and smoke dope out of a big, gnarled pipe.

Ace is running wild in the officers' club. Nobody in the place knows that he and I are low-ass privates. They think we are traveling musicians because of the outrageous clothes we're wearing. Ace regards the officers as his own private collection of marks. He's conning drinks out of colonels and calling them "Sarge." They love it. He's telling different stories to different people. We're the backup band for Ray Charles, Janis Joplin, Tom Jones, Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley, Joe

It's sheer madness
for a musician to pick up a horn,
or even go outside.
There's nothing out there
but trouble.



Cocker, and the Tonight Show (when we're in L.A.). People are terribly impressed. Ace is telling a captain's wife, "Why, Frank Sinatra won't even go on stage without old John at the keyboard." The captain's wife considers me with interest. I return her warm glances with an it-ain't-no-big-deal kind of look that makes her even more interested. Ace is telling a colonel, "Now I'm a taxpayer, right?" The colonel nods his head politely. Ace continues,

"Well, I have a right to know what you guys are doing about cutting out all this waste." The colonel is defensive. He gives Ace a long rap about cost-effectiveness measures, cost-benefit analyses, waste-minimization procedures, and so forth. Ace is bored. He starts pumping quarters in the juke box and dancing with the officers' wives. I pull Ace over to a corner of the bar. "Ace, you're going too far," I warn him. "Something's going to happen." Ace gets moody again. He starts eyeing up his glass. I'm getting scared to death.

One of the bartenders is watching us very closely. Goddamn it! It's Sergeant Polanski, the cook from the enlisted men's mess. He's moonlighting, too. He knows us! Me and Ace have been hauling garbage all day in his mess hall. He's boiling. "You smart-asses better watch your step from now on."

"Fuck off," snarls Ace. "We're not on duty now."

"You're always on duty in this man's army, soldier."

Ace is furious. He shouts, "I'm not a fucking soldier—I'm a *musician*, goddamn it!"

"Wait 'til I get your ass in the mess hall again," Polanski hisses ominously. Ace picks up his glass, bares his teeth, and makes his move. I knock the glass out of his hand, grab a couple of bottles of beer and pull him outside on the balcony.

"Jesus Christ, Ace," I tell him, "what are you trying to prove?" Ace is suddenly very contrite and dejected. He slumps remorsefully over his beer, full of self-pity. "What's wrong with me?" he wails.

I decide to give him my best shot. "Look at it this way Ace—now be honest with me—would you be here tonight if you hadn't got out of bed this morning?"

"No, I wouldn't," Ace answers me in all seriousness. He's scared this time for sure.

"Would you be here crying your ass off if you hadn't started messing around with old Grand Funk records, trying to pick up lead guitar licks?"

"No, no," Ace moans.

"Would you be here in this miserable state if you hadn't spent your hard-earned cash from pickin' fruit in Fresno on that goddamned electric guitar?" I know I'm hitting him hard with this one, but Ace is a hard-nose. I'm watching him closely, waiting for his answer, squinting at him through the cigarette smoke and beer fog. Ace is squinting back at me. He isn't answering. He jumps to his feet, drains his beer, and throws the bottle in a high, swooping arc out over the officers' club swimming pool. Crashing glass late at night! Ace and his goddamned glass thing! I can picture the place soon swarming with M.P.'s with snarling German shepherds, blinding spotlights, bullhorns, and whips. Ace goes

back inside the club without saying a word.

We finish off the gig with Ace staring stonily out at the audience. He won't talk to me at all on the way back to our barracks. Ace is taking absolutely vicious slugs out of a pint of Jim Beam. I can see that something is boiling up deep inside him. He races to the barracks ahead of me. He climbs up to the roof of the barracks. I'm saying, "Come down from there man—what are you doing up there?" Ace gives me that distinctive grin that he reserves for eating glasses. Suddenly I know what he's up to. "Ace, don't jump. Ace! ACE! DON'T JUMP!" Ace yells, "Geronimo!" gives a war whoop, and jumps. He lands neatly on both feet, follows through with six of the most incredible parachutist's rolls I've ever seen, and springs to his feet perfectly intact. I can't believe my eyes. Ace is grinning at me. The very same grin. He's totally unhurt. But wait. Blood is oozing out of the corners of his mouth and trickling down his chin. Ace's knee slammed up under his chin when he landed. Unfortunately, his tongue was sticking out of his mouth when the knee hit the chin. Ace has nearly bitten his tongue off! I'm sick to my stomach looking at it. I rush him to emergency and they sew up his tongue. The doctor wants to know how it happened. I say, "He's a mouth masochist." The doctor writes on Ace's medical records: "Masochistic personality with severe mutilation fantasies, especially involving the mouth." I tell the doctor to add that Ace "will do anything to get attention and approval" and I also point out that Ace has more than "fantasies" as evidenced by the present bloody tongue. The doctor asks rather sarcastically if I consider myself a psychiatrist. I laughingly admit, "Oh, no, sir, I'm a piano player." He says rather sharply, "Then mind your own business."

I'm taking Ace home. He can hardly talk. I'm really pissed this time. "Ace, why do you do things like this? I really want to know."

Ace can hardly move his tongue. It's all swollen and laced with sutures. He mumbles something. I can barely make it out. He tries again. "Because I'm a musician," he moans.

Pain, pain, pain. Musicians are pain-computed. Millions of housewives are plugging in hair dryers and toasters with frayed, beat-up old cords and have no mishaps whatsoever. They even do it with one hand in the dishwasher and still nothing happens. But what about all those lead guitarists that keep getting fried in the middle of a sizzling lick? You don't hear about them. The electric-guitar interests are paying off the media. They smother these stories right away. Even *Rolling Stone* won't carry them. You have to read papers like *Grit* or *Vermont Skiing News* to find out that still another brother has gone up in smoke reaching for a feedback switch or

kicking a fuzz tone with a wet sole.

Pain, pain, pain. The musician's lot is definitely not a happy one. But people don't know this. They walk into a club and see the musicians up there rockin' 'n' rollin', smilin' like Louis Armstrong, and jumpin' around like a bunch of monkeys. They say things like, "Look at those musicians, will you! They're having a ball!" And, "You guys have it made, you get all the chicks." Little do they realize that they're far better off selling insurance than they would be getting it on five nights a week in a band. They ought to pay attention to stories like Chet's before they rush out and sign up for organ lessons or buy their kids a trumpet.

Chet is the best damned piano player in Chicago. He's working a single in Quinn's way up on the North Side of town. Chet is exhausted. His old lady had been hassling him for months about getting a respectable job, his kids don't even say "Hi" to him when he walks in the door, his piano is covered with unpaid bills, and he's been working seven nights a week plus wedding gigs during the days in the big hotels down in the Loop. He's got dark circles under his eyes. His consumption of booze and dope is soaring.

Chet hates to play piano-bar gigs. The animals crowd in around him licking their chops like wolves around a campfire. He plays a slow, smokey ballad. The owner gives him hell. "What the hell you doing? Pick it up, pick it up! This ain't no wake in here! Play the fast ones. Make 'em happy, for Christ's sake! They ain't going to do much drinking to that stuff." Chet pops a couple of whites and picks up the tempo. But now a red-haired lady who has had far too much to drink doesn't like it. "Play something romantic," she says. "Play something *dreamy*." Her eyes get all moist and cloudy.

"I can't," Chet says. "The owner wants me to pep it up."

"Screw the owner, the son of a bitch! I'm the customer," she says with indignation.

"Yeah, but he pays me."

"I'm supporting this goddamned bar and I want to hear something romantic!" She's screaming now. The owner is back giving Chet hell again. "How come you won't play what the lady wants?"

"But she wants something slow and romantic. You told me to pep it up."

"Play what the customers want, for Christ's sake!"

Chet asks the lady what she wants to hear. She wants "I Left My Heart in San Francisco." She says that it's an "oldie but a goodie." He plays it. The red-haired lady cries. A drunk says, "Hey, come on, play 'I Left My Heart in San Francisco.'"

Chet says, "I just played it."

"No you didn't, that was 'Talk of the Town.'"

"No it wasn't. It was 'I Left My Heart in San Francisco.'"

"Talk of the Town."

"I Left My Heart in San Francisco."

"Talk of the Town."

"I Left My Heart in San Francisco."

"Are you going to play 'Talk of the Town' or am I going to complain to the owner?"

Chet is going crazy. "Look, buddy, I can't play 'Talk of the Town' because I just played it. All right? ALL RIGHT?" The drunk blinks and looks very confused.

"Ooh, play 'Talk of the Town,'" coos the red-haired lady. "That's really an oldie but a goodie."

Chet is playing 'Talk of the Town,' the red-haired lady is sobbing, the drunk is singing "I Left My Heart in San Francisco," and the owner is giving Chet hell for playing old-time tunes nobody wants to hear anymore. Chet runs out of the club, goes home, throws his wife and kids out, locks the door, and drinks bourbon and pops reds for four weeks. He almost dies of drug synergy. The A.A.'s come and get him and take him to a meeting. He won't touch a drink anymore, nor a piano. He's working as a muffler repairman on the North Side and he's happy as a clam dragging drunks off of bar stools and hauling them off to A.A. meetings.

But that's how it goes in life. There are casualties—largely because musicians are always trying to make *it* happen. Nobody knows of course what the devil *it* is, but they are determined nonetheless to make *it* happen. A linguist could spend a lifetime trying to decipher the meaning of *it*. He could just sort of hang around musicians and listen to them talk: "Man, me and this chick we were just sort of cool you know and then WHAM, *it* started to happen." "We was playing on this funky rock 'n' roll band in Kansas City and *it* was really happening." "Fuck *it*, man." "You got *it*, John." "Make *it* happen, baby, make *it* happen!" Get *it* on!" "Smoke *it*!" "Dig *it*!" "It's happening tonight, man, *it's* happening tonight!" "That's *it*, that's *it*, you got *it*!" "B. B. King's got *it*." "Aretha's got *it*."

I mean, like what in the hell is *it* anyway? I know guys who have spent half a lifetime trying to make *it* happen. They never get there. Something's always wrong. The bass man doesn't know the changes, the drummer rushes, the piano's out of tune, amps keep blowing up, the union's hassling you, the trumpet player can't read manuscript, the leader's on an ego trip, the singer has laryngitis and keeps missing the gig, the club owner is an ass, the electric piano falls off the stage, and so on and so forth. The list is interminable. Tragic, really. Musicians are such romantics. For the most part they never learn.

They keep chasing *it* like a dog chases his tail. That's why they use dope so much. And get all messed over by chicks.

Chicks! Every musician I know has the uncanny ability to get involved with ladies who are sheer poison for him. And they keep making the same disastrous mistakes over and over again. But it's so unnecessary. You can tell precisely what a chick is like before you get involved, and you don't need complicated astrological charts either. There is available to every working musician an exact science of the female. I refer to this little-appreciated science as the *musicology of chicks*. If only musicians would utilize it! Lord knows I've tried. I've spent endless hours in all-night coffee shops trying to get some downcast bass player or suicidal trumpet player to see the facts, to accept the musicology of chicks. Unfortunately, they never pay any attention. Being romantics they despise hard science.

Anyway, at the risk of being redundant, let me spell it out again. The basic premise on which the musicology of chicks is constructed is very simple. You can invariably tell precisely what a chick is really like and what she is going to do *by the kinds of sounds that attract her*. Take piano players, for example. Piano players are always attracting dependents. Once a chick latches on to a piano player, she won't let go. My good friend Dick, a superb pianist, learned his lesson the hard way when chicks kept diving through his bedroom window at night with guns in their hands screaming, "Love me or else!"

Who needs that kind of love? You're far better off with a flute lady. Flute ladies just sort of float in and out of your life with no hassles of any kind. Trumpets invariably attract the brash, independent, almost phallic kind of lady who spends her early evenings at women's lib meetings before cruising the bars looking for macho dudes to ball crack. The anal types go for the trombone. The solid, fundamental properties of the bass fetches the loyal and dependable, but ultimately dull and boring. Chicks that like to get wasted and make scenes in public are drawn to the lead guitar like moths to flame. Drummers get women who talk, talk, talk. And the ones who never bathe or change their underwear suck up to the blues harp.

Oh, it's a mess all right. But it can be sorted out. The best procedure is simply to decide what you want in a woman, go out and buy the right horn, and learn how to play it. Actually you don't even have to learn to play it. You can, for example, sometimes attract a flute lady just by carrying a flute around with you during intermissions, at the Laundromat, grocery store, and so forth.

Singers are, of course, another matter. Whether or not the musicology of chicks can

People don't understand that they're better off selling insurance than they would be getting it on five nights a week in a band.



be extended to include them is, at the moment, unknown. Take Eddie Fisher, for example. I mean, what can you possibly say to a man who has run through Debbie, Liz, Connie, and a host of others (not to mention a career and several fortunes)? Eddie and I are sitting in his room in the Tokyo Hilton. I'm reading him some poems by e. e. cummings while he picks gray hairs out of his eyebrows and head with a tweezer. "Eddie," I advise

him, "what you need is a bass lady." He stares at me blankly. I continue. "Flute ladies, trumpet ladies, and guitar ladies are fine when you're young and 'Oh, My Papa' is selling a couple of million copies, but in the aging male there are certain needs, certain immutable facts, certain inevitable changes." He doesn't like this line of conversation at all. I go back to reading e. e. cummings. Eddie likes e. e. cummings. In fact, he likes books in general. The whole time we're in Tokyo, he sits in his room and reads. He never goes out. In between shows, I'm all over Tokyo. Eddie sits in his room and reads.

We're working one show a night in all these imitation-Las Vegas Tokyo nightclubs. On stage there's me, Vic, and Eddie. I'm playing piano, Vic is conducting, and Eddie, of course, is singing. Behind us there are about three thousand Japanese musicians. Despite the fact that his career has reached a certain point of maturity, Eddie still goes first class. We've got to have violins, violas, oboes, cellos, timpani, English horn—you know, the whole bit. I feel surrounded by the entire Japanese Imperial Navy. I keep wondering how they really feel about Hiroshima and Nagasaki and my palms start sweating.

Vic and I have a problem. Nobody except the two of us speaks English. We have to communicate with winks, smiles, finger movements, head shakes and nods, belly rolls, facial contortions, gasps, horrified looks, hair pulling, and so forth. Suffice it to say that communication channels are pretty noisy. Moreover, the Japanese musicians are pretty rigid. They don't react well to emergencies. They'll read what's on the page but anything out of the ordinary throws them. And Eddie is out of the ordinary. He has this weird sense of time where he's likely to skip not only a beat here or there but *whole measures*. In short, I'm uptight. The situation is computed for disaster.

The opening number is tricky. Eddie enters through the audience, singing "I've Got To Be Me." He's got a microphone with a mile-long cord. He trips over the cord, jumps ahead two measures, and disaster is upon us. The Japanese keep reading the notes in front of them. They won't move ahead with Eddie. Eddie skips another two measures. He's four measures ahead of the band! He's six measures ahead of the band! Vic is yelling to me, "Do something. Goddamn it, John, do something—DO SOMETHING!" I'm yelling at Vic, "You're the conductor, *you* do something." Vic is yelling back, "You're the accompanist!" I'm panicked. I'm shouting at the brasses, "Measure 42, measure 46, measure 52," and so forth. They get all confused and lose their places. Vic is shaking his fist at the strings and shouting at the top of his lungs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

COUPLES QUOD

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Peter D., age 21, 6'1", 170 pounds. Brown hair, brown eyes. Peter is a junior at a liberal arts college.

Joan G., age 21, 5'6", 115 pounds. Brown hair, brown eyes. Joan is also a junior at the same college.

PETER'S STORY:

Joanie is the nicest person I've ever met in my whole life. No shit. Absolutely the greatest. We really go together, fit together, tongue and groove. (laughs) No pun intended. I mean in every way, not just in the pad. She is bright, funny, and a gas in bed.

The first time we met she had me laughin' so hard we practically didn't make it that night. I mean you can't laugh and ball simultaneously. Alternately, yeah, but not at the same time. Though I don't know why not, when you consider how terribly funny people look when they're screwing.

Sex is really comedy. Everything is comedy. That's why Joanie and I have such a hell of a good time. She feels that way, too.

You know where we met? In an amusement park. In the crazy house. They had all kinds of

crazy mirrors and a wild light show and sloping floor and ghouls screaming and howling. Well, that's where I met her. She fell down and rolled into me and knocked me down and we wound up lying all over each other. I was feeling her tits before I ever saw her face. I was in no hurry to get up, but she wasn't sure what kind of monster was massaging her up so she got up quick. Well, we went out the exit together and started talking and I drove her home and she invited me in and hell, in a half hour, there we were. In bed. Bare-ass. And laughing. I don't think I was able to come until four in the morning because of all the kidding around we were doing.

But the second night I came back for more and boy, did we ball. Joanie has a beautiful ass. I love to watch her walk. I can get hard just watching her walk. And that second night I made her leave one light on low, so I could watch that ass. I did the doggie with her. I had her stand up and bend over and hold on to the bedpost. I had her get on top of me backwards so I could watch that beautiful rump rising and falling on my cock.

But you know, even that second night she got me laughing again. You know what she did? In the middle of sucking me off she got the hic-

cups! (laughs) The hiccups, for Christ's sake. She got damned near hysterical laughing at that because the first hiccup surprised her and she damned near bit me and I let out a yell and that set her off. She lay there laughing her damned head off. The only way I could make her stop was by putting it in her mouth again. That's bravery, man, putting it into the mouth of a hiccuping girl after you've been bitten. But hell, I figure any sacrifice you make for sex has got to be worth it, right? Damn right!

I guess maybe the reason we get along so well is that our families have been so easy to take. We came from the same kind of people. They never hassled us, you know. Oh, maybe a little. Brush your teeth and like that. But my folks didn't get hysterical when they found out I was into a little pot. They accepted it and didn't start screaming and running around attending "Save Your Child" drug seminars. They knew I wasn't going to go out and get myself an arm full of puncture marks. And I didn't. And neither did Joanie. We've been content with the grass and our sex and that's been it.

Matter of fact, my mother smokes it up once in a while. She does. Dad doesn't. He's the boozier. No, not really. But he likes his liquor. Anyway,



HOWARD PEMBERTON

when I go home on vacation we sit around and Mom and I smoke it up and Pop guzzles it down and nobody hassles anybody. They're great. And they're funny as hell. Pop is, anyway. Mom has to have a lungful of weed before she gets silly. But Pop is just naturally a comic and I guess that's how I come by it.

Joanie's parents, too. Groovin' people. No, not with grass or liquor but they didn't hang her up on anything. One time she took me home, it was during the last summer vacation, and I just moved into her room and slept with her. No problems. Her folks accepted it. I stayed a week and there wasn't a frown in town. So we're happy people. And we don't get in trouble. Well, not yet. Joanie may get us in big trouble one of these days with her crazy games in public. You know what she wants to do all the time? She wants to make love in public. In front of people. But in a way so that they don't know it. It's her sense of humor. She's mad. The first time she got me to do it I couldn't believe it.

She wanted to go to a football game. A football game, for Christ's sake! She doesn't like football. I don't like football. I thought she'd flipped out. Then she explains it to me. She's bought one of these gigantic ponchos for two. You seen them? They're enormous. So she wants to get up in the stadium with all those people around us, with the two of us in the poncho. I looked at her! I couldn't believe it. Now, I was damned sure we wouldn't be the first ones to try it. Somewhere in every football stadium in the country I'll bet there are couples banging away—playing with each other, at least—under the blankets. Because, man, there is *nothing* so boring as sitting in a wooden seat, freezing your ass off, in the snow, maybe, while twenty-two idiots try to mangle each other a half-mile away.

So we tried it. I bought the tickets. The cheapest ones I could find, way the hell up at the top of the stands in the end zone. There wasn't anybody within a hundred feet of us so we were kind of spotlighted. I told her, hell, we can't do it out in the open like this and she said, the hell we can't. So we got in the poncho and first thing I know her head disappears and she's down between my legs, my joint in her mouth, and she's going at it. Oh damn, that felt good. My little old joint was so cold she could hardly find it, at first. And when she took it in her hot mouth, wow, that was something, man. It stiffened up in, like, three seconds. She sucked it up and down and cupped my cold balls in her warm hands and in about five minutes, wham, I came. And it made a hell of a mess inside the poncho because Joanie didn't want to swallow it because she said she was on a diet, which is one of her standard jokes and which didn't make me laugh much that day because, like I said, it made a hell of a mess inside the poncho and I was sitting there with my semen on my lap.

Then she wants me to go down on her. I tell her not a prayer. Enough people were looking at us already. But she starts needling me about having no guts, so naturally, like a real asshole, I give in and disappear under the poncho and start trying to play with her. But she's wearing slacks. I tell her that's a dumb way to dress if you want to screw around in a football stadium in front of fifty thousand people. But she squirms around and drops her pants and she's sitting

there with her ass on the cold seat and she's squealing and chattering her teeth and telling me to hurry up. But I can't make any headway. Her slacks are still up around her knees and I can't get her legs open. So I pull them down and she starts yelling that she's freezing. And I yell for her to shut up and I try my best to get at her muff, but I can't, man, because there are too many clothes in the way and I'm trying to dodge the wet part of the poncho and it turns into a real nothing scene. Then she whispers to pull her slacks up because some cops are coming. I must have broken the world's record for putting slacks back on a woman. But I didn't get my head back up out of the poncho hole until the cops got there. Two old farts huffing and puffing. "What are you doing?" one of them says.

"My pearls came unstrung," Joanie says, real innocent, and she gets them looking for pearls! Them dumb cops believed it! They started looking around under the seats. Too much.

Anyway, we got damned little screwing done that day. But she's always wanting to do stuff like that. Like in history class. We've got a history class together late in the afternoon. One day she tells me to stick around and we stay until the instructor leaves. Then she pulls the shades down on the doors and spreads herself on his desk and tells me to come on. On the damned professor's desk, yet! Crazy broad, man. But I did it. I pulled her legs up to the edge and made her hold them straight up in the air. Then I moved up on her and put my cock up against her pussy and let her rest her legs on my shoulders. I fucked her steady for a good ten minutes. We didn't stop until we heard the janitor bang the door in the next classroom. Man, we came apart with a sound like suction cups. *POP.* We've gotten so we can get completely dressed in nine seconds flat. But some day I'm going to be in the middle of an orgasm when the dean opens the door. It makes for much nervousness, man, but for many laughs.

One reason we groove so good is that we don't get uptight about other people. I mean making it with other people. Sometimes opportunity arises and things look good elsewhere and we just do it. We're real cool about it, but sometimes the other guys or the other chicks get shook by our attitude. They talk a big game, but when it comes down to it, Joanie and I are among the very few on this campus who really practice what we preach. We don't lean on each other and pull a gloom if the other one has been banging it, free-lance. We don't own each other, you know. We don't own anybody. We just happen to be real together when we're together, which is most of the time.

JOAN'S STORY:

It's amazing how much alike we are. I mean, we even look alike. We really do. Sometimes people think we're brother and sister. We're both the only child in our families. Our parents are practically the same kind of people. Honest, even our homes—I mean our parents' homes—are practically interchangeable. And both of our signs are Sagittarius. I'm six days older than Pete. So what's all this crap about how opposites attract?

The only thing is that he's nuttier than I am. I'll bet he told you I was the craziest, right? He

should talk. But that's one of the things I like about him. He's crazy and sweet and inventive. Sexually inventive. I never had fantasies out loud while making love, until Pete started it. Crazy. He makes up the wildest stories and situations. So wild that they sometimes dissolve into the air. I'll give you an example. We were making it one night in his car. We didn't have to make it in the car. We could have gone home. But we thought it would be fun to make it in the car in a crowded parking lot. So we drove over to Sears and pulled up in the center of the lot. It was about eight o'clock at night. Yeah, I'm the one who likes to do it in crowded places, but he's the one with the wild stories. So we park and we get in the backseat and there are tired housewives and husbands clumping all around us with crying kids, and I mean that's some scene for sex, right? So we put the blanket on top of us and start playing with each other while we're staring right in the faces of the good people walking by.

Then we pull our slacks off and I sit on his lap backwards, my back to him, and he tries to put his cock in me. We've got the blanket over my back and now a couple of people go by and they kind of stare. Well, it's hard to do it that way, you know, unless the girl bends way over. So I bend way over, pushing down the back of the front seat and Pete finally gets it in me and it feels real delicious. And then he says, "All right"—and he's whispering in a kind of menacing tone—he says, "... all right, girls, now this is your first day of work here at the hand-grenade factory. Now, as you know, a man's factory is his brothel. I want all of you here on the assembly line to work bending over in this position. Now remember, if you don't assemble the grenades in just the right position you'll blow the ass off of everybody in a fifteen-foot radius. Now, when I come up behind one of you and do this"—and he shoves it into me real hard—"I don't want any slips. Now, ready. Go!" And he starts banging me real great but whispering, "Look out! Don't drop it. You dropped it! You missed it, you stupid chick! You missed it and I'm coming and I can't stop to pick it up." Now would you call that a normal fantasy? Weird. But really great. Pete is different from any guy I've ever known.

He had a vasectomy, you know. I don't know if he told you. I'll bet he didn't. Well, anyway, he got it and it's great for him because he can make it with anybody he wants. Doesn't do me any good, of course. I still have to take the pill because sometimes, once in awhile, I ball another guy, or two. So I have to be prepared.

Anyway, Pete and I are together more than we're with all the other people put together. We don't socialize much. I mean, we don't travel with a gang or anything. We go to class, study, make love, and kind of live a life of our own.

The only time I really ball other guys is when there's some real need. I mean mine, or someone else's. And sometimes we both try to help people. Like Pete had this friend who said he was impotent. And we'd talk it over, the three of us, and we'd try to suggest different things for him and figure out what was wrong, like was it some parent hangup, or wasn't he getting the right vitamins. We had him on Vitamin E, but he kept reporting back that he wasn't making it. It was really ruining his life. So one night Pete

suggested I try to help the guy. So I did. And we tried to have fun with it, you know, get him relaxed. He was a very tense boy.

We really planned it. We did a real Rotary Club member's vision of paradise, you know? Pete got me this stripper's costume—bra with no nipples, panties with no crotch. Then I made myself up as much like a pro as I could. Plenty of red, red lipstick. All kinds of eyelashes. Luscious. Pete and I practiced for about two days. Got records with real dirty percussion and I'd do the raunchiest dances I could think of.

So then we had our friend come over. Lights turned real low. Gave him a couple of glasses of wine to loosen him up. Then I made my entrance. I wiggled and wriggled all over the place and went down on Pete and climbed on top of him and kneeled over his cock and let it rub me. And the guy got an erection. It really worked. And we had a terrific three-way and the guy was good. Really good. It was impossible to believe he was impotent.

And you know what? That rat wasn't impotent! He was putting us on! How about that. God, when he told us I really wanted to sock him. And Pete was just thunderstruck. And then we saw how damned funny it really was. It was a terrific put-on. A lot more interesting than if he had just come on and asked me to do it. It was smooth, I have to admit.

The best thing we do, absolutely the greatest, is when my girl friend Phyllis is in town. We've tried it with other chicks but it's not as good as it is with Phyllis. You know, I've got a good figure—great ass, Pete says—but my breasts are just normal. And there's nothing wrong with normal. But both Pete and I can get pretty excited with Phyllis because she has really huge boobs. She goes to school about fifty miles from here so we don't get together too often, but when we do, wow!

She's a good friend of mine and I told her about what a great lover Pete is and how we'd like her to get it on with us. She said fine, no problem. She came to stay with me once and Pete came over and he went ape over her. He took all our clothes off and he played with her tits and licked them while I played with her pussy. Then I went down on her while she went down on him. She made him come right away. While he was recovering, Phyllis and I gave him a little exhibition.

He sat back in the big chair and we got in position on my white rug. Phyllis is black, and when she got on that white rug with her legs spread, it was the sexiest thing you've ever seen. We laid on our sides and kissed and fingered each other and she rubbed those huge tits all over me. Exciting, man. Then we switched around and tongued each other, sixty-nine.

It drove Pete up the wall. He came on again with a marvelous erection and slid in on top of her while I relaxed. It's such a great sight, that white and black. Pete is real white because he gets sunburned easy and doesn't try to get a tan. I watched him slipping and sliding around on Phyllis, missionary style, drinking in big mouthfuls of her breasts and making her quiver like jelly. It was beautiful. I mean, a work of art. Like watching a great mobile doing rhythmic things in the wind. A black and white mobile. And that's how it is whenever Phyllis comes to town.

But, you know, we don't like it three-way too often. It's just kind of like frosting. You do it once in a while. Like you ball somebody else once in a while. But most of the time it's just Pete and me, and it's so warm and good and lovely. It really is. It's romantic, feeling that way about somebody and knowing they feel that way about you.

Some of my friends ask if Pete and I are going to get married. I don't know. Why get married? I don't know if I ever will. Or whether I'll really live with Pete in the same pad. Why worry about that now? This is fun and I hate to see graduation day come. I guess we're living like a Peter Pan existence. Once we get out of here, out of school, we're going to have to grow up, whatever that means. But we're sure going to love each other in the meantime.

After history
class one day,
Joanie spread herself
out on the
instructor's desk
and told me to
come on. On the
damned professor's
desk, yet!



ANALYSIS:

On the face of it, the attitudes of this young couple toward sex are deplorable. For them sex is, or seems to be, a series of lighthearted, frequently bizarre jokes, entirely devoid of any emotional depth.

One thing which does emerge with striking clarity, however, is the influence that parental attitudes can have on a child's sexual responses. The effects can be inhibiting or, as in this case, extremely encouraging—actually producing a sexually liberated generation.

In my counseling work, I come upon case after case of young people with sexual hangups. Hangups that almost, if not totally, deprive them of happy, satisfying sex lives. Hangups which are exclusively the result of parental attitudes. These young people long for sexual

happiness. But their parents (probably as a result of their own parents' attitudes) have managed to impart, either explicitly or implicitly, ideas that stifle the full enjoyment of sex—sometimes irrevocably damaging the physical and psychological responses in the young people. Pete and Joan have much to thank their parents for, and their parents have much to congratulate themselves on, for providing their children with such a healthy outlook on sexuality.

When Dr. David Reuben produced his infamous first book, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, I took him to task in *Penthouse* for advocating "fun sex" because it was easier to accomplish than "love sex." I believe that in order to get the most out of a sexual relationship physical lovemaking should be the expression of the emotional regard that the partners have for one another.

At the same time I have always contended that sex experienced on this basis should still be "fun." (There is nothing so boring as "serious sex.") The "fun sex" I have deplored, and still do, is Reuben's version of "fun sex"—when the emotional content of the relationship is entirely ignored and the couple fuck purely for the physical experience; in other words, the sex of promiscuity which has no psychological commitment, but is merely two people's selfish use of each other's bodies.

Pete and Joan enjoy their sex. They get a great deal of fun out of it, a lot of laughter, and much enjoyment. They also have no inhibitions, which allows them to fully exercise their sexual imaginations. This, of course, is the surest protection against sexual boredom.

There is one very interesting sexual characteristic which I have encountered before, though not very often. Namely, Joan's strong desire to make love in public, but in such a manner that no one knows. In most cases where this desire exists, it indicates an emotional immaturity. The rationale is: we are doing this essentially private thing here in this public place. Wouldn't all these goody-goody people be shocked if they knew what we were doing. At the same time, this flouting of sexual convention, or expression of sexual bravado, can carry with it elements of crypto-sadism.

I said at the beginning that their attitudes toward sex are deplorable. That was certainly my reaction at first reading, but I think that this was almost entirely due to the way in which both, particularly Pete, express themselves. Certainly, it does come through on subsequent readings that they have deep emotional feelings for each other, and these feelings appear to be quite genuine.

Having said all this, I believe there is an element of risk to their future sexual lives. Joan highlights this in her final sentences when she says she does not know whether she and Pete will stay together after they have left college. Supposing they do not and supposing that in the future neither of them finds a partner who responds to them as they are responding to one another now? What is going to happen then? It is all very well "loving now," but the future can be a very long time, and longer still if it is miserable and frustrating.

I think they ought to seriously consider this possibility now.

SPECIAL ONCE-IN-A-LAUGHTIME OFFER

Four FOR THE PRICE OF FOUR

OR ONE FOR THE PRICE OF ONE ETCETERA

1. THE MARX BROS. SCRAPBOOK

by Groucho Marx and Richard J. Anobile. Groucho tells it like it was. Gummo tells it like it was. Zeppo tells it like it was. And the people they worked with tell it like it was. With more than 300 professional and family photographs! Minotaur's Mad Price: **ONLY \$10.95.**

2. WHY A DUCK?

Introduction by Groucho Marx. Edited by Richard J. Anobile. A book of verbal and visual gems from the Marx Brothers' films with more than 600 frame blowups and original film dialogue. Minotaur's Mad Price: **ONLY \$6.95.**

3. WHO'S ON FIRST?

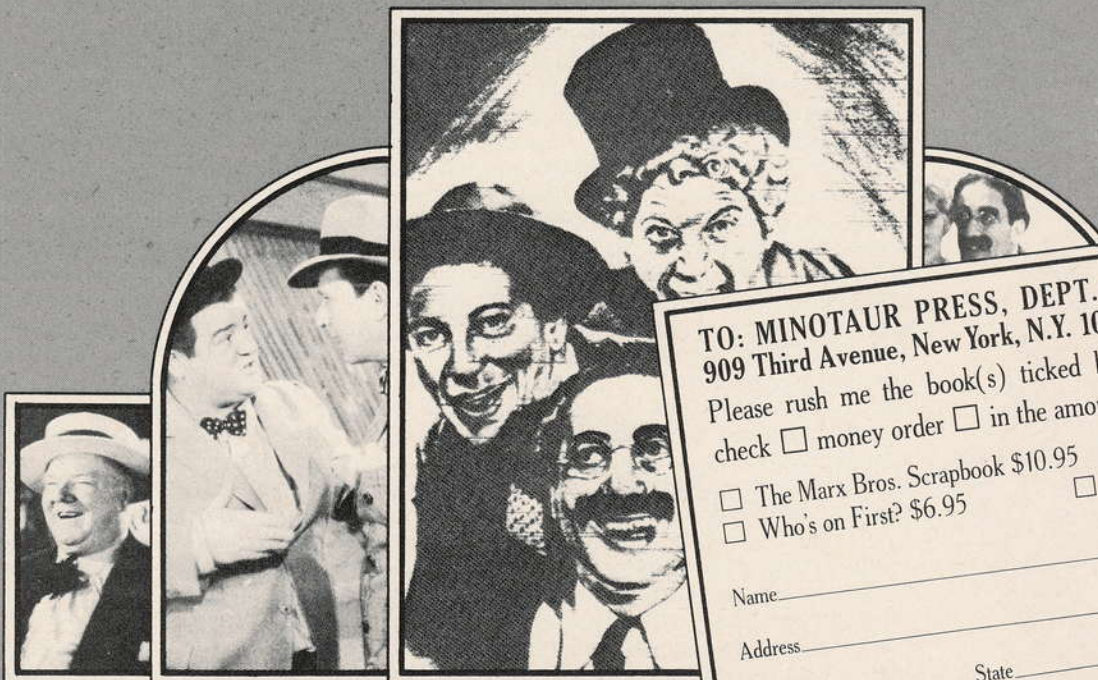
Edited by Richard J. Anobile with an introduction by Carol Burnett. For the first time a book presents over 600 sequential frame blow-ups and dialogue taken directly from the original films of ABBOTT AND COSTELLO. Minotaur's Mad Price: **ONLY \$6.95.**

4. A FLASK OF FIELDS

Edited by Richard J. Anobile and introduced by Judith Crist. Over 700 frame blow-ups from the original films of W.C. FIELDS. A unique film book which may very well revolutionize the presentation of movie material in book form. Minotaur's Mad Price: **ONLY \$6.95.**

All in hard-to-get, hard-to-break hard back

ACT TODAY ON THIS HARD-TO-BELIEVE OFFER!



TO: MINOTAUR PRESS, DEPT. EE, 20th Floor,
909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please rush me the book(s) ticked below. I enclose my
check ☐ money order ☐ in the amount of \$_____.

☐ The Marx Bros. Scrapbook \$10.95 ☐ Why a Duck? \$6.95
☐ Who's on First? \$6.95 ☐ A Flask of Fields \$6.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Books non-refundable. N.Y.C. residents please add 7% sales tax. P674



XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

HORNIER THAN THOU

Many erotic books, magazines, and films portray women as insatiable animals who think of little else but fucking, sucking, and masturbating, but in all my nineteen years I've never met any woman who is half as strongly-sexed as I am. I've decided that there is no such thing as a really horny woman—I think the whole idea is a myth. After all, if most women were as horny as most men there would be no need for prostitutes. Judging from your books and this column you have a strong sex drive yourself; but tell me honestly, don't you think you're an exception?—G.C.

Sure I am, and sure, you are, too. But that doesn't mean there aren't plenty of horny people around for both of us. There are very few individuals of either sex who are not capable of wild, uncontrolled, glorious horniness when they are given the opportunity—the right partner, the right place, the right time, and so on. It may be hard for you to believe, but women sometimes really do think of little else but fucking. They just don't go around announcing their horniness the way men do. Young girls with little sexual experience think of nothing but "doing it." And so do older women, as they look back with frustration on ten or twenty years of dreary one-partner sex. A male friend of mine, for instance, tells a wild story about a Canadian doctor's wife who was the model of propriety in her own little uptight circle. But she would go downtown in the city where she lived (Toronto) and knock on doors of high-rise apartments, hoping to have her knock answered by a lonely bachelor. She would say she was looking for a cleaning lady or a seamstress or some other mythical person and get herself invited in to search the telephone book. Then she would quickly bring the polite conversation around to frank sex talk, and spend the next hour

getting laid—any style the guy wanted. Maybe your problem is that you haven't really considered the old saying that still waters run deep. You ought to try getting under the surface. There's no telling how many female fish may be waiting to give your hook a friendly little nibble.

LUSTING FOR OLDER WOMEN

My first act of love was with my best friend's mother, who was forty-two at the time, and since then I've been indulging exclusively with older women. As a result, I can only be brought to climax by a woman over fifty. I'm twenty-two, and I'd like to start having normal sexual relationships with girls my own age, but when I try, I just can't get an erection. Do you know of any solution?—J.D.

It really is a matter of straightening out your own head, and it's very hard for an outsider to give you any hints. You obviously have some kind of mother-fixation and like the attention older women have given you as well as the feeling of protection. You have got to realize that usually older women are the ones who take the initiative not only in bed but also out of bed. It seems you have a relatively weak personality and I would suggest that you try to become more aggressive. Go out with friends and attend parties with boys and girls of your own age group. Try and relate to them as persons, rather than as lovers. If you start taking a liking to one of the girls, you can always try to indulge in sexual activities. Mind you, in your case it would not hurt to date a girl who is a few years older and more mature than the average twenty-two-year-old girl. There are many marriages that work when the man is a few years younger than his wife, but the difference between twenty-two and fifty is a bit too much. Besides, once you start dating younger girls you will find out that they usually are more physically attractive. Obviously a younger woman has a better body

GIVE YOUR LOVE A TOTAL SENSUAL EXPERIENCE.

COPYRIGHT 1973 SPECIAL MOMENT INC., 230 NORTH FIFTH ST., READING, PA. 19601

Something she'll never forget. New Special Moment Massage Creme.

Special Moment is the scent of love. One separately scented creme for her, warm and receptive. Another for you, bold and driving. When the two intermingle, a third scent is created. The most intimate one of all.

Special Moment is the touch of love. A rich velvety creme, never oily or sticky, to be applied wherever love leads you. Instantly arousing. Instantly relaxing.

Special Moment is the look of love. Sleeker and smoother with each touch. The skin takes on a seductive glow that cannot be ignored.

And Special Moment, as you and she will discover, is the unforgettable taste of love.

Special Moment is unlike anything else in this world. More lasting. More varied. More intense. Truly a new and very sensual way to say I love you.



Please send me new Special Moment Massage Creme, 4 ounces for her and 4 ounces for me. It must be everything I expect, or I will return it and receive back the \$11. I enclose now as payment.

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Special Moment, Inc.
230 N. 5th St., Reading, Pa. 19601

LEADING MAN

Send 50¢ for new full-color catalog.

THE SHEIK.
A touch of romance in a dashing two piece lounge in 100% textured nylon with solid black trim on an exciting black and white print. Black pull on lounge pants. Robe has frog neck closings, pants flare from the knees.
S-M-L-XL. \$34.95.

POUCH FRONT BIKINI.
Underbrief. Ah Men's number-one seller. Nylon tricot with set-in front pouch for uplifting support. Black, white, nude.
S-M-L-XL. 3 for \$10.95.

No C.O.D.'s. Add 50¢ postage.

Ah Men
Dept. PH-406
8900 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Hollywood, CA 90069

The Old Timer.

When you've been making satin sheets for over 20 years, like we have, you use only the softest acetate satin . . . 225 x 78 thread count. (Some people don't!) Your sheets are MACHINE WASHABLE, and you give people a choice of 12 colors for regular or ROUND beds! Avocado, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. (After 20 years, we know what we're doing in bed!)

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

Double Set	\$20.50	Queen Set	\$23.50
Twin Set	19.98	King Set	27.50
Round 84" Set	43.50	Round 96" Set	49.95

3 letter monogram on 2 cases—\$2.00
For fitted bottom sheet, add \$2.00 to double or twin price; \$2.50 to queen; \$3.00 to king price. Round sets are fitted. Odd sizes on request. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA, INC. 4802 N. Broadway N-6
Chicago, Ill. 60640

Free 40-Page Color Catalog of our Satin Fashions With Every Order!

than a woman who has had several kids. But there are also some women who keep in terrific shape, and if you find one of them, you're in luck!

CHACUN À SON GOUT

My friends and I have been having arguments lately about whether most girls prefer oral sex or regular intercourse. We'd like to hear your opinion, and we'd also be interested to know which you prefer.—J.L.

I myself prefer oral sex above anything, especially as an appetizer. Vaginal intercourse, after an initial oral satisfaction, can be very nice and exciting, but the feeling of a warm, well-aimed tongue at the tip of my clitoris really does the work. After all, vaginal intercourse can only be successful if the man stimulates the clitoris of his woman, either by rubbing the base of his cock against her pubic area or by helping her manually or with the aid of a small vibrator. Some women masturbate while their men make love to them at the same time.

The trouble with some men performing oral sex is that they don't know what they are doing. If you are with a patient, understanding girl, let her tell you exactly what to do. Sometimes the touch of either tongue or finger right on top of the clitoris can be so sensitive that it is almost painful. In that case you ought to move your tongue or fingers around the knob itself with a quick or slow circling movement (depending on your partner's desires).

As far as intercourse is concerned, there are two things that definitely can turn a woman off right away: premature ejaculation (where the man barely puts his penis inside the vagina when he comes) and men who say: "Oh, honey, I can fuck you for hours and hours and never have to come." Somehow, psychologically, that is wrong. It's often exciting to try and hold back an orgasm for as long as possible, but it's not good to make a marathon, either. Very few women like to get fucked to pieces. So don't make your loving too short or too long, and consider oral sex as an appetizer.

TEACHER'S PET

I am a sixteen-year-old boy and as far back as I can remember I've been perverted. When I was eleven, I was seduced by my teacher. It happened after I'd written some four-letter words on the blackboard. After school she smiled and asked me whether I knew what the words meant; when I said I didn't, she took me by the hand, led me to her car and drove off into the country. After a while she stopped the car, smiled again, and began to undress me. Then she told me to undress her, and I did because I was terribly frightened. She took my hand and stuck it between her legs, telling me that the first word I had written was "cunt," and that's what I was holding. The other two words were "fuck" and "screw," so you can imagine what happened next. Afterwards my teacher said that I'd get into terrible trouble if I told anybody what had happened—you're the first person I've ever confessed to. The

experience still gives me nightmares, and I'm becoming slightly homosexual, because girls scare me. What should I do?—Troubled
To call yourself a pervert is pretty heavy, huh? Just because you have been seduced by your teacher once does not mean you are a pervert. Who told you that? You merely feel guilty about that one particular incident and so are scared to have sex with a girl your own age. Remember: the teacher had a lot more to lose if you ever talked than you did. If your parents had found out, she might very well have gotten fired from the job. So, I hope by now you understand that there is no need for your guilt feelings and that it is she who should feel guilty.

Now, to get back to reality, you are only sixteen years old and the world is at your feet. Most boys your age have had some kind of homosexual experience, but that does not necessarily mean that you are becoming homosexual. Just forget about that teacher and consider it a worthwhile experience. Remember the pleasant moments of the seduction and what she taught you during this private lesson. Then go and find a young girl and practice what your teacher has preached. There is absolutely no need to be frightened of girls or of what took place between you and the teacher in the car. Sex is beautiful, and you should find a girl who turns you on, so you can enjoy a worthwhile new experience. There are plenty of boys your age who have not had sex at all with girls, and depending on how prudish the girls you know are, there might well be a possibility that you won't have sex for another couple of years. You can always take your self at hand from time to time, but I would not suggest a homosexual relationship, though I am not especially against homosexuality.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

A recent conversation in our office centered around the relationship of a man's feet to his penis. Half of us feel that men with small feet have large cocks, but the other half believe just the opposite. We were hoping that with your extensive knowledge of men you'd be able to give an expert opinion of this topic.—M.C.

In most cases, men with large feet do indeed have larger penises than those with small feet. But it is quicker to check out a man's hands; in particular, the size of his fingers. If they are fat and fleshy you can be assured you have a fleshy but not so muscular cock in bed; if they are long and strong, your man's penis is most probably hard as a rock and fairly large. If they are skinny and long, his penis will be equally bony and skinny. Quite a few men whom I have known over the years, however, have large penises even though they themselves are short. I also have met some big, fat young men with the shortest, shriveled-up penises hidden under their layers of fat.

TURNED-OFF

I need help. When I first married my husband, my orgasms were overwhelming and fantastic, but now it's got to the stage that

even when I have an orgasm (which is rare) I feel very little. I go to bed with my husband as a duty and sex is beginning to disgust me. Please don't ask me to experiment with my husband, because I've tried this and I don't enjoy it at all. I can't go to my doctor either, because I'd be too embarrassed. I've even tried masturbation, but the result is the same. I've got to the stage where absolutely nothing turns me on. I'd like to want to go to bed with my husband—I love him and like to make him happy—but I want to be happy again too and experience unbelievable orgasms again. Is there something wrong with me, and can you give me any advice?—Not Turned On

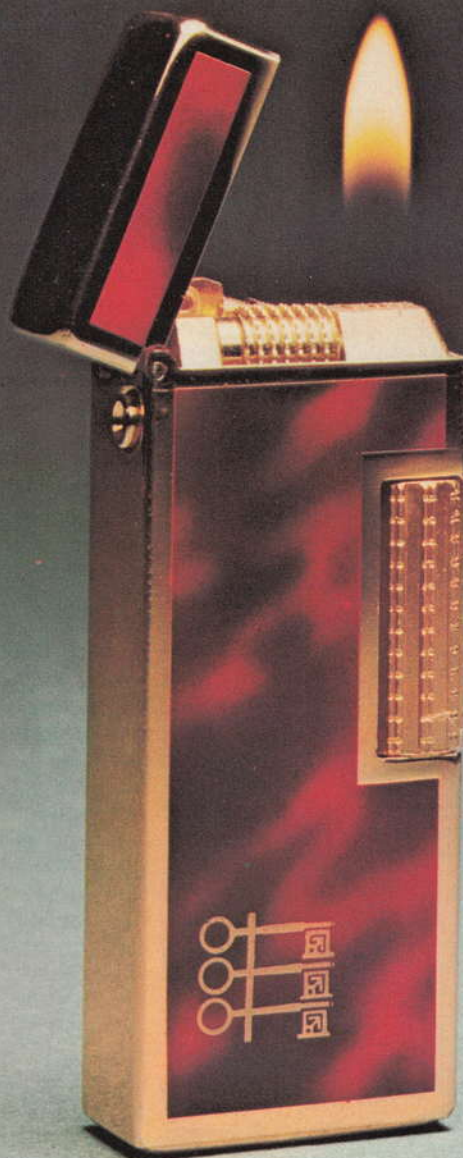
Your problem is obviously psychological. I have no idea how old you are, but you are certainly bored to death with sex and/or your husband, even though you say you love him. One can still be bored and yet love a person. In your case I would definitely recommend taking a vacation on your own sometime to get away from home and break the monotony. Or else take a vacation together but go somewhere completely different from your own environment. Boredom also enters into a relationship when one repeats the same act night after night without any variation. Variety, as they say, is the spice of life. Cook him something marvelous, get him in a superhorny mood, and let him seduce you in the kitchen, the livingroom, the garage, or out on the beach. Be young again, and not only at heart. Add some spice to your sex life, maybe read some exciting books, see a good porno movie, or for that matter, indulge in an orgy with another couple. Maybe he takes sex for granted and you could try and refuse him for a few days without arguing, so the anticipation of giving would be all the greater for both of you.

POINTS OF VIEW

I recently started dating a lovely young girl. She is twenty-four, and I am forty-two. She has everything going for her physically—she's 5'7" tall, with jet black hair, deep blue eyes and a 38-24-36 figure. However, she was inhibited in her lovemaking when we first started going to bed together. She readily performed fellatio on me, but when I attempted cunnilingus, she immediately withdrew her body. I was very gentle with her, and she finally consented to try it. At first she seemed to resist being turned on, so I suggested she sit on my chest and watch me going down on her. In this visual position she became alive with passion—she had six orgasms before she got tired. We always commence our lovemaking this way now. Are most women aroused much more if they can watch what their man is doing to them? Are you, for instance? I also thought you might be able to tell us about other good visual positions, not just for oral sex but for intercourse as well.—M.P.

There is a considerable age difference between the two of you, and maybe that was one of the reasons your girl friend was somewhat shy in the beginning. Most probably lovers from her own age group never

you're fired

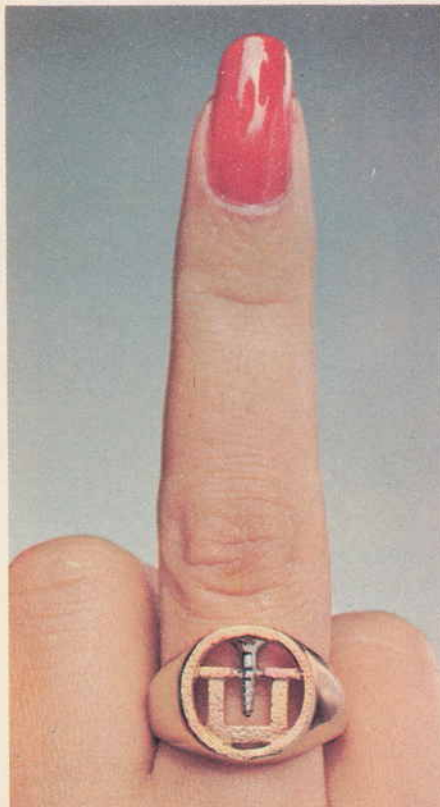


—fired with that special determination that marks you as a woman of decision and distinction. That means, when you choose your personal accessories, you choose something unique. Like this distinguished Penthouse lighter, milled in precision-finished gold, clad in deep, rich tortoiseshell.

Marked with the world-famous Penthouse key symbol.

TO PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED,
DEPT. DS, 909 THIRD AVE., NYC 10022
PLEASE SEND ME.....PENTHOUSE
LIGHTERS.
I ENCLOSE CHECK / MONEY ORDER FOR
\$..... 674J17
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....ZIP.....

Smooth flip-top action that characterizes the world's finest lighters. The Penthouse lighter costs \$15.00 plus \$1.00 postage and packaging.



Screw you. It's the thought that counts.

We say it in 14kt. gold and sterling silver. We also say "love" and a dirty word on the back, in one beautiful ring. For you and for her. She'll get the message.

Men's Screw You Ring ☐ 14kt. \$85.00 ☐ S/S 20.00	Ladies Screw You Ring ☐ 14kt. \$30.00 ☐ S/S 10.00
Screw You Unisex Pendant ☐ 14kt. \$45.00 ☐ S/S 15.00	Screw You Tie Tack ☐ 14kt. \$22.50 ☐ S/S 6.50
Screw You Cuff Links ☐ 14kt. \$110.00 ☐ S/S 30.00	Love/(Censored) Unisex Ring ☐ 14kt. \$65.00 ☐ S/S 15.00

Check off box

Send to
GUILD CREATIONS, INC.
 450 West 33rd St.
 New York, New York 10001

RING SIZE

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New York State residents add 7% tax.
 Postage and handling add \$1.50.
 Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

To measure size wrap this
 around finger; mark at proper
 number; fill in on coupon.

Ring size • Cut — along dotted line.

performed oral sex on her. Once you both got the hang of it, it seems obvious that her watching you give her head was twice as pleasurable for her. The position in which the girl sits on the man's chest is usually very exciting indeed, especially because the girl can control her movements and assumes a more active role than when she is on her back. At the same time she can pay attention to what you are doing, because she herself does not have to get involved in sucking or caressing you. The sight of your ecstasy and quick-moving tongue obviously gets her even more turned on.

I would also recommend mirrors for those lovers who enjoy watching what they are doing. I myself love a big, round mirror hanging from the ceiling. You can always add mirrors on the walls around you to make the effect more three-dimensional.

NIPPLE KNOWLEDGE

When I make love to my girl friend, how should I suck her breasts to give her the most pleasure? She hasn't really been turned on the way I've been doing it in the past.—E.S.

Every girl likes to be sucked differently. Some like their men to be hard and rough, others need the gentle touch and caressing. Most girls, I think, prefer gentle lovers. Take her breast and cup your hand around it. Then start kissing her face, nose, eyes, lips. Then turn towards her neck. Kiss her earlobe and blow soft kisses inside her ear. This most probably will make her nipples stand right up. You have done your preparatory work. From the ears, you should concentrate on her neck—kiss and touch her neck and upper back with hands and mouth, sometimes even biting (gently, mind you) little lovebites on her back. Then go back to her front and, if she is a hot-blooded lady, no doubt she will be already pretty excited and aroused. Return to her breasts, cupping your hands around them and pressing your mouth to them. Search for the nipple with your tongue and then move your tongue around in a flicking, circling movement. Something else that is quite exciting and both enjoyable, for the man as well as the woman, is rubbing the man's penis against the nipples or squeezing his cock between her breasts, pushed together. The touch of the penis against her very sensitive nipples will almost immediately send pulsing electric vibrations down to her groin and cause rapid lubrication.

AVOID LIVE WIRES

I'm a twenty-year-old male student, and my problem is that I have sweaty hands. This causes me to avoid shaking hands, and most importantly, touching women. I've recently started seeing this girl and I know she's waiting for me to act, but I'm positive that she'll be turned off by my problem. My hands aren't cold, they're just moist all of the time. I've heard theories that this condition is caused by masturbation or nervous stress, but neither of these could apply to me. Are women turned off by sweaty hands, and if so, how can I try to solve this problem?—V.O.

This is a pretty "touchy" problem indeed, and I have come across several men who suffered either from sweaty hands or, even worse, sweaty feet (the latter leave a horrible cheesy smell in the room the moment they expose their feet without their shoes or boots). Sweaty hands, in general, are odorless. Nervous stress seems to be the main reason for sweaty hands, and some men with constantly wet hands have told me that they are very high-strung. One man I knew kept his hands constantly tight together in a firm fist, for no reason whatsoever, and when he shook hands his hands were all wet and warm. You could use some kind of magnesium powder like some athletes do, but I think that you should see your doctor first. Are women turned off by this problem? In general, I would say yes, but then again, there are other parts of your body that you could work with. Try and avoid touching with your hands as much as possible. Just work with your tongue, your eyes, your words, and eventually, your cock.

BLUEPRINT FOR PLEASURE

I'm a third-year architecture major, and for this year's project I'm designing a brothel. I know you're not in the business any longer, but if you could give me a quick rundown on the vital facilities and design necessities I need to include I'd be very grateful. For instance, how many girls should I design for, and should they each have their own room? What's the best layout for such a building? This and any other information you can give me would be a great help, as I don't get to meet many ex-madams at college.—N.B.

I suggest you read my book *The Happy Hooker*, where I tell in detail how my brothel looked and about the girls, johns, payoffs, and booze situation.

A perfect brothel would be a magnificent old mansion converted to a house of pleasure. Be sure to have at least five bedrooms. The girls should be in for the entire day and night, until early morning hours. You can either have shifts working different hours, or have a few girls living in. Never keep any of them too long, because the johns might get bored seeing the same girls time after time. The decoration is also important. Make sure there is plenty of space in which to fool around, thick carpets, huge king-size beds, maybe even a round bed and a waterbed for those who love them. Furthermore, make sure there are enough mirrors, record players, speakers, and good records—classical for the oldies who have to take it easy and loud rock for the younger clients.

You could very well design a torture room. Have a special corner with ropes and hooks on the ceiling so you can hang the slaves, and a special area with enema bags, whips, leg irons, and handcuffs. In another room, design a special closet with garments, nightgowns, and sexy lingerie to dress up the transvestites and slaves. For the master or mistress, provide a whole set of sexy black garter belts, high spiked heels, fish-net stockings, and leather or rubber outfits. This room should be rather dimly lit and

have an especially gloomy atmosphere.

The other rooms should definitely be well furnished and have some tasteful artwork. Use either red or green light, candlelight, or in some cases, fluorescent paintings and black lights. The room with the loud music should have psychedelic flashing lights like a discotheque. A home-movie projector and screen to show porno films are essential in another room. The mirror room can be completely without music, but make sure there is enough light to watch the activities.

Then, of course, the living room and reception room should have a well-stocked bar at all times. A maid is a must to help the customers in and out of their coats and to change the sheets and towels as often as possible between acts. You might even want a special massage room, with a masseuse to rub down the customers before they leave.

A good selection of girls is ten on a night when you expect a big party. Usually seven girls will do. You should always have a couple of call girls on hand to come over immediately if you need help.

Discretion is needed most of all. Each bedroom should have its own bathroom. Avoid too much traffic and make sure there are two exits, so that customers can come and go through the back entrance and not be recognized. Avoid a duplex—too much running up and down the stairs. Keep it all on one floor. I would be curious to see your architectural masterwork. Good Luck.

SEXY AND SUPERSEXY

Are men with fetishes dangerous? My man and I are very open towards each other, and often walk around our apartment in the nude. In recent weeks he's started asking me to wear all sorts of weird clothing, like crotchless panties and cupless bras, when I'm lounging. Before I started doing this our sex life had begun to slacken off, but wearing the requested articles brought it to an all-time high. That's not bad, but I'm wondering if he's turned on by me or my duds, and whether he could get nasty if I ever refused to do something he asked me. —Willing But Wondering

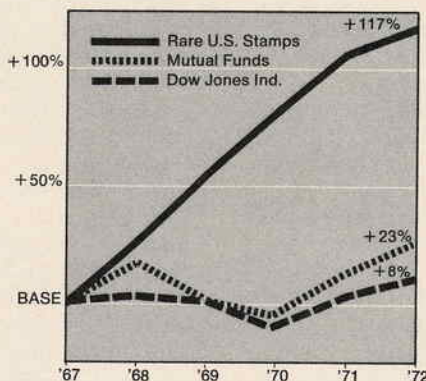
Fetishists like your man are generally harmless and if I were you I would just continue to play the game. Some day you might point out that it would be nice to be normal again for a change. Promise him that if all goes well you will buy some extra-attractive new things for the weekend, when you will treat him to an entirely new fashion show.

Meanwhile, don't go back to the plain white cotton pants and padded bras, but try to look sexy and yet comfortable. Keep the hot stuff for special occasions. It is probably not your clothes that turn him on as much as your changed image from the prim and proper housewife to a bit of a whore in bed and that, dear Willing But Wondering, is what a sensual woman should be all about. You have obviously succeeded in keeping your man interested. Now that you found the trick, keep on playing the happy hooker and you will have a happy life together. 

Off Wall Street

Rare U.S. stamp investments outrun inflation... thrive on recession.

Since the end of World War II, rare U.S. stamp values have been spiraling up at rates which may be unbelievable to conventional stock market investors. During the past five years alone, U.S. stamp values have achieved an average annual compounded growth rate of 16.9% — far outpacing the overall performance of mutual funds, the Dow Jones Industrial Average and the average annual increase in consumer prices.



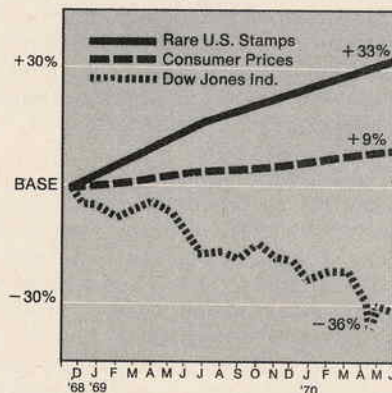
These impressive increases in value are the result of a rapidly increasing demand for the absolutely fixed supply of existing rare U.S. stamps. The supply of U.S. stamps produced in the 19th and early 20th centuries can never be increased. As today's 27 million stamp collectors become more affluent and as thousands of new collectors join their ranks each year, competition for the higher quality stamps of the past will only drive their prices even higher.

Rare U.S. stamp investments are liquid. The ever-increasing demand for investment quality rare U.S. stamps has created a seller's market. There are already many stamps which are very difficult to locate at any price and this situation is spreading to more and more stamps each year. In the future, the demand for these scarce items can only be met by those who have wisely invested in the existing supply.

Rare U.S. stamp investments are completely private. A large investment in rare stamps can be stored safely in a small space — like an album or safe deposit box. No one ever needs to know you are investing in stamps or how much your investment is worth.

Rare U.S. stamp values are not tied to the state of the economy. Based on past performance, rare U.S. stamp values seem to thrive on recession and easily outrun inflation. Remember the 1969-70 recession? In 18 months, the Dow Jones Industrials dropped 360 points, losing over 36% of their value. During the same 18-month

period, consumer prices increased 9%. The value of rare U.S. stamps generated an impressive 33% gain!



Our professional new service makes investing in rare U.S. stamps simple. For as little as \$25 per month, we will build a rare U.S. stamp investment portfolio for you — for your future. Until now, investing in rare stamps was usually a long, time-consuming and expensive process. It generally required many years of training, great skill, an intimate knowledge of the market and many long hours spent going from auction to auction and from dealer to dealer in an attempt to locate, examine and bargain for sound investment stamps.

Now, through First National Investors, all that effort on your part can be eliminated. For as little as \$25 per month — or as much as \$50, \$100 or even \$250 per month, depending on your investment objectives — FNI will build a rare stamp investment portfolio for you on a regular monthly basis. As a subscriber to FNI Rare U.S. Stamp Investments, you are provided the opportunity to capitalize on the experience and know-how of our stamp experts.

To learn more about this exciting new investment opportunity, mail this today.

1st National Investors
INCORPORATED

257 Riverside Ave., Westport, Conn. 06880

Please send complete information on Rare U.S. Stamp Investments plan.

P-1

Name

Street

City

State Zip

Limited to residents of the U.S. and Possessions

Carnalade of Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

A blast of sunlight flashed against Jenny's eyelids as she dangled from the ropes, glued to Pastel's mouth. Drifting on a current of ecstasy, she gently opened her eyes and gazed into the brilliance, which momentarily blinded her. Ralph Goliones trained his high-powered flashlight on the passionate couple for several moments before realizing he had found Art Pastel. Then, without a word, the stage manager grabbed the emcee by the back of the collar, tore him away from the half-naked girl, and propelled the delirious man toward the stage.

"Artie?" whispered the bewildered girl, seeing only a blotch of colored light wherever she looked. "Where are you, deva-doll?"

The emcee checked his forward momentum and did an instantaneous about-face, loping back toward Jenny, grunting with passion. The stage manager intercepted him, grabbed his lapels and shook him frantically. "Jesus goddamn Christ, you're three minutes late for your cue!" Pastel stared at him dumbly for a moment, then spun about and sprinted for the stage, straightening his clothing. Ralph clicked on his headset and rasped, "Got him, Rolly—he's heading for the stage now."

"Nice," said Monteczuma.

The stage manager directed his flashlight beam toward the dazzled girl dangling from the ropes, her youthful breasts hard and red from being sucked. "Jee-zuss!" he whispered.

The girl gazed blindly at the bright light, eased her grip on the ropes and slipped to the floor. "Artie?" The light clicked off, but its afterimage hovered in the dark before her eyes as she groped about. "Artie, don't crash me, deva-doll. Where are you?"

"Here I am," whispered a masculine voice, as hands ran over her naked flesh and a hungry mouth closed over her right nipple.

11:59:13

Art Pastel emerged from the wings, adjusting his French cuffs and smoothing back his hair with trembling hands.

Warden Keyster, stationed at the switch, continued his running commentary to the cameras, noting the star's entrance with inner annoyance. *Here comes fag-face.* "Now, some of you might think this here switch is just a dummy. Well, you're dead-clam wrong. When I pull this handle—"

"That's right, Warden!" broke in Art Pastel, suddenly aware that just thirty seconds remained until midnight. "You mind the switch, while we all say good-bye to our Guest of Honor!" He danced to the grotto and lifted the edge of the Condemned Man's hood, revealing a chalk-white face and bewildered eyes. "How 'bout it, bubbie, any last words?"

Warden Keyster sighed and shook his head. "We been through all that leech-dung, Pastel. Now, get your nates away from the chair, unless you wanna go with him." The warden raised his hand and clasped the large black handle, watching Pastel drop the Condemned Man's hood and stumble backward from the electric chair, grinning in terror. *He's really shook,* thought Keyster with satisfaction. *Playpen Palsy.*

Recovering once again, Pastel turned to the audience and proclaimed, "Well, then—I guess we're ready to ring out the old and ring in the new! How 'bout it, folks?"

The audience emitted a stifled roar. Everyone sat on the edge of his seat, eyes bulging, breath held with anticipation. The atmosphere was electric.

From the bandstand a drum roll began.

In the control trailer, Monteczuma was speaking into his headset. "Ralph?" Ralph Goliones was impervious to the sound of the director's voice calling to him through his earphone. He was trying desperately to push down Jenny Keyster's pantyhose, while she was opening his belt and zipper, whispering, "Oh, Artie—hurry, Artie!"

On stage, the chronometer flashed 11:59:45, 11:59:46, and Art Pastel shouted, "C'mon, everybody—let's all join in and give it a countdown!" As the timepiece flashed 11:59:50, the emcee yelled, "TEN!"

"NINE!" The entire audience joined in. The tumult penetrated the darkness in the wings, and Ralph Goliones suddenly tore his mouth from Jenny's hot nipple and jerked his head toward the stage. "Jesus Christ, I gotta go!"

"EIGHT!"

"No, Artie—please don't go away!" pleaded the young girl, clinging to him.

The stage manager tried to peel the tenacious arms from around his neck. "Leggo!" He started to run toward the stage, but his trousers fell down and he stumbled to the floor, with Jenny landing on his back.

"SEVEN!" Viewers at home joined in the count, their eyes glued to their screens.

"SIX!"

"Goddamnit—shag off!" hissed the stage manager, trying to buck Jenny from his back as he crawled from behind the lighting board on his hands and knees.

"FIVE!"

Ralph lunged to his feet and wrenched free of the girl, hiking up his pants as he jogged toward the stage.

"Artie!" called the bewildered girl.

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

Jenny climbed unsteadily to her feet, groping blindly in the direction of her lover's departure. Her disheveled blonde tresses covered her face, her head seethed with frustrated passion, and with each step she felt the squishiness between her legs. "Artie?" was her plaintive call.

Breathing heavily and licking their lips, the stagehands nearby ogled the half-naked girl as she moved, unsure, unseeing, toward the stage.

"TWO!" Now the whole world shouted.

"ONE!"

Jenny Keyster paused at the very brink of the stage, astounded by the Playpen din, her hair still covering her eyes, her breasts still naked and red from being sucked.

"ZERO!" proclaimed the universe. Throughout the entire world, no one drew a breath. But Tully Keyster did not pull the switch.

"PULL THE GODDAMNED SWITCH!" roared Roland Monteczuma, springing to his feet in the control trailer. "PULL THE SWITCH!"

Warden Keyster's hand was frozen on the handle. His gaze was frozen on a half-naked woman standing in the wings across the stage. His first thought was a simple one: *Son of Smut—look at that set of dugs.* Then he noticed the violet gown. The woman's hand went up and parted the hair that covered her face. Tully Keyster's heart stopped beating. *Why . . . that's Jen. That's my little girl!* Time stood still.

The Playpen guests were in suspended animation, half-risen out of their seats and ready to explode. They did not understand the cause of this delay, since Jenny Keyster stood just out of their line of sight.

Art Pastel was paralyzed as well, gazing at the off-stage apparition with a mixture of desire and terror.

In the control trailer, Monteczuma was shouting, "Ralph, goddamn you, if you don't get on that stage and throw that switch, I'll beat your fucking ass up around your eyebrows!"

Ralph Goliones was trying to find a way to get on stage without having to go past Jenny Keyster.

The chronometer read 12:00:10 before Jenny became fully aware of her plight. She gazed miserably at the mortified Art Pastel, then softly in the silence uttered, "Oh-h, Artie . . ." and turned and fled into the backstage darkness.

Artie? Warden Keyster snapped his gaze toward Art Pastel. *Oh, Artie?* Tully's eyes filled to overflowing with sudden, hideous wrath. His immediate impulse was to murder Art Pastel, but this compulsion was quickly overridden by a higher value in the Keyster ethic: Tully was executioner first and father second, so he could not vacate the switch until his duty was complete—and thus the warden's wrath became displaced. Peering at Pastel with terrible eyes, bulging and mad, Keyster bellowed from the very bowels of his soul: "DIE!" His gaze riveted on the master of ceremonies, the

warden slammed down the switch with all his considerable might.

An awesome sizzling sound erupted from the golden chair.

Lewd Noogie's body lurched upward against its restraining straps.

The audience exploded with a tumultuous roar of release.

On stage, Tully Keyster held the switch down so hard his knuckles were white. "DIE, MAGGOT!" the warden boomed.

Lewd Noogie's brain began to boil.

"Keyster's gone berserk!" shouted Montezuma. "Cut his mike and keep all cameras off him! Take Camera Two!" The switcher punched up a shot of the electric chair, the Condemned Man's body writhing and jerking against the straps, with Art Pastel standing nearby and grinning stupidly.

"DIE, FAGGOT! DIE, ROACHI!"

The Playpen revelers were beginning to loosen up again—dancing in the aisles, kissing one another, sounding noisemakers, swilling champagne.

The Condemned Man shit in his pants.

Warden Keyster was completely in the hands of instinct. His thoughts were not in words—his seething mind filled instead with colored flashes, mostly red and black. His psyche teetered between executioner and father. The demands of the executioner weighed heavier at first, so he remained at the switch, crushing down the handle that sent lethal current throbbing into the Condemned Man. To the warden, however, the act was more of an evil curse directed at Art Pastel, and he held the handle down a full minute before deciding that this was a poor substitute for the usual brand of Keyster vengeance. The balance tipped from executioner to father, and at that instant Keyster abandoned the switch and leaped toward the petrified emcee, bent on annihilation.

Unfortunately for the warden, the circuit breaker was equipped with a spring-action handle. As soon as he released it, it sprang open, cutting off the electrical current to the chair. The Condemned Man's body quit flopping; the chair stopped sizzling. At once, the warden's psychic balance swung the other way again, for his burn was not complete. With a strangled roar, he pirouetted in mid-

charge and lunged back toward the switch, smashing it closed again with all the strength in both his arms.

The current ripped anew into the Condemned Man's body, which resumed its writhing and jerking against the straps. Desperately, Keyster tried to fix the handle in the ON position. Holding it down tightly for several seconds, he then released his hold and watched it spring right open again. The power in the chair went off. Tully smashed the handle down again and the current surged back into the Condemned Man's body. The enraged warden slowly eased up on the handle, and the handle eased upward just as slowly. The current snapped off once again.

"AAR-R-A-A-G-G-H-H!" Keyster pumped the handle up and down with all his might, bashing it closed again and again, trying to make it break in the closed position. The Condemned Man's body bounced up and down with each jolt that shot through it.

Warden Keyster had by now torn off his bow tie and was wrapping it around the circuit-breaker handle, trying desperately to tie it securely in a closed position.

The Condemned Man's exposed flesh—his hands and right leg—was beet-red.

Warden Keyster finally managed to tie the circuit breaker in the closed position. He bounded from his platform toward Art Pastel, who backed away several steps before taking full flight around the back of the grotto.

"Holy Christ!" Montezuma shouted. "That goofball's loose on stage!"

In the audience, tuxedoed gentlemen were pouring champagne over one another's heads. Throughout the hall, scattered fistfights had broken out and were rapidly becoming drunken brawls. Men and women roamed the hall in carnal abandon, passionately embracing at random, harpooning each other with lustful tongues, clutching at jerking buttocks. The men violently kneaded buxom breasts, stuffing hammy hands into the soiled bodices of costly gowns; the women hotly chafed anonymous crotches with their hands, their groins, hips, buttocks, thighs—anything they could throw at their objectives.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

Alive and well in California!

For years, stereo shops swore we didn't exist. They didn't want to admit that the Warehouse Sound Co. offers stereo components and music systems at such remarkable savings. Some stores consider our discounting downright shameful. Write or call and find out what you've been missing...

The Warehouse Sound Co. mail-order catalog: 64 pages of the best music systems, single components and righteous prices on all major brands. Much useful information and deals on receivers, speakers, changers, tape decks, and more.

The Music Machine Almanac, 1974: 160-page full-color book listing audio manufacturers; complete specifications, pictures and prices of over forty different companies. An institutional guide for comparison of today's stereo and quad components.

The Warehouse Sound Co. Professional Products catalog: 60 pages of professional sound equipment for musicians. All major brands of guitar amps, sound reinforcement equipment, mikes, mixing boards, synthesizers and more. Heavy discounts and fast service.

NOTE: These publications are free, but please enclose \$1 for return postage for your choice of any two—mailed via first class the day we receive your letter.

WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

Railroad Square, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406. Phone (805) 543-2330.

WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

P6'74

WAREHOUSE SOUND COMPANY
Railroad Square, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406—(805) 543-2330

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Please enclose \$1 for your choice of any two: Hi-Fi Catalog [], Professional Products Catalog [], Music Machine Almanac [].

SONY

PIONEER SX-626

OH, WICKED WANDA!

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS. EAGER PUSS FORCE COMMANDOS DISPLAY THEIR PROWESS BEFORE THE CRITICAL EYE OF THEIR BELOVED LEADER

OH MY GAWD!

PREPARE YOURSELF — MAN FINK!

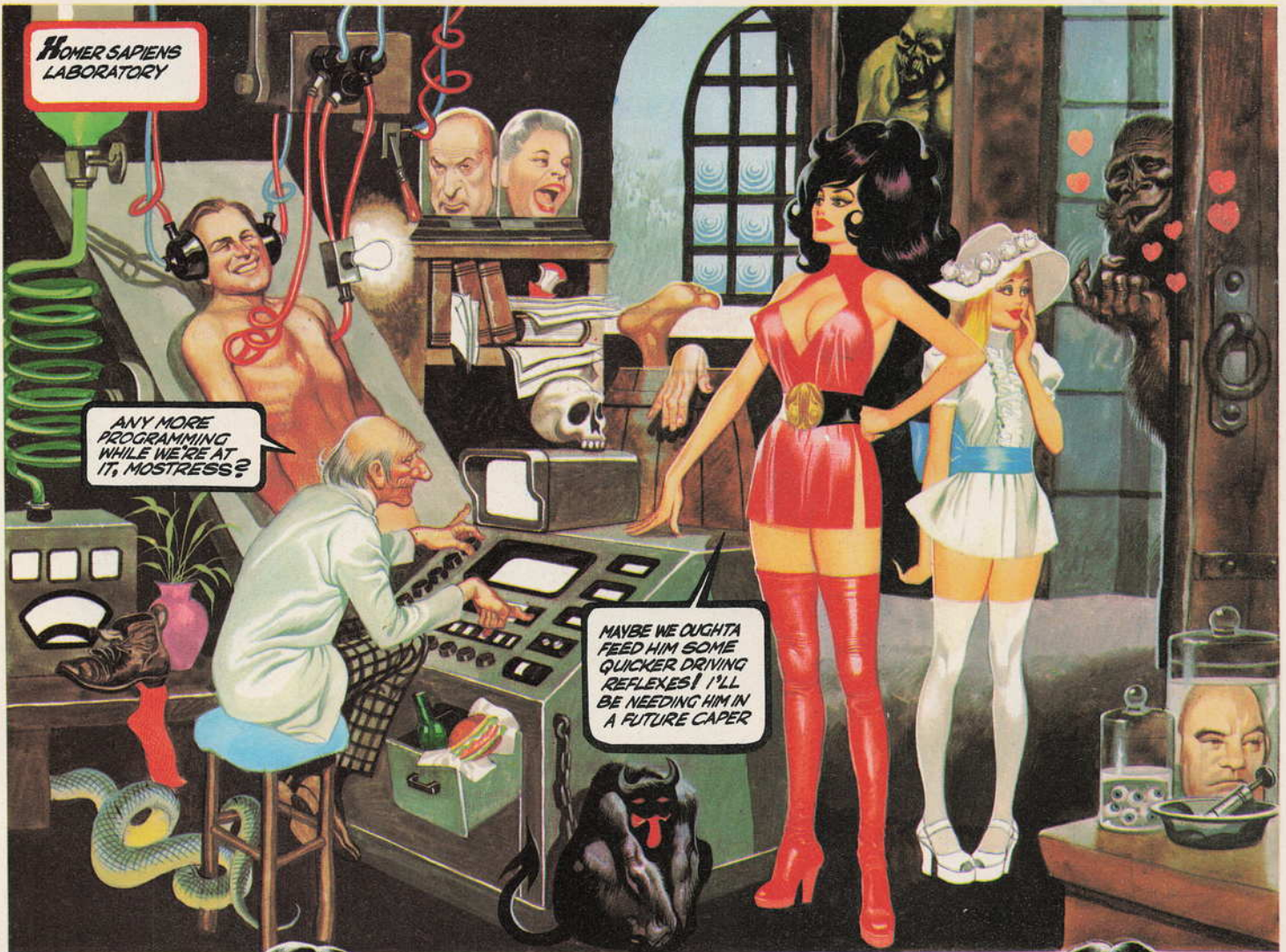
I'VE JUST BEEN DOING MY SUMS, PUSSCAKE. SIXTEEN INDIVIDUAL SPECIES IN OUR MUSEUM — ONE FOR EVERY TENDER YEAR OF YOUR LIFE. SHALL WE CALL IT A DAY?

YOU'RE THE BOSS, WANDA DARLINK! YOU GONNA WASTE 'EM?

NEGATIVE! WE'RE STAGING A GREAT AWAKENING FOR THE PUBLIC! GET ME HOMER SAPIENS

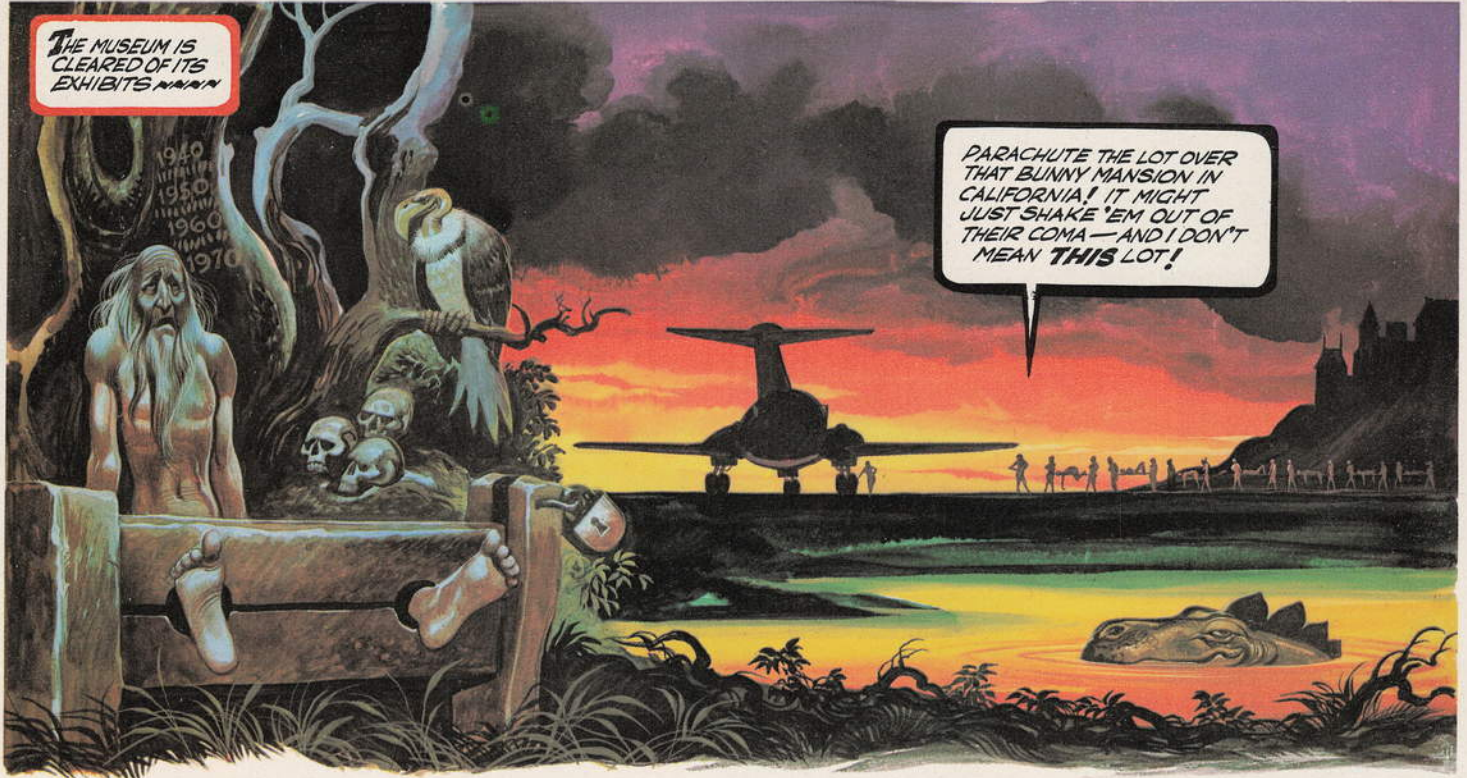






THE MUSEUM IS
CLEARED OF ITS
EXHIBITS *WAAAA*

PARACHUTE THE LOT OVER
THAT BUNNY MANSION IN
CALIFORNIA! IT MIGHT
JUST SHAKE 'EM OUT OF
THEIR COMA — AND I DON'T
MEAN **THIS** LOT!



I ENJOYED THAT CAPER,
BOO'FUL ~ BUT WHAT
ARE WE GOING TO GET
UP TO NOW?

HAVE I GOT SOMETHING IN
STORE FOR YOU! BUT
RIGHT NOW ~ A LITTLE MORE
SPICE WITH THE BUTTER!





ACTION REPLAY

Penthouse for you and Viva for her.

Reflecting ideas and happenings.

Anticipating and advocating changes.

Subscribe and receive either or both magazines

again, and again, and again, and again,

and again, and again, and again, and

again, and again, and again, and again,

and again.



A CAR FOR ALL DRIVERS

They've put the fun back into driving and it's called the Fiat X 1/9. As soon as you climb in, this sleek two-seater feels as comfortable as a pair of well-faded jeans. With the vinyl-covered seat pushed all the way back, even six-foot-two drivers will find ample legroom and can still reach all the controls.

The X 1/9's hull, designed by Bertone, adds a new dimension to current body-styling. In profile, the body is an aerodynamic wedge similar to the latest crop of competition cars. The whole car is little more than knee-high except for the windshield and roll bar, which are spanned by a fiberglass roof that snaps off in seconds.

No evaluation of the X 1/9 would be complete without mentioning the transversely mounted, four-cylinder, 1,290 cc (79 cubic inch), single-overhead cam engine tucked away between the seats and rear wheels. Cranking out 75 hp at 6,000 rpm, the engine's torque remains practically constant from 2,220 up to 5,800 rpm.



Photograph by Klaus Lucka

At first you'll tend to overcontrol the X 1/9, but after a brief stint behind the wheel you learn to assume the straight-arm, laid-back position of the Formula 1 driver. With hands locked on the wheel, turns and lane changes are made effortlessly by leaning from the shoulders. Once you master this technique, the car flows through curves in a single sweeping motion.

The tendency to get a little too enthusiastic is inevitable, but when the limits of adhesion are reached the car's near-perfect balance pays off again. Instead of skidding, the car drifts sideways while maintaining a smooth line through the corner. To tighten up the turn, you simply back off the accelerator.

Fiat plans to ship only 1,000 of these cars to the U.S. every month and dealers are snapping up as many as they can. Where else can you get a sports car that tops 105 mph, gets over 25 miles to the gallon, handles like a Formula 1 machine, has full weather protection and traffic-stopping styling, and drives away for a shade under \$4,000? 

The body sweeps up in a continuous line from the pop-up headlights to the chopped-off tail. At high speeds, air pressure on the wedge shape produces a downward push on the driving wheels while a spoiler in front counteracts any tendency of the nose to lift.



Carnalade of Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

Quite naturally, the more attractive individuals became the preferred targets for this tremendous outpouring of raw genital energy. Four men surrounded a Broadway sexpot enthroned upon an audience chair. One stood behind her with her head tilted back, his mouth glued to hers; two others had worked her well-known knockers out of her gown and were sucking them voraciously; and a fourth man knelt between the lady's legs, the top portion of his body hidden beneath the full-flowing skirt of her gossamer gown. Her arms hung limply at her sides in the time-honored attitude of a goddess permitting her worshipers to adore her.

Many men, however, were still more interested in making war than love, and the bloodshed continued to spread, creating a drain on the masculine population of the hall and leaving a large number of wanton women wanting. Of these frustrated females, some simply ganged up on the most virile specimens available, but the majority were left to seek consolation in each other's arms, deep-kissing and massaging crotches and breasts. The floor was strewn with fallen bodies—passed-out drunk, beaten unconscious, or just trying to get into one another's pants.

The stage was filling up with white smoke—the electric chair had now been sizzling nearly twice as long as had been scheduled, and acrid billows were pouring from behind the circuit breaker, the golden chair, and from Lewd Noogie's body itself. Adjacent to the huge hall, in the tiny generator room, the tandem units began to shudder and smoke as well, but the attendant electricians were too drunk to notice or care.

A spinner flew off the governor which kept the two roaring units in sync, and they began to whine crazily, turning faster and faster. Remote-control electronic equipment throughout the Playpen began to tremble and smoke, and the technical director, not quite

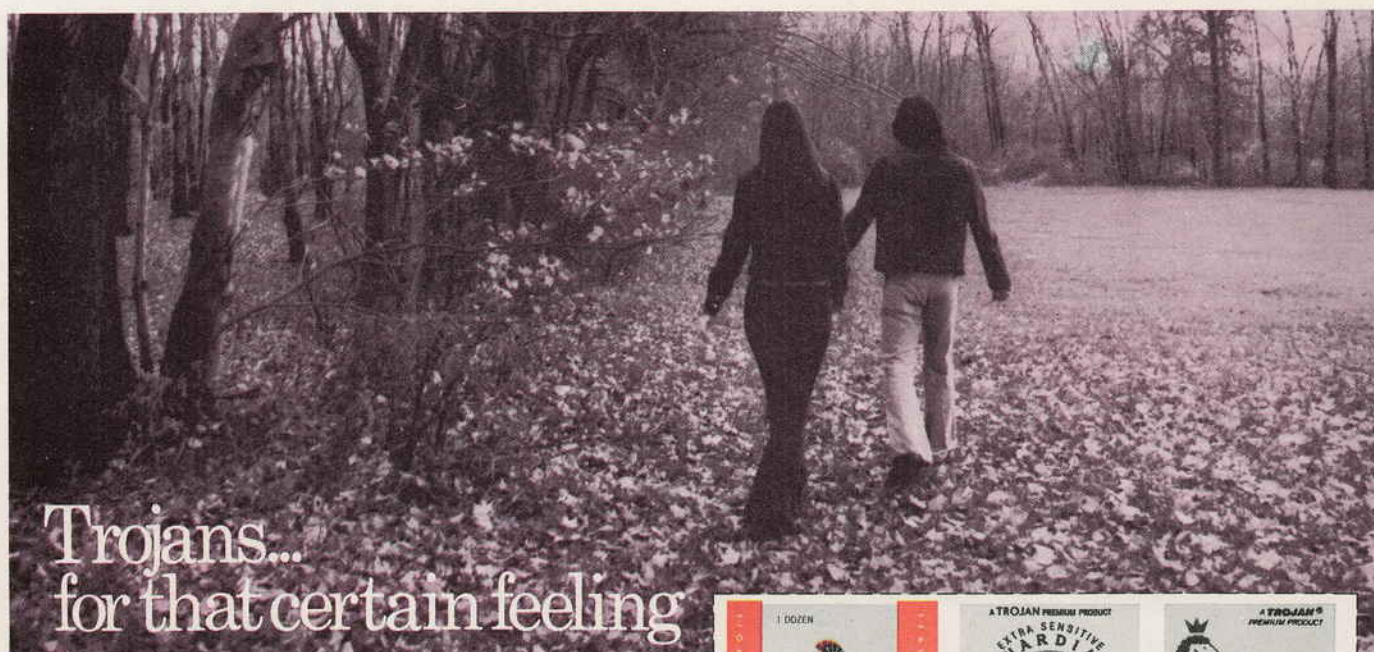
grasping the situation, began to fear a power failure.

Offstage in the wings, a group of drunken stagehands had Jenny Keyster pinned face-down over a humming electrical console, her legs dangling down one side. An apelike stagehand was planted between her slender legs, his soiled hands squeezing her firm, white buttocks, his greasy thumbs digging into the tops of her supple thighs, spreading apart the soft, damp, honey-tufted labia, his dungarees unzipped, his thick, swollen penis buried wetly in her to the hairy tilt. The rest of the men encircled the moaning girl, holding her down and feeling her up, watching their comrade pump his silver syrup deep inside her. As the first stagehand withdrew his soggy saber and staggered backward, wheezing dreamily, another man shuffled into position for sloppy seconds. The second stagehand waited while his buddies pinned the shuddering girl firmly against the hot surface of the smoking electrical console, then aimed his throbbing turgid torpedo at the helpless, foundering vessel and yelled, "Fire One!"—driving his massive missile clear up to the young girl's cervix with a single thrust.

The console exploded.

One thousand lights throughout the hall exploded. The light board exploded. The pipe organ shrieked its highest note and exploded. The sound consoles, speakers, microphones, and headsets exploded. The cameras exploded. The flashing chronometer, which read 12:03:53, and all the other electrical signs exploded. As if disintegrated by a nuclear bomb, the BBS Control Trailer exploded. The electric chair exploded, the circuit breaker exploded, and then the two screaming generators, pregnant with power too great to contain, exploded.

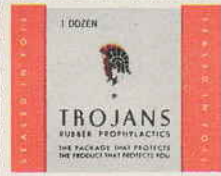
With a blinding flash, the entire hall was gorged with white-hot primal energy. The concrete walls burst outward as if punched with omnipotent fists, and the massive iron ceiling came bashing down. In a matter of seconds, the electrical cataclysm was complete; then the more mundane, internal blaze began the leisurely task of cleaning up, consuming debris with a patient holocaust of yellow flame and purple smoke. There were no survivors. 



Trojans... for that certain feeling

You don't have to sacrifice sensitivity and feeling to be certain. Ultra-thin, ultra-sensitive Trojans* brand prophylactics let you be safe without "feeling safe." They protect you and your loved ones from the fear of unwanted conception and they aid in the prevention of V.D. Be certain, send for a Special Trojans Product Sampler including 3 TROJANS, 3 GUARDIAN, 3 NATURALAMB. Send in coupon with a \$3.00 check or money order to Youngs Drug Products Corp. Then buy your future needs from your pharmacist.

*Number One Brand Sold in Drugstores According to National Survey Organization (includes Trojan-Enz Lubricated, Guardian and Naturalamb brands)

 TROJANS RUBBER PROPHYLACTICS THE PACKAGE THAT PROTECTS THE PRODUCT THAT PROTECTS YOU	 A TROJAN PREMIUM PRODUCT GUARDIAN LUBRICATED THREE LATEX PROPHYLACTICS	 A TROJAN PREMIUM PRODUCT Naturalamb ROLLED LUBRICATED SKINS THREE PROPHYLACTICS SEALED IN FOIL
Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____		
Youngs Drug Products Corp.  P.O. Box 5, Dept. PEF, Piscataway, New Jersey 08854		

Songs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

Everybody gets all fucked up. The band sounds like the New York Philharmonic doing warmups before a concert. I go insane and start laughing hysterically. Vic looks like he's ready to strangle the entire string section and run amok through the woodwinds. The Japanese musicians are terrified. The whole thing has gone beyond their understanding. It all grinds to a slow, tortuous finish. There's absolute silence in the room. Somehow or other we manage to pick it all up and go on with the show.

We're back for the second show. The stage is deserted. The Japanese musicians are insulted, they've lost face. They won't play. "It's a strike, Vic," I tell him. "What are we going to do?" Vic doesn't know what to do either.

The place is filled with people. The musicians' agent corners me. "We no play, we no play." At least the agent speaks some English.

"Oh, come on, fellows, it was all a big misunderstanding," I say rather unconvincingly.

The agent is not satisfied. "We expert musics. We not rike barred out in front of crowd."

"Yes, yes, I understand. Me expert music too. Me not rike barred out in front of crowd either."

The agent smiles. I'm getting somewhere. I smile back at him. He continues. "We not wrong. Mr. Fishah wrong."

It comes to me in a flash. He wants an apology. I bow to the waist, press my palms together in humility and say, "You not wrong, Mr. Fishah wrong." The agent smiles, the musicians take their horns out, and the show goes on.

Accompanists not only have to play the piano, they have to be diplomats as well. They even have to be comedians. Eddie and me are doing the Joey Bishop Show. We're driving through L.A. well over an hour and a half late for the taping. Everybody's going to hate our guts at ABC. Eddie doesn't know what he's going to say. I say, "Look, Eddie, you can always tell a joke." He wants a joke to tell. I tell him, "Why did the chicken cross the road?" Eddie asks why. "To get away from Colonel Sanders!" Eddie likes it.

We're on the taping at the Joey Bishop Show. As I feared, everybody hates our guts. Joey Bishop and Milton Berle have Eddie pinned down. Berle is ripping poor Eddie apart on camera. He's insulting Eddie left and right. Eddie doesn't know what to say. He can't come up with anything. Berle says, "Eddie, I'll bet you can't say anything funny—I'll bet you can't make me laugh. Go ahead. Try. Let's see you make me laugh." Eddie is suddenly all confidence. He picks up Berle's challenge. "Okay," he says. "Why did the chicken cross the road?" Berle is piqued. Not that old saw again. He goes along with it. "Why?" Eddie says, "To get away from Colonel Sanders." He breaks Berle up. He actually does. Despite himself, Berle lets out an authentic chortle.

But Eddie's triumphs are short-lived. On the Steve Allen Show, he goes through an incredible number about how songwriters are the backbone of the business, how they are the guys who really deserve the credit, how impossible it would be for singers to go on without them, they're the salt of

FREE 24 Page BOOKLET!

How to build a powerful body!



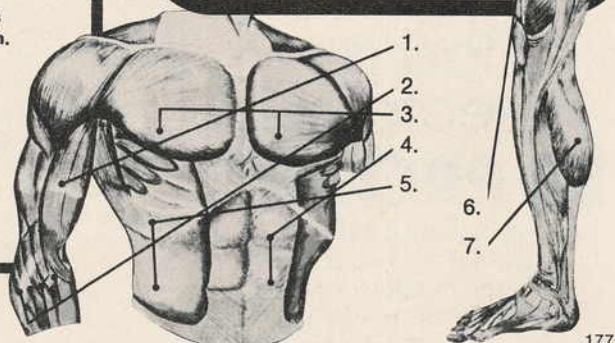
FREE! The booklet that shows you how to get a body just as powerful, just as healthy, just as manly as the thousands of men around the world who have discovered Bullworker. It doesn't matter if you are 16 or 60, underweight or overweight, fighting fit or out of condition, Bullworker can get you back in shape. See and measure your strength increase from the very first day. All it takes is 5 minutes a day—in the privacy of your own home. Read the full fascinating story and scientific proof of Bullworker's effectiveness in your free booklet, and details of Bullworker's 14-day Free home trial. Just mail the coupon today—no cost, no obligation.

Booklet shows how Bullworker can help

- Forge excess stomach fat into solid muscle.
- Transform weak arms into pillars of strength.
- Lift and broaden sagging shoulders.
- Develop a chest that breathes power.
- Strengthen your back, forearms, wrists, thighs and calves.

Just 7 of the 18 muscle groups improved by Bullworker.

1. Front upper arm (Biceps) - ensures an athletic upper arm.
2. Forearms (Flexors and Extensors) - forms a sinewy forearm.
3. Chest (Pectorals) - ensures a wonderfully arched chest and deeper breathing.
4. Front stomach (Abdominals) - prevents fat accumulation on the stomach following exercising.
5. Side stomach (External Obliques) - forms a narrow waist by being exercised.
6. Front thigh (Quadriceps) - forms athletic well-shaped thighs.
7. Calf (Gastrocnemius) - normalises the shape of the calf.



© BULLWORKER SERVICE
201 Lincoln Blvd.
Middlesex, N.J. 08846

FREE BOOKLET



BULLWORKER SERVICE • Dept. BW-1298
201 Lincoln Blvd., Middlesex, N.J. 08846

Please send me my FREE full color brochure about BULLWORKER 2 without obligation. No salesman will call.

Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Canada: Home delivery duty paid. Ask for FREE booklet.

EXCITING SATIN SHEETS



OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE NOW 12 LUSCIOUS COLORS YES, THE SAME 225 THREAD COUNT

The choice is yours in the following colors: Midnight Black, Scarlet Red, Honey Gold, Royal Blue, Emerald Green, Silvertone White, Lavender Florida Orange, Deep Purple, Pedal Pink, Powder Blue & Canary Yellow. Each Entire Set includes:

- 1 straight top sheet
- 1 fitted bottom sheet
- 2 matching pillow cases
- or
- 2 straight top sheets
- 2 matching pillow cases

Twin sets \$18.00 Queen sets \$24.00
Double sets \$20.00 King sets \$27.00
(For Full Size Beds)

Round 84" sets, fitted, \$40.00

Round 96" sets, fitted, \$45.00

No Charge For Postage
Send check or money order
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

REGAL SATINS, INC.

46 Broadway Dept. PH
Long Branch, N.J. 07740



Had a vasectomy? BE PROUD!

Join the National Vasectomy Club and let the world know you feel great about yourself. One dollar entitles you to membership and a bumper sticker. Another \$5.95, and you get a fun conversation piece . . . NVC's emblem in silver to wear as tie tac or lapel pin. Mail check or money order to:

Vassociates, Inc.
P. O. Box 2031,
Kettering Branch
Dayton, Ohio 45429.

the earth, and so on and so forth, all of this by way of introduction to his singing a song he's just recorded. So Steve Allen asks him who wrote the song he's about to do. Eddie can't remember the writer's name.

I write Eddie a song that's perfect for him. Eddie doesn't like it. He tells me that he's through with weeping and wailing. He wants an acid-rock song that will put him back on the charts. I write him a dooper's special called "All My Lights Are On, But No One's Home." He likes it. Far out! I mean, I'm getting far out. I actually begin to believe that I'm going to put Eddie Fisher back on the charts with an acid-rock song. Far out!

But that's how musicians are. Our thinking can get pretty strange and most of the time we don't even recognize it. I'm embarrassed when I think of the things I've done, the spaces I've let my mind get into.

I'm sitting in a bar just off the University of California campus rapping with Birdie, a junior in psychology. She's trying to impress me with everything she thinks she knows about music. "The Stones are really cool, Jethro Tull is something else, Billy Preston is a gas," and so forth. I'm getting bored. "Listen, Birdie, you don't know anything about rock—you don't even know where acid rock got its beginnings." Being basically ahistorical, Birdie is at a loss to pick up my challenge. "Well I'll tell you," I continue. "Acid rock is directly traceable to Benny Goodman."

"Far out!" Birdie says. "None of the dudes I run around with know that."

"Precisely. That's because nobody takes the trouble to find out the roots of anything in this society anymore. We are people cut off from our heritage."

Birdie is terribly impressed with me. I continue. "Listen to some old Benny Goodman 78's and then listen to the Dead's early albums. You'll see exactly what I mean. The Dead really knew their Goodman. They stole every one of his hottest licks." Birdie is considering me with great respect. Nobody's ever laid anything like this on her before. She's getting the inside stuff and she knows it. My mind trips. I study her slyly. "Actually, Birdie, acid rock isn't directly traceable to Benny Goodman. It's directly traceable to Steve Allen playing Benny Goodman in the movie, *The Benny Goodman Story*."

Birdie's eyes are beautiful pools of light. She says it softly with great admiration. "Gee, John, you really know a lot." I hate myself.

But musicians will do things like that. They love to run trips on your head just to see what will happen, just to liven things up. Mike and Joe team up to do it. Mike is a drummer. Joe plays guitar. They're working a gig in some bar in L.A. A chick comes in and starts giving Mike the eye. Mike takes her home at the end of the gig. They're in her bedroom balling when they hear somebody moving around in the kitchen.

"Mike, there's somebody out there."

"I don't hear anything. C'mon baby, relax."

"Mike, there really is somebody out there!"

"Oh, don't worry about it, it's probably Joe."

"Joe! You mean that weird guitar player? What's he doing in my kitchen?"

"He's probably hungry. We always go get something to eat after the gig. He just followed us here."

"But what's he doing in my kitchen?"

Contraceptives BY MAIL

21 of them
Seven different
kinds for just **\$5.50**

There are differences between some brands of condoms.

A busy drug store with self-service or women clerks is hardly a comfortable place to compare contraceptive brands. That's why thousands of people order by mail from us.

Try some of the new contours in condoms, the new superthin latexes, the exotic new colors, and sensitive new lubricants. You'll be happier because of it.

Your order shipped within 36 hours, plain packaged for privacy. Money fully refunded for any unused portion if you aren't absolutely satisfied.

Sensitive Products Corp.
P.O. Box 562, Hopkins, Minn. 55343

- ☐ Enclosed — \$5.50 for '21' Sampler-Pak plus catalog.
- ☐ Enclosed — \$3.50 for '12' Sampler-Pak plus catalog.
- ☐ Enclosed — 25¢ for illustrated catalog only.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PHA-2

COUNTERFEIT GUNS OF ORIGINAL COLLECTOR CLASSICS

**AUTHENTIC! FULL SIZE MACHINED METAL MODELS
DISASSEMBLE LIKE ORIGINALS—OVER 30 PARTS**
Museum quality precision machined metal classics look, feel, weigh like real guns. Will fool experts. Perfectly legal—CANNOT BE FIRED. Blued and disassembles like originals. Decorate your den, office, rec-room. Send for FREE 24 page color catalog of 50 famous historical to classic military firearms. Each replica made of over 30 blued, hand-finished parts—DELIVERED FULLY ASSEMBLED.

METAL MODELS FOR DISCRIMINATING COLLECTORS
(Money back guarantee)



Model 1776 Flintlock Pistol
Carried by Continental soldiers in Revolutionary War—A classic reproduction of old world craftsmanship—\$830 ONLY \$44.95



U.S. Model 1851 Navy Colt
Used by Union & Confederate troops in U.S. Civil War—\$400 ONLY \$28.95



U.S. Model 1873 Western Peacemaker
Legendary firearm of old west. Choice of frontier sheriffs & Texas Rangers—\$100 ONLY \$24.95



U.S. cal. .45 Service Automatic
Trusted sidearm of U.S. troops in W.W.I. W.W.II—Rated best military pistol—\$300 ONLY \$26.95

REPLICA MODELS, INC.

Dept. P-6, 610 Franklin St., Alexandria, Virginia 22314
Send ☐ \$100 ☐ \$300 ☐ \$400 ☐ \$830 (money back guarantee)
Enclosed \$ _____ Add \$1.25 postage per model.

Charge to: ☐ BAC ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Am. Express ☐ Diner's Club

_____ (Be sure to list all numbers on your credit cards)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

☐ SEND FREE 24-PG. FULL COLOR CATALOG OF OVER 50 MODELS.

"Probably fixin' some bacon and eggs."

"Oh."

Mike gets the chick back into it. They're balling away again when the bedroom door opens. Joe comes in carrying a tray overflowing with eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade, coffee. He doesn't say a word. He pulls a chair over to the bed and sits down. He starts eating his breakfast, munching loudly on the toast and slurping the coffee as obnoxiously as he can manage. The chick is freaking. She can't handle this at all. "Get him out of here," she orders, with hysteria beginning to creep into her voice. Mike is laughing like a maniac. He won't do anything. He just laughs his ass off. Joe digs into his eggs, totally indifferent to what is happening. With the exception of the fact that he's chewing away two feet from a naked, infuriated lady, Joe might be a stranger at the next table in a luncheonette. Without saying anything, he finishes off his breakfast, wipes his chin, belches, carries his tray out to the kitchen, and leaves.

See, the life of the working musician is not all broken bass strings and split lips. There's joy too. Incredible joy. Consider the day that Del Rio, Texas, went joyously up in smoke. Fagin and Prince are returning from a couple of days in Viacuña, Mexico. Fagin is in love with a Mexican whore. He's in love with her because she's in love with him. She's in love with him because Fagin goes down on her, even on Saturday nights when business is booming in Viacuña. Prince is feeling real good. He's just given away everything he owns to the "poor Mexicans." He's given away his money, his clothes, his car, and even his trumpet. He's on the fine edge of madness, soaring light as a feather in the upper reaches of the manic-depressive curve. He's all red-jelly excitement. They're waiting by the railroad tracks that cut the town of Del Rio in half. A long freight train is passing. Prince spots it first. "Man look at that! Is it really what I think it is?" It's really what Prince thinks it is. It's Rio Grande Wild! Growing right up against the railroad tracks, as far as the eye can see in either direction. Weed! Not ordinary weed, but Rio Grande Wild!

Fagin and Prince are like madmen, which, of course, they really are. They're into the middle of it, tearing it up by the roots and stuffing it into their pockets. They're rushing to the supermarket for shopping bags. They're filling the shopping bags, whooping and hollering like a couple of drunken field hands. Musicians! Joyously gathering weed in the middle of Del Rio, Texas, at high noon. People are watching them and shaking their heads with dismay. What are those old boys up to?

Prince says, "Man, we got to get a truck." He and Fagin split to a U-Haul outfit on the edge of town. They rent a half-ton truck. The cops are already there by the time they return. The cops are burning the weed. Prince and Fagin are sitting in the truck crying like babies. A Blue Norther moves in fast. The temperature drops thirty degrees in five minutes and a good wind springs up. The Norther is whipping the smoke all over Del Rio. In no time at all Del Rio is covered with a thick, heavy cloud of Rio Grande Wild.

Prince is suddenly out of his mind. "It's happening, it's happening," he shouts.

"What's happening?" Fagin wants to know.

"It only happened once before," Prince says,

This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegelé. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really knows.* Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegelé picked *five*! If he'd been at the track betting, say \$20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool \$404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day...every fact that he teaches in his \$200 course...is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives. If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the discipline—to follow his methods to the letter, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them*! The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them! Larry Voegelé doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. Was because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional*. It's scientific. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard facts. Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegelé knows—and tells in his book.

Verified Results of the Voegelé Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)

675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$6,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)

540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)

576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)

675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter (30 days)

270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)

400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)

378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$3,807.00

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches. Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step...if you don't get reckless or greedy...you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for 31 days *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action*. If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 31 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail.

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either. As to the price—if you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information*. Facts that dozens of people have paid \$200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay. But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing. So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decide to keep the book because it's worth a lot more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

©1973 Financial Publishers, 227 East 45 St., New York, New York 10017.

Financial Publishers, Dept. 277-C
227 East 45 St., New York, New York 10017.

OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegelé's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but **DO NOT DEPOSIT IT FOR 31 DAYS AFTER YOU SEND MY ORDER.**

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail. ☐ Please send Air Mail! I enclose an extra dollar.

(Please print or type shipping information. The book will be mailed in a plain wrapper.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

NEW GLAMOUR From EUROPE!

MALIBU

DEVASTATING SHORTIE
NIGHTIE in gorgeous transparent
nylon and lace! Open sides tie
with a wisp of ribbon.

YOU'LL LOOK
FANTASTIC!

Choose black, pink or purple.
Sizes: 32" - 40" bust.

SEND

M.O./CHECK
NOW FOR

\$13

(Shipping included. No C.O.D.)

NEW FREE CONTINENTAL COLOUR GLAMOUR CATALOGUE

OVER 200 Fabulous continental
designs in beautiful dresses, leisure/
partywear, lingerie AND MUCH

MORE! Don't
Miss It!!!
THIS IS
FREE!



HOUSE OF KESMAN (DEPT. PT6)
Box 1740 Hollywood, Calif. 90028

**FULL
REFUND
GUARANTEE**

BLOW YOURSELF UP IN B&W OR COLOR

Full color posters from any color
photo or slide. Great gift, or gag,
or room decoration.

1 1/2 x 2 Ft. - \$7.50

1 x 1 1/2 Ft. - \$4.50, 2 x 3 Ft. - \$9.50

B&W POSTERS from any b&w or
color photo, Polaroid, cartoon or
magazine photo. For slides and
negatives, add \$1.00 per poster.
Better originals produce better
posters.

RUSH SERVICE: Shipped 1st class
in 1 day. Add \$2 per poster. No rush on color.

Original returned. Add 50¢ pp. & hd. for EACH item.
N.Y. res. add tax. No C.O.D.

PHOTO POSTER Dept. PH64, 210 E. 23 St., N.Y. 10010



2 x 3 Ft. - \$3.50
1 1/2 x 2 Ft. - \$2.50, 3 x 4 Ft. - \$7.50

AT LAST IN THE U.S.A. REAL RUBBER CLOTHING

FOR BOTH MEN
AND WOMEN

100% RUBBER

SWIM SUITS
RAINCAPES • PANTS
APRONS ETC.

SENSIBLE PRICES

MAIL \$1.00
for illustrated catalog
(deductible from first order)

TYSON-ROSE CO., Dept. V-3
P.O. Box 146
Guttenberg, N.J. 07093

**CARE
IS
YOU**

**GIVE,
TO HELP OTHERS.**

CARE - New York, N.Y. 10016 or regional offices

"in Altoona, Pennsylvania, in 1946. The Feds
burned out twenty acres and the wind shifted.
Everybody in Altoona got stoned. Stoned!"

Fagin and Prince jump out of the truck. They are
racing through the streets of Del Rio yelling,
"Breathe it, lung it, suck it, whiff it, smell it, smoke
it, snort it, sniff it!" People are choking, gasping,
wheezing, clutching at their throats. Kids are get-
ting dizzy. Babies are all red in the face. The dogs
are racing around barking joyously. It's an incred-
ible scene. The Del Rio Volunteer Fire Depart-
ment comes running but they get it too. The wind
shifts again and blows Del Rio clean, but it's too
late. Everybody in Del Rio is smiling and smiling
and smiling. Nobody other than Prince and Fagin
know it, but the whole goddamned town of Del Rio
is loaded.

"Do you see it, do you see it?" Prince is yelling.
"Even the scorpions are dancing!"

Even the scorpions are dancing! Sometimes
when I'm feeling low, when I'm poised on the
edge of the Abyss of the Infinite Shit, I remember
this phrase of Prince's and the incredible scene
that went with it that one crazy afternoon in Del Rio
and I laugh like hell. Only a fool takes himself
seriously in this life. Musicians! Scorpions of Ec-
stasy. No, that's not quite right. We're more like a
bunch of braying goats, chewing the loco weed
that grows in the crevices of life.

But it's no wonder that musicians end up pretty
weird dudes. Who could maintain sitting there
night after night scraping, beeping, squealing,
and thumping away in pursuit of the mystical it?
When you stop and think about it, the whole thing
is fairly incredible. Insane, really. Here you have
one group of people vibrating the air by blowing
into pipes, plucking on strings, sucking on reeds,
and pounding on various surfaces—and there
you have another group going wild as a conse-
quence of their doing so. Amazing. And every-
body takes it for granted as somehow in the
natural order of things. They call it "dancing."
"getting it on." Nobody stops to think about the
fact that human beings are, when you come right
down to it, a very strange and baffling species. I'll
bet you couldn't get a troop of baboons wiggling
their hips, throwing their spines out of trim, and
making outrageous asses of themselves in public
simply by messing around with their eardrums.
And look what Joshua managed to do at Jericho
with nothing more than a really burnin' trumpet
section.

It's a strange business all right, one that goes
beyond everybody's understanding. All those hot
nights in the eustachian tube, those auricular tick-
les, upper partials, and sweet tintinnabulations of
aural eroticism. What's that all about anyway?
Nobody knows. In fact, most people don't even
like to think about it. It gives them the creeps to
know that all that music is going on without their
really understanding how, or why, or what is really
happening. They say, "I don't want to hear about
it." It's almost as though their whole world would
fall in about their ears if they ever thought of music
as something other than stuff to drive the freeways
by, make love by, sell groovy clothes by, get
loaded by. . . .

I suppose my buddy Ace comes as close to
answering the question as anybody, given the
present dismal state of knowledge. "It's all just
shooting notes into the blue. John—just shooting
notes into the blue." 



The Contraceptive of Distinction for the Lover of Distinction

His car, his clothes, even the fine liquor he
drinks are extensions of his masculine lifestyle.
His contraceptive? JADE. The first male contra-
ceptive you don't have to hide away. Jade sheathes
come packed 12 to a handsome soft carrying pouch
in the red, green and gold Imperial Lion design.
Fashioned from the finest quality latex for the
discriminating man, each incredibly thin Jade
sheath is electronically tested to rigorous govern-
ment standards then lubricated with AE-66 "love
oil" for extra sensitivity. And for the ultimate
touch of distinction, each Jade pouch also contains
12 self-seal plastic envelopes for neat disposal
after use, to insure your uninterrupted pleasure.
If you, too, believe that making love should
be just as special as everything else you do, mail
the coupon below. You'll discover that Jade gives
a great deal more satisfaction for very little extra
cost. Sent by mail in a plain envelope along with a
free catalog of many personal products for men and
women. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Over 50,000 satisfied customers

Adam & Eve, Dept. PH-23
105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Please send me:

- ☐ One dozen Jade plus free catalogue, \$4.
- ☐ Deluxe sampler of 22 leading condoms plus
catalogue, \$6.
- ☐ Illustrated catalogue alone, 25¢.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



Confidence.



STUD 100 World Famous delay
spray for men, applied to reduce
oversensitivity, can make an
important contribution to all
men who wish to prolong sexual
pleasure. Discreetly packed, this
unique formulation has achieved
world wide acclaim and success.
Send \$5.75 plus 25¢ handling
each. In Confidence!

To Dept PH10, Stud Holdings,
120 E 56th St. NYC, NY10022

Rush me cans STUD 100 at \$6.00 each

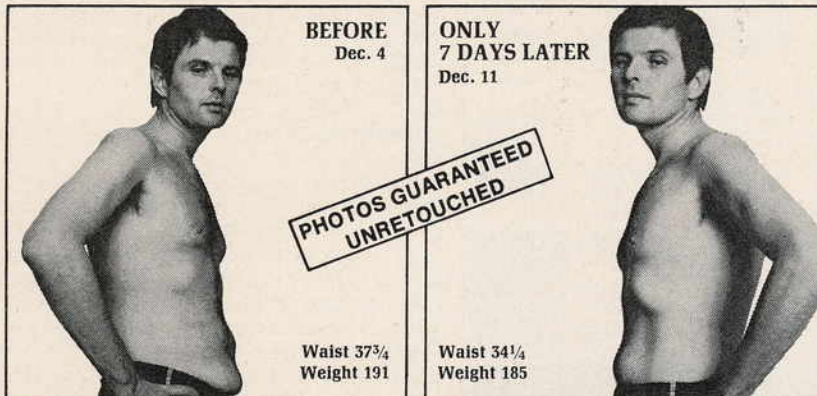
Name:

Address:

N.Y. State add 7% Sales Tax

**"I lost 4½ inches off my waist,
7 pounds of excess
weight...and shaped up...
in just 14 days!"**

One exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love—DID IT!"



David, soft, pudgy, out-of-shape the day he started our Plan.

Only 7 Days Later — Firming, shaping and slimming results are showing.

Results in just 3 days!

What Is This Ingenious Plan?

The Weider '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan is based on doing one continuous, coordinated, rhythmic exercise. This one five-minute exercise is designed to slim, attack and firm up your flabby waistline and hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look), as well as take off excess body fat **fast** by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water. At the same time, it helps to reshape your chest, hips, firm your legs and arms—**improve your total physique!**

Many people find that they naturally don't feel as hungry after the exercise. So while still eating all the foods they love, they automatically cut down about 20% — effortlessly. Thus further accelerating their weight loss.

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

What Comes Off In 14 Days?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. **IT TOUGHENS YOU UP.** For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

What Satisfied Customers Say:

"I lost 18 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," R. Mathews • "I lost 13 lbs. and 4" off my waist in 14 days," M. Harvey • "I lost 15 lbs. and 2½" off my waist in 14 days," P. Boyd • "I lost 10½ lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," M. Pearson • "I lost 15 lbs. and 5" off my waist in 14 days," L. Heathcock • "I lost 11 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," R. Peetrich • "I lost 13 lbs. and 2½" off my waist in 14 days," R. Vaderity • "I lost 9 lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," J. Miniford • "I lost 14 lbs. and 3½" off my waist in 14 days." Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1974

in 14 days," M. Reed.

Results vary depending on how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These pupils have given from 5 to 15 minutes twice daily to our one simple exercise, lying on their backs in comfort, some while watching TV—so their impressive results naturally vary. The above sampling of our hundreds of thousands of students prove that you, too, can make sensational gains. Results are guaranteed!

What The Experts Say:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches...agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

*Exposing Effortless Exercisers:

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

Money Back Offer!

Because this isn't a gimmick plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST"** — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund! Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

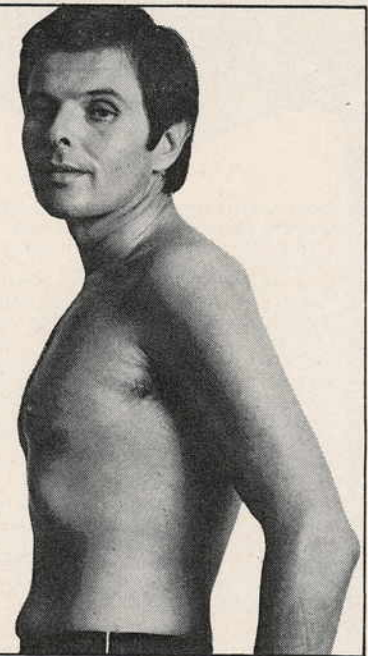
SEND TODAY

Weight Just 16 oz.



**14 DAYS
LATER
Dec. 18**

**Waist 33¼
Weight 184**



**AFTER 14 DAYS —
SLIMMER, MORE YOUTHFUL
Dave writes to tell us...**

"I'm very happy with my results, but I want you to know that after the 1st week on the Plan when I lost 3 in. off my waist and 6 lbs., I was invited to many Christmas parties. I drank more during the 2nd week on the Plan than I usually do in months. Yet I still lost weight and inches. The Plan is simple to follow, so after the holidays I will use it again to drop to 170 lbs. with a 31½-in. waist. Thanks for a slimmer, more energetic life."



"It took me 14 days to shape up!" says Dave Kaplan. Fast Enough!

**'5' MINUTE
BODY SHAPER**
We Care About The Shape
You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

**SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT \$9.95
ONLY**

Joseph Weider, Dept. AU/R
Trainer of Champions with Over 2,750,000
Successful Students
"5" MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 Erwin Street, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364

Prove to me I can see results and start shaping up in 3 days! ☐ I enclose \$9.95 for "5" Minute Body Shaper & Slimming Course, plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling. ☐ **SAVE!** Order TWO for only \$17.95, plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order or ☐ cash for \$ (Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
(Please print clearly)

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

LOVE IS...

never having to say,
sorry!

Let's talk turkey. It's often embarrassing learning about male contraceptives and prices in a crowded drugstore where you are personally known. Now you can order your contraceptives with complete confidence, in the privacy of your home, at **BIG DISCOUNTS** from **FEDERAL PHARMACAL LABORATORIES**. For thirty years **FEDERAL** has been the leading in-home supplier of brand name contraceptives, such as, **TROJANS**, **SHEIKS**, **RAMSES**, **PROTEX**, the exciting **TAHITI** in South Sea Colors, at **BIG DISCOUNTS**. **FEDERAL** offers twenty-five reputable brands to choose from—all at a savings to you.

Talk turkey with **FEDERAL**. Get our **FREE** full color catalog showing you the many brands of contraceptives at **DISCOUNT PRICES**. Or send \$5.00 for large variety sample kit—a \$12.00 RETAIL VALUE AT **MORE THAN A 55% DISCOUNT**.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

FEDERAL PHARMACAL LABORATORIES, Dept. PH674
6652 N. Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60645

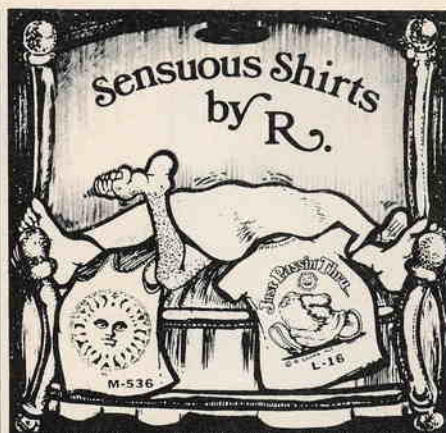
- ☐ Please send sample kit and color catalog
(Enclose \$5.00 cash, check or money order)
☐ Please send **FREE** color catalog

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

FEDERAL: A NAME TO TRUST



T-SHIRTS \$3.95 TANKTOPS \$4.25 SWEATSHIRTS \$5.95



To order, Give design number, shirt style and size. Enclose cash, check, or money order. (add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%.

Send to **ROACH STUDIOS**
P.O. Box 182 PH 6
Worthington, Ohio 43085

SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

cles stop bothering to produce their own testosterone and eventually shrivel up. Some doctors have tried using testosterone to alter the sex drive, but here again the results are variable. In frigid women, it undoubtedly makes the clitoris more sensitive and may lead to increased sexual aggressiveness, but this doesn't necessarily cure the frigidity and there are undesirable side effects, such as beard growth. Given to postmenopausal women, it can enhance the sex drive and also improve the texture of the vaginal lining, but again there are negative side effects. Given to homosexuals, it may increase the sex drive—but it does not divert it into heterosexual channels. The one generally approved use of testosterone is not for a sexual problem at all; it is given to cardiac patients to decrease the chest pains of angina pectoris and works very well.

transvestite: Person who derives erotic pleasure from dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex. They are almost always men—although butch lesbians sometimes wear men's clothes, but usually in order to attract partners rather than to gratify themselves. Contrary to popular belief, the majority of transvestites are *not* homosexual and they are often happily married and fully masculine in appearance. Most experts believe that transvestism stems from an exaggeration of the normal desire to identify with the beloved and that it is essentially heterosexual in motive. Buñuel's film *Viridiana* has an utterly convincing scene where an elderly widower takes out a chest where he has kept his wife's clothes ever since her death and reverently puts them on in a moving attempt to recreate his lost love. Most transvestites feel a similar special affection for clothes belonging to their wife or mother. Their transvestism is usually confined to the bedroom and consists of donning a few female underclothes and masturbating in front of the mirror. Dr. Reuben quotes a forty-seven-year-old married transvestite describing his feelings: "I will never forget the day I first put on my special clothes. I was seventeen and mother was out for the afternoon. It was a gray plaid skirt and a pale blue angora sweater. I stripped myself naked and dressed slowly in front of the mirror. By the time I got those clothes on I had a hard erection and I was trembling... I finally slipped on a pair of panties and ejaculated almost immediately." Many wives come to accept these activities for what they are—harmless idiosyncrasies. Occasionally, however, transvestism is merely one symptom of a more serious sexual deviation—masochism. Many porn books catering to masochists have scenes where the "slave" hero is forced to wear women's clothes, and there is even a magazine called *Punished in Silk* devoted entirely to this syndrome. Most transvestites manage to keep their foible private and so never come into collision with the law, but there was one outrageous case in London in the 1870's which proved even more scandalous than the Oscar Wilde trial. Ernest Boulton, a trainee stockbroker, and William Park, a solicitor's clerk, frolicked around London together in women's clothes for many months before they were finally arrested for indecency. Their trial unearthed much bizarre evidence, to the delight of the gallery spectators, including letters, photographs, and a trunk containing sixteen silk dresses and twenty chignons taken from Boulton's and Park's lodgings. An embarrassed witness, Mr. Cox, gave evidence that he had flirted with Boulton in a pub: "I kissed him, her, or it, believing at the time it

100 NEW WOMEN A YEAR SEDUCTION WITH STYLE

"One Friday night, I was relaxing with an after-dinner drink at one of Southern California's most popular 'singles' bars. Five minutes after I arrived, a tall, unescorted beauty sat down at the next table. Four good-looking guys in their early 20's came over and tried to hustle her. They all walked away muttering to themselves what a 'cold bitch' she was.

I sat back and watched these guys strike out. Then I smiled at her and asked her if she wasn't tired of the bar scene hassle. Five minutes later, after saying nothing more, she invited herself over to my table. An hour later we were back at my apartment making love.

I succeeded with her because my savvy and experience with women provided me with the right words and the right moves. I am a 29-year-old trial lawyer with a limited amount of time to spend 'chasing' after women; therefore every moment I spend with a woman has one objective: to get her in bed as soon as possible!"

SEDUCTION WITH STYLE isn't a sexual technique or gymnastics book. It presents a practical approach to meet and seduce women with as much fun and little effort as possible.

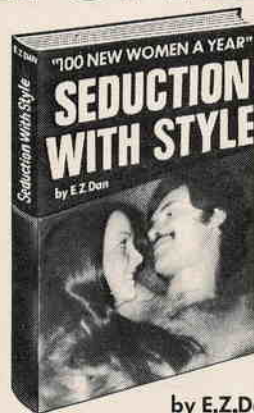
SEDUCTION WITH STYLE will give you an insight to women and the way they tick — which will make "scoring" easy for you! You'll get those subtle tips on 'style' and 'class' (which 95% of men lack) that finer women demand in a man before they will sleep with him.

SEDUCTION WITH STYLE has separate, step-by-step chapters on • Hustling at bars, • at the beach, • on the job, • at the supermarket, • on the street, • in a restaurant, • on a plane, • in a car, • while traveling in foreign countries.

I also teach you how to handle different types of women — the older woman, the young chick, the married or attached woman and the woman's 'libber'. You'll read about my own personal experiences and learn how to apply them to any girl you meet.

This book reveals and removes those "rough edges" you may have which are keeping you from scoring more often. It shows you how to impress a woman no matter what type of occupation you have or how much money you make.

Finally, I give you my **overly successful, time-tested** seduction methods which help you lead her from your front door right into the bedroom! Soon you'll be scoring without trying — **which is what it's all about.**



by E.Z. Dan

IF YOU WANT A MORE PRODUCTIVE LOVE LIFE WITH MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO READ THE SECRETS OF E. Z. DAN'S SEDUCTION WITH STYLE. IS AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL — IN HARD COVER. IF THE BOOK LIES EVERYTHING I SAY IT IS — AND MORE — I'VE GLADLY FORGOTTEN YOUR MOTHER — E. Z. DAN

D & G Press Dept. PH-6
256 So. Robertson Blvd.,
Beverly Hills, California, 90211
Rush my **SEDUCTION WITH STYLE** right away, so I can start scoring immediately.

☐ I enclose \$7.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. (Calif. residents add 40¢ tax) OR

Please charge my Mastercharge ☐

Card # _____

Exp. date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

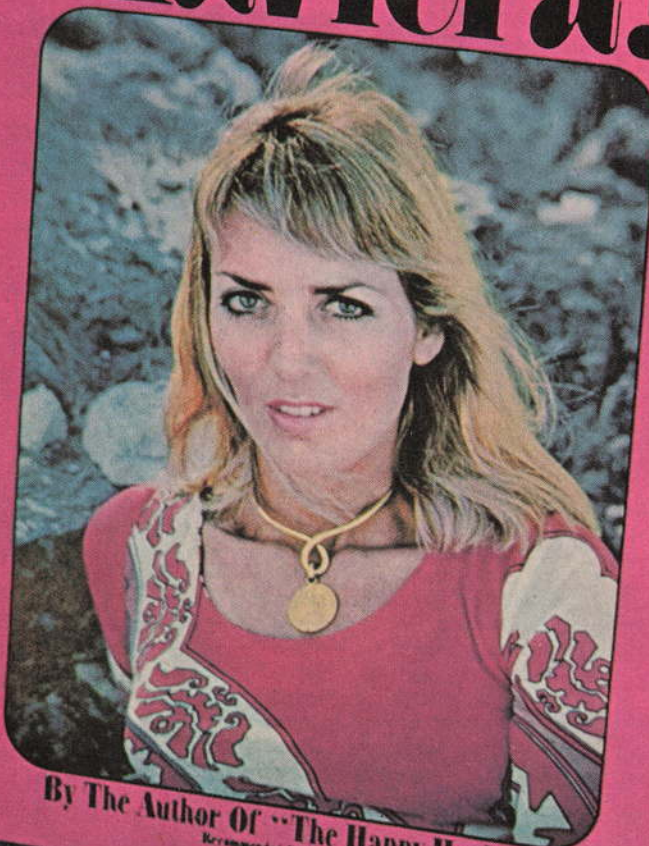
This record album is rated X ...as in Xaviera.

The Happy Hooker has gone on record with her latest contribution to the sexual revolution. Xaviera Hollander, world-renowned speaker of the house, has earned her X this time with a vivid narration of the freedoms of life and the joys of love. It's a no-holds-barred discussion of her views on sex, her experiences as a pay-for-playgirl... coupled with explicit passages of her personal encounters. The segments include: My Attitude Towards Sex, Telephone Conversation, Michelle, The Threesome, Why Do

Men Go To Hookers, The Hippie, The Question, and The Bar Scene.

Xaviera! is definitely a no-no for children, moralizers and tenants with thin walls. It is a must for you, the loves in your life, and free people of every stripe and persuasion. Just \$5.98 for records and \$6.98 for 8-track or cassette, plus postage and handling. And it's now available just for you. So mail the coupon today. And swing along with Xaviera!

Xaviera!



By The Author Of "The Happy Hooker"
Recommended For Adults Only

Get yours. ☐ record ☐ 8-track ☐ cassette
Please rush me _____ copies of Xaviera! at \$6.73 each for records or \$7.73 each for 8-track or cassette (includes 75¢ postage and handling). Enclosed is the total of \$_____
My signature below indicates that I am at least 21 years of age.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Mail to: **PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS DEPT. X674PH**
909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
N.Y. State residents please add appropriate sales tax.



FREEDOM FOR THE MALE "NUDE DUDE"

SWIMBELT/SWIMSUIT

For the guy who likes to swim in the buff. On the beach it's a good-looking nylon olympic brief. In the water (waist deep) unsnap the crotch seam and roll into a neat hidden waistbelt for carefree swimming. Resnap again for beachwear. Only the mermaids will know. Crafted tailoring throughout. \$12.95 All sizes. Write for info on women's nude bikini.

FREEDOM FOR THE MALE JOCK SOCK™

A free-feeling comfort no ordinary underwear can give. A totally new concept. Not a baggy boxer, binding brief or supporter. No seat or leg straps to chafe & pull. Follows the NATURAL LINES of the male anatomy. Ends show-thru seat seams under doubleknit & white pants for a trim, masculine look. Thousands of men wear Jock Sock for both daily wear and sports for a bit of support without being "up-tight." In soft 4-way stretch nylon. Sold by waist size. \$3.99 ea. 3/310.

facial lines do turn to wrinkles unless...



A REMARKABLE NEW PRODUCT FOR FACIAL LINES & WRINKLES

VITASTICK is not just another messy cream, lotion, coverup or skin irritant. It is a new, concentrated compound—in convenient tube stick—of deep moisturizers & research developed ingredients with the skin vitamins A, D & E. Just stroke it on facial lines & wrinkles once or twice a day to help maintain a more youthful looking skin. Pocket it with you. It works. 6 month tube \$5. Orders returned within 48 hours via 1st class.

SEND 50¢ FOR COLOR BROCHURE OF JUMPSUITS, UNDERWEAR, SWIMSUITS & SAFARI SUITS.

Brown of Calif. PE-406 5088 Lotus St.
San Diego, Ca. 92107 No C.O.D.'s please

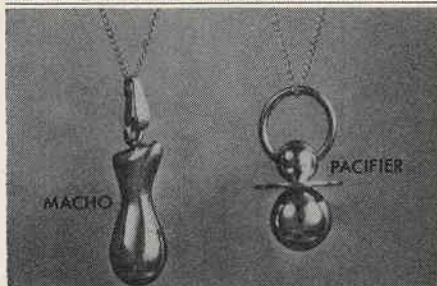
☐ Jock Sock ☐ White ☐ Navy ☐ Nude Tan
☐ Nude Dude ☐ Blue ☐ White ☐ Asst. Pat.
How Many... Waist Size... ☐ Brochure
Add \$1 postage & handling. Orders sent prompt 1st Class.

☐ VitaStick. \$5 includes postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____



use your imagination... STERLING SILVER PENDANTS

Here's jewelry everyone wants to touch, feel and talk about! A great way to start a conversation... and maybe a meaningful relationship! Beautifully crafted and sculptured in sterling silver, pendants hang from sterling silver chains to wear against anything—even bare skin! Gift boxed.

Macho Pendant \$22 Pacifier Pendant \$18
plus \$1.00 each postage & handling

Both for \$37 ppd. N.Y. State residents add sales tax.

NEWORLD COMPANY
Dept. P-64, Box 4134, 60 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Thanks to you
it's working



The United Way

advertising contributed for the public good

was a woman." Various damaging letters were read in court including one from Park apologizing for not paying a visit "as the weather has turned so showery that I can't get out without a dread of my back hair coming out of curl." Boulton's mother gave evidence that she had encouraged her son to dress as a girl from the age of six and to wait on the table as a maidservant. Yet the jury upheld the principle that cross-dressing per se was not an offense and Boulton and Park were acquitted. One memorable by-product of the trial was the limerick: "There was an old person of Sark/Who buggered a pig in the dark;/The swine in surprise/Murmured: "God blast your eyes,/Do you take me for Boulton or Park!"

tribadism: Lesbian erotic technique in which the female partners rub their vulvas together to produce orgasm. Tribadism is also sometimes used as a synonym for lesbianism generally.

troilism: Erotic activity between three people. Named after Troilus who enjoyed watching his Cressida make love to another man. The participants can either be two men and a woman, or two women and a man. The latter arrangement is generally preferred, since a man can quite happily watch two girls making love but a girl generally does not derive the same voyeuristic pleasure from watching two men. Also, there is more flexibility with two girls: they can perform cunnilingus on one another or use a dildo, while the man enjoys making love to one of them or being felated. Sometimes two of the partners concentrate on pleasing the third, or sometimes one drops out to enjoy the view while the other two get on with it, or sometimes all three participate in a general melee. Oddly enough, even girls who would raise their hands in horror at the idea of "going lesbian" seem to enjoy the presence of a second girl as long as there is a man around, and they usually show amazing expertise in titillating one another. John Trimble's book, *The Group Sex Scene*, has a good account of a woman's feelings the first time another woman made love to her: "I closed my eyes when Doreen's hands went under my skirt. She leaned over to kiss my mouth. Her lips were so tender and soft. . . . At that moment, so many ugly things came into my mind. I associated a lesbian relationship with whores, sexual pervers, sex criminals. But my body could not deny that it felt so very, very good. Doreen kissed my breasts very gently, and then she Frenched me. I responded then. I couldn't help it. When I suddenly realized I was being kissed on the mouth also, I opened my eyes to discover Don kneeling over me, but his eyes were diverted to Doreen's act. There must be some truth to the statement that a woman knows more precisely what another woman wants, can sense her feelings, knows what to do and where. It's logical. And when she built me up to an orgasm with her tongue . . . I let go!" Threesomes involving two men are rarely so completely mutual. Either the men are primarily homosexual—in which case the woman has a raw deal—or they merely take turns making love to the woman. This, of course, can provide a voyeuristic stimulus, as another account from Trimble's book makes clear: "In a few minutes' time the three of us were on the bed naked, Lorraine in the middle, reveling in our caresses and kisses aimed at her breasts, face, hips, thighs and vaginal area. I had never seen her enjoy anything so much. Her hands reached for our penises, her legs entwined with ours, her breath came in short spurts, and for the first time, she came out with the word 'fuck' when begging us to hurry and help her to a climax in some way. Pete became almost uncontrollable in his demands, apologizing profusely one time as he nearly pushed me off to the floor. I rolled to

PHOTOGRAPHERS

WE DEVELOP THOSE
PICTURES OTHERS WON'T.

COLOR — B & W — MOVIES

REGULAR KODAK PRICES

MAIL OR COME TO:

THE BOXOFFICE
1650 S. HARBOR BLVD.
ANAHEIM, CALIF. 92802
(714) 774-7600

WE'LL EVEN DEVELOP
YOUR DEEP THROAT.

CONFIDENTIAL — PROFESSIONAL
NO CENSORSHIP



Yes, you can have a
FULL COLOR POSTER
blown up from your
color photo or slide at a
fraction of the price. All
color posters printed
on silk finish paper.
Great gift idea!

BLOW YOURSELF UP into a FULL COLOR POSTER at Unbelievable low Cost!

LOW COST
FULL COLOR POSTERS
18" x 24" only \$7.50
12" x 18" only \$4.50
24" x 36" only \$10.50

BLACK & WHITE BLOWUPS TOO!
2 ft. x 3 ft. \$3.50 Laminated Posters
up to 24" x 36"
1 1/2 ft. x 2 ft. \$2.50 \$2.00 add'l.
1 1/2 ft. x 2 ft. \$2.50 Frames fit up to
3 ft. x 4 ft. \$7.50 24" x 36" \$10.50
add'l.

For every color poster ordered, add \$1.00 and get a black & white same size. Black and White Duplicates 70% off. Add 50¢ each item, handling. For prompt delivery put name & address on back of photo. Send check, cash or M.O. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax. If you send slide or negative, add \$1.00 for each size. SUPERSEED SERVICE shipped 1st class mail add \$1.50 per item.

Congers Color Labs

Dept. P-64, Congers, N.Y. 10920

STIMULA® THE FANTASTIC NEW CONDOM WITH SPECIALLY RIBBED SURFACE... TO SATISFY HER AS WELL AS YOURSELF.

The greater contact provided by "STIMULA" arouses the utmost in pleasure. It also protects you both. Over one million of these prophylactics already sold in Sweden and France. Made in U.S.A. to Federal Standards.

ORDER SAMPLER PACK IN PRIVACY BY MAIL

STAMFORD HYGIENICS INC. Dept. PH-2
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904
Gentlemen: Please send me: (Check box)

☐ \$3. sampler pack of 12 "Stimula"
☐ one sample of "Stimula" for 35¢
Free catalog sent with either order. Describes new prophylactics, some in exciting colors.

(.....check.....cash.....M.O. enclosed)

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

HOPE

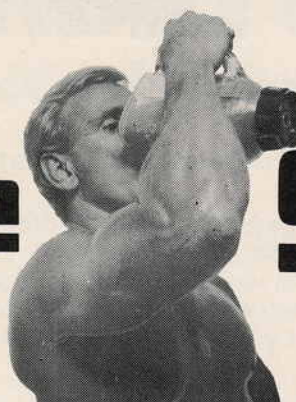
The most beautiful word in the world
... and a Project to go with it.



Dept. A, Washington, D. C. 20007

A NEW JOE WEIDER SCIENTIFIC WEIGHT-GAINING BREAKTHROUGH

The end of the SKINNY BODY!



He's "Drinking-On" A-POUND-A-DAY Our New Delicious Fun-Way!

Thousands are doing it—Monthly... **WHY NOT YOU?** Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" that's guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry-looking skinny body—through a new, scientifically blended, delicious milkshake-flavored drink. It fills out your body and face—for a fresher, more exciting, fun-going you!

From near death by tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, alcoholism and drug addiction, this sickly 5'10" skinny 110-lb. weakling gained 65 pounds of solid muscle—added 12 inches of boulder-sized bulges to his chest, 9½ inches to each arm, 8 inches to each leg, and reduced his waist to 28 inches—to become a body building champion... all through the use of Joe Weider's Trainer of the Champions CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 Plan!—That's the true story of Charlie Kemp!

A Long History of Physical Weakness Problems

Charlie's trouble started early. All his life he had been frail and sick—by the time he was 10 he had developed asthma, and at 16 his left lung had collapsed. Yet these were only hints of problems that would follow, for during the next three years his left lung collapsed five more times and his right lung collapsed twice—he had cystic emphysema complicated by tuberculosis. This, combined with his sickly appearance, was too much for Charlie's battered ego, and by the time he was 25 he was a bona-fide alcoholic with severe cirrhosis of the liver.

Just when things looked darkest, they got darker. His dismal health brought on narcolepsy, and in order to combat this disease he had to take powerful doses of amphetamines—pep pills. They, in turn, brought on more pernicious complications—loss of appetite and, ironically, insomnia, which required drug depressants. The combination of alcohol and drugs destroyed not only Charlie's physical health but also his mental health, and before long he entered the Seton Psychiatric Institute.

For a full year, psychiatrists bolstered Charlie's psyche, but when he was released, emphysema hit again and his right lung collapsed once more. Was his life really doomed?

Into the hospital again. Surgery curtailed the collapsing of his lungs and removed the diseased portions, and when he was released he found new determination to rebuild his body. But that meant gaining weight—and Charlie, who had to continue taking amphetamines which killed his appetite, began to rely almost entirely on food supplements.

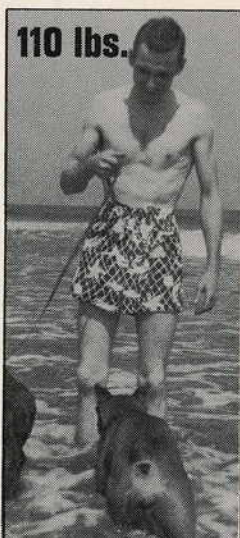
Weider Formula/Method Creates a New Life!

Charlie devoured Joe Weider's CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 by the case, altered his eating habits as prescribed for him by Joe Weider, and followed a few simple daily exercises, which helped to turn the weight gains he made into a firmer, more muscular and handsomer body.

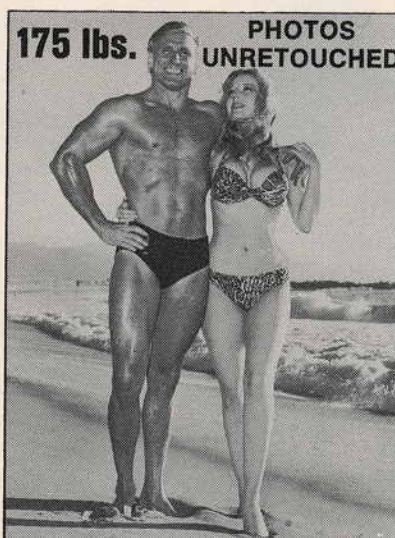
His progress was astounding—you see here the gains he made—absolutely phenomenal, especially for a man entering his 40's and a truly great testimonial for the Weider System and Crash Weight Gain Formula #7.

His life changed with him—from a pathetic, undesired, unloved loser whose only companions were dogs—to a prize-winning "Mr. America Physical Achievement Award" body surrounded by the world's most beautiful girls.—This is the miracle of courageous Charlie Kemp!

© COPYRIGHT JOE WEIDER, 1973



110 lbs.



175 lbs.

PHOTOS UNRETOUCHED

“Tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, two lung operations, cirrhosis of the liver, narcolepsy, alcoholic, drug addict, a life in and out of the hospital, psychiatric patient, three packs of cigarettes a day, no SEX desire, unloved—only dogs as companions.”

“After years of struggling to stay alive he decided to follow Joe Weider's miraculous Weight-Gaining Plan. The result today is a muscular man of vitality—athletic, handsome, earning \$40,000 a year, cured of the sicknesses that used to plague him, and now—surrounded by beautiful girls!”

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GAIN-A-POUND-A-DAY-KIT

It's a one-day supply of CRASH-WEIGHT, chock full of weight-gaining nutrients that can smash the weight-gaining barrier! You want to gain a pound a day? Maybe you just want to add a few pounds here and there. You want it easily—enjoyably—without stuffing yourself with heavy-as-lead foods? Now you can do it! It's as simple as drinking a delicious milkshake.



FREE:

“Valuable Weight-Gaining and Muscle-Building Course.” This Illustrated Guide sent FREE with each CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 Kit. Crammed with step-by-step instructions in muscle-building and weight-gaining basics. Filled with all the latest ideas and how to adapt them for your own personal, fun-going weight gains!



You Can "Build-Up" Too!

Now, that miracle can be yours. If Charlie Kemp, who was a hopelessly sick underweight weakling struggling daily to live, could achieve so much, just think what you—underweight but medically fit—can accomplish by using the same milkshake flavored drink plan that Charlie used.

Start today to put an end to your skinny body by following the exact same successful weight-gaining formula that Charlie Kemp and thousands of others are using—Monthly! Just drink 4 zesty glasses of delicious CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 daily. It's full of calories, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates and tastes delicious with your regular meals. It's safe and healthy, made from all-natural nutrients—NO DRUGS—and does all its work in a relaxed manner, piling on pound after pound of handsome weight to flesh out your bones. Combine CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 with five simple daily exercises, and watch how you fill out your narrow chest, your skinny arms and spindly legs. Put an end to your skinny body once, for all—in JUST 14 TO 30 DAYS! And, oh yes—it also fills out your face for a healthier, more exciting, fun-loving you, and that's a lot!

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	BEFORE	AFTER	GAINS
Weight	110	175	65 lbs.
Chest	33	45	12 in.
Arms	7½	17	9½ in.
Thighs	16	24	8 in.
Calves	10	16	6 in.
Waist	29	28	Lost 1 in.

PUT AN END TO YOUR SKINNY BODY!

JOE WEIDER DEPT. AU/R
TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS SINCE 1936
21100 ERWIN STREET
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIF. 91364

Dear Joe: I want to put an end to my skinny body and have everyone compliment me on my athletic appearance and muscular gains. Rush me the "Pound-A-Day" CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 package I have checked below.

Check Plan & Flavor Desired:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ 7-Day Supply.....\$ 8.00 | ☐ Chocolate |
| ☐ 14-Day Supply.....\$14.95 | ☐ Vanilla |
| ☐ 21-Day Supply.....\$20.00 | ☐ Strawberry |
| ☐ 30-Day Supply.....\$25.00 | ☐ Butterscotch |

Pick any group of flavors desired with 2, 3 or 4-week order. California residents add 6% sales tax. We pay postage.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(please print clearly)

In Canada: CRASH-WEIGHT, 2875 Bates Rd., Montreal, Quebec

Loews Island.

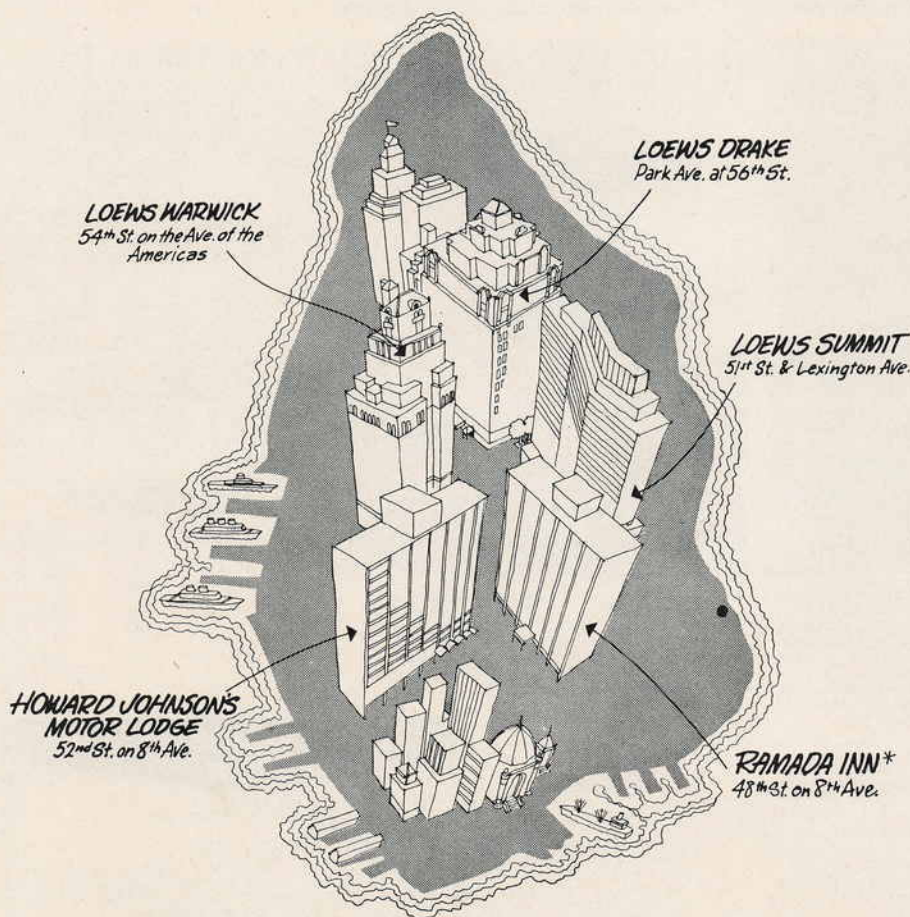
Some people call it New York.

We call it Loews Island, because we've got more to offer you in Manhattan than anybody else.

Five great hotels. With over 2600 luxurious hotel rooms and suites to choose from. In five unbeatable midtown locations that put you close to everything worth seeing and doing in our wonderful town. From fabulous Park Avenue to the growing, glowing West side. And everything we have is yours at a wide range of rates to suit any budget.

So, next time you come to New York for business or pleasure, stay at Loews Hotels. They're five good reasons why some people call New York Loews Island.

For immediate, confirmed reservations, check the Yellow Pages and call Loews Reservation Inc. (LRI) in your city toll-free or see your local travel agent.



* Free Parking.
subject to \$2 charge for each
additional in-and-out service during stay.

Children under 14 free in same room with parents.

LOEWS HOTELS
One good stay deserves another.

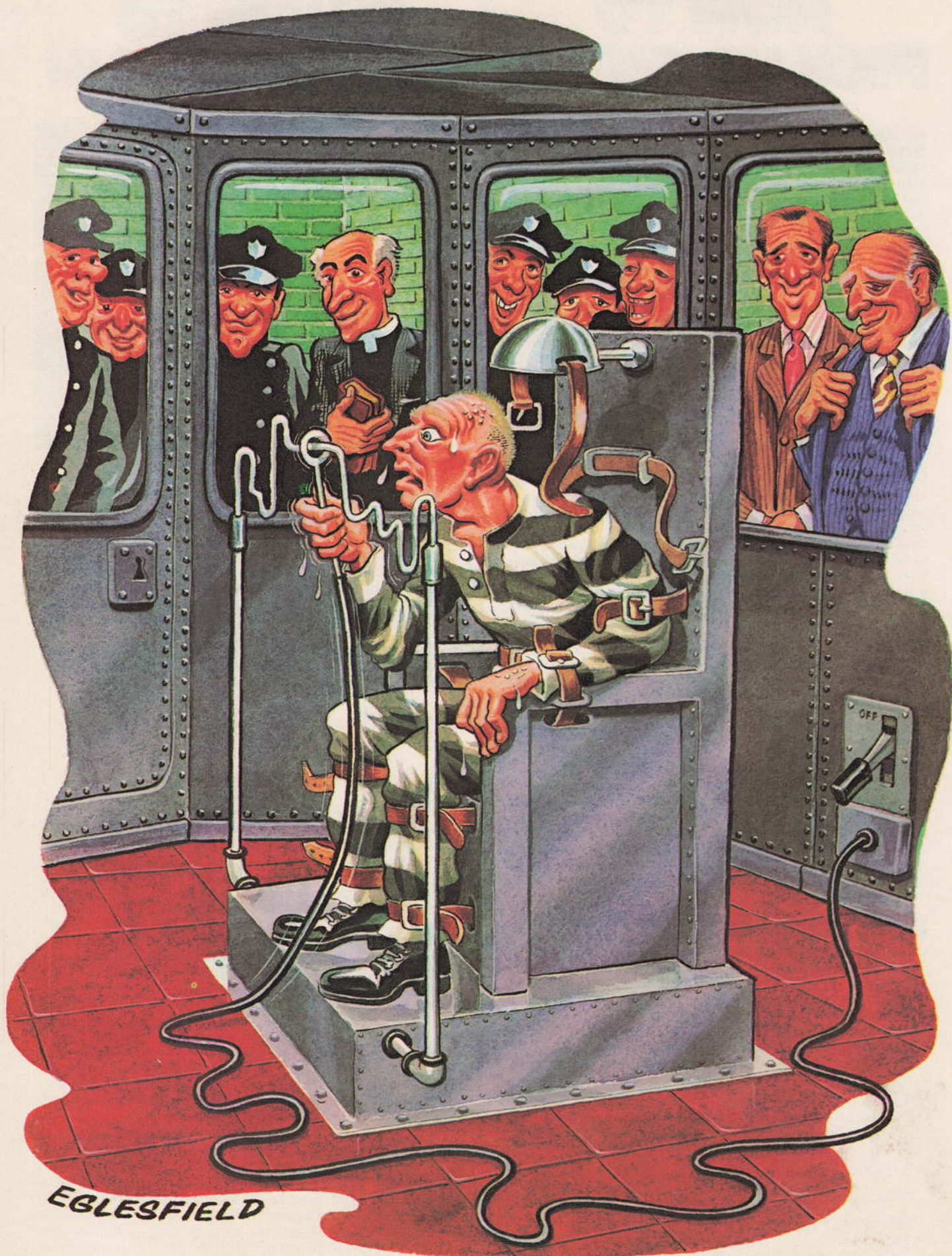
OTHER GREAT LOEWS HOTELS: IN WASHINGTON, D.C.: LOEWS L'ENFANT PLAZA. IN NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS: LOEWS PARADISE ISLAND HOTEL & VILLAS. IN LONDON, ENGLAND: LOEWS CHURCHILL. IN HAMBURG, GERMANY: LOEWS HAMBURG PLAZA. OPENING MAY 1974: QUEBEC CITY, CANADA: LOEWS LE CONCORDE. OPENING SPRING 1975: MONTE CARLO, MONACO: LOEWS MONTE CARLO. OPENING FALL 1975: FRANKFURT, GERMANY: LOEWS FRANKFURT. OPENING SPRING 1976: MARBELLA, SPAIN: LOEWS MARBELLA BEACH. LOEWS MARBELLA GOLF. OPENING FALL 1976: ATHENS, GREECE: LOEWS ATHENS.

one side and watched him have intercourse with Lorraine. A very strange feeling surged through me. I became obsessed in watching her animal reaction to his virile sex act."



urolagnia: Sexual excitement associated with the act of urination. Sometimes this is simply a voyeuristic interest, as in the case of men who hang around public lavatories to admire the view and not—as the police always assume—to make homosexual contacts. Alternatively, the act of urination itself can be a stimulus and this is often allied to sadomasochism. Caprio recounts the case of a man who enjoyed dressing his wife up in expensive lingerie and then urinating on her. He also practiced indecent exposure in public places, but by urinating rather than masturbating. Then there are the "passive" urolagniacs who want to be urinated on, or to drink urine. One of Caprio's patients, a twenty-six-year-old homosexual, said, "About a year or so ago I went to a hotel with a man and had a fantasy of being in the bathtub and having him urinate on my stomach. I even wondered what it would feel like to have a man urinate down my throat." Another man, a thirty-six-year-old engineer whose sexual history included auto-fellatio, bestiality, pricking his scrotum with briars, and making a plaster replica of his phallus which he inserted in his rectum during masturbation, recounted: "I found that salivating or urinating on myself, especially the genital and anal areas, increased my masturbatory excitement. These acts were a kind of conscious self-defilement or masochism. I have also had an orgasm as a result of tasting my own urine or feces, or touching these excreta with my hands or feet." Though these experiences are clearly deviant, it must be remembered that some degree of urolagnia is common to all young children and is completely harmless at that stage.

uterus: Female internal reproductive organ, also called the womb. It is pear-shaped and roughly pear-sized, with thick muscular walls and a soft mucous lining called the endometrium. It lies above the vagina with its lower end, the cervix, protruding into the vagina. In most women it slopes forward towards the stomach, but in some women, especially after childbirth, it slopes backwards. This may cause painful menstrual periods, backache, and difficulty in conceiving, in which case it should be treated. The main purpose of the uterus is to house and nourish the fetus during pregnancy, and it gains over two pounds in weight during the process. Women who have borne children sometimes claim that they can feel pleasurable sensations in the womb during intercourse, especially if the penis is deep inside. The uterus swells during sexual excitement and makes strong muscular contractions at orgasm. On the other hand, women who have undergone surgery and had the uterus removed—hysterectomy (q.v.)—report no lessening of sexual sensation. Occasionally women are born with two uteruses and two vaginas, and there is at least one case on record where two separate simultaneous pregnancies ensued. 
Sexindex will continue next month.



EGLESFIELD

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through that icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof!!!* You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We **GUARANTEE IT!**

Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master: • **How to be sexy** • Best places to pick up girls • **How to make shyness work for you** • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • **How to talk dirty seductively** • Why girls get horny • **Fifty great opening lines** • The greatest pick up technique in the world • **Why women are dying to get picked up** • How to get women to pick *you* up

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in *their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick them up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.

If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, *you'll* be the one who knows how to move into action. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** costs only \$7.95—less than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

The Northern Valley Co. P-A6 PO Box 167 W.Long Br.NJ 07764

Check book you want and send \$7.95 plus 75c postage and handling:

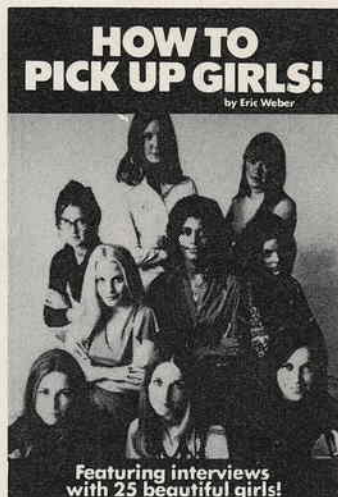
- ☐ Rush me AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS right away.
- ☐ Rush me HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away.
- ☐ BOTH BOOKS only \$15.25 plus 75c postage and handling.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Each book comes in a non-identifiable wrapper



WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!

If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, **NOW** you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is **AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS!** This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

- A discotheque where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet them!
- A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them!
- A *nude* beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!
- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

Atlanta	Detroit	New Orleans
Baltimore	Houston	Philadelphia
Berkeley	Las Vegas	Phoenix
Boston	Los Angeles	Portland
Chicago	Louisville	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Miami	San Francisco
Cleveland	Milwaukee	Seattle
Dallas	Minneapolis	Washington, D.C.
Denver	New York	

"NO MAN SHOULD VISIT ANOTHER CITY WITHOUT THIS BOOK IN HIS SUITCASE!" Steve Tuttle

Here's a book that can turn your very next business trip into the time of your life. So don't just dream of finding a great-looking sexy girl in Chicago or Dallas or New York. This trip you can actually do it. Instead of the dull, no-action places cab drivers always recommend, this book will instantly take you to the kind of bars and discotheques you've been looking for—places where you're virtually assured of meeting a pretty, friendly stewardess, or nurse, or model to talk with, dance with, and, more than likely, sleep with.

WHERE TO MEET GIRLS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD

Most guys don't think of their own towns as good places to pick up girls. Well, this book is going to change all that. Because it's going to show you *foolproof* pick up spots *within five miles of your own home!* You probably never thought of them as good places to pick up girls. But the fact is they're just loaded with *eager* women who would love nothing more than to get their hot little hands on you!

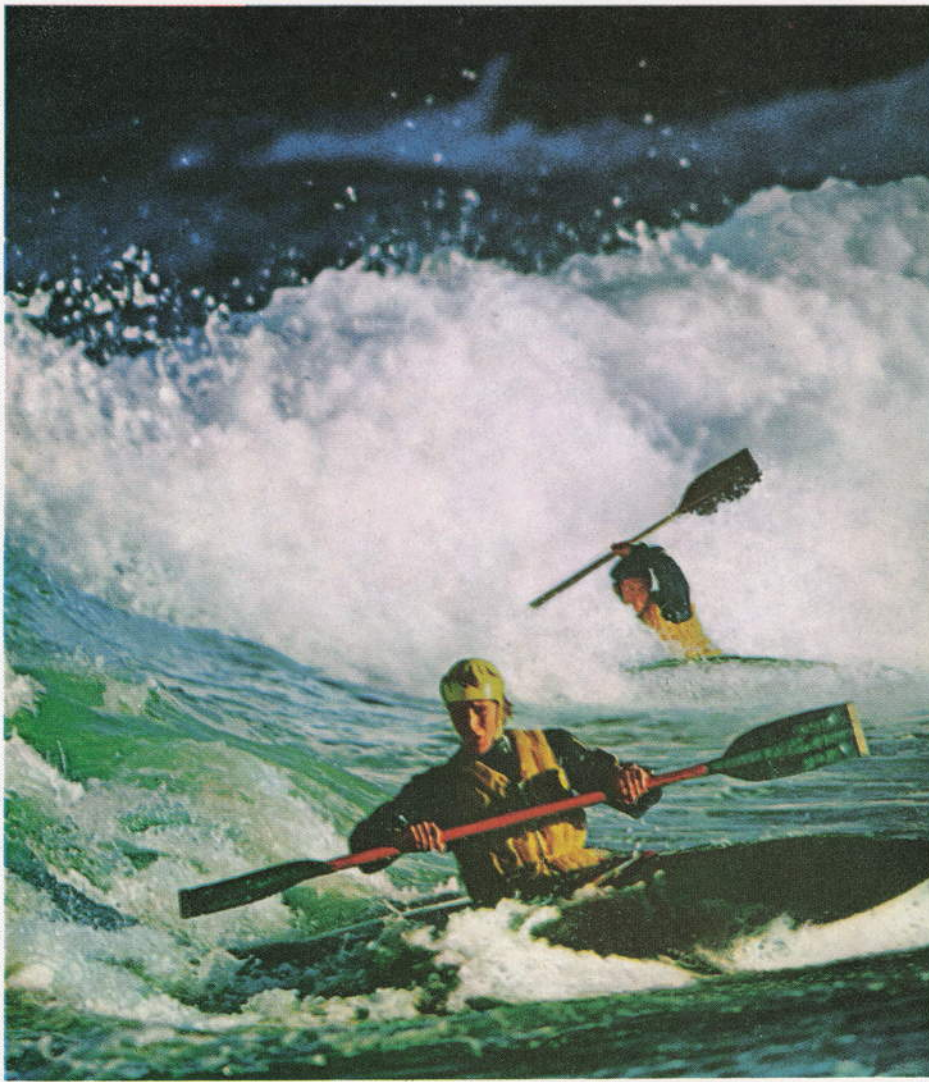
THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

Don't waste one more Friday night wandering from bar to bar. Not when this fantastic book can show you where to find more long, lean, beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. **AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS** costs only \$7.95—less than what you could waste on drinks in a dull, no-action bar. So send for your copy this instant. Whether you're in a big city a thousand miles away from home, or in your very own neighborhood, this book will lead you straight to dozens of girls who are sitting there waiting for you *at this very moment.*



**"Behind us 40 tons of thundering Australian surf...
ahead of us an obstacle course of jagged rocks"**

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1973.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

"If Hawaii's thundering waves don't wipe you out . . .
try riding the wild water of Australia's Tasman Sea in a kayak. All it takes is balance, boatsmanship . . . and bats in your belfry.

"Wham! A breaker walloped us! I felt like I was caught in the spin cycle of a giant washing machine. And when Cindy found a limp rag on the beach, I realized it was me.

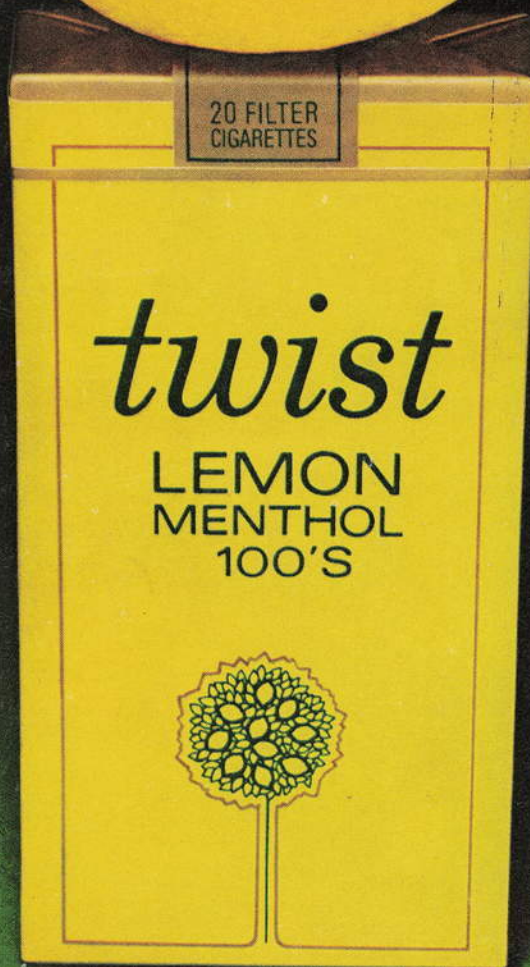
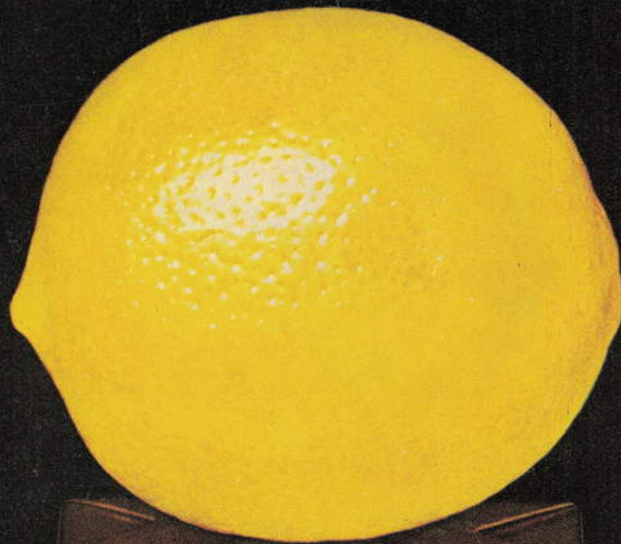
"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at Doyle's Restaurant in Sydney." Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More

people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It's the whisky that's perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club—
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada.

Our new menthol is a lemon.



Because we added a dash of lemon freshness to new menthol TWIST, it tastes fresher than ordinary cigarettes and gives you a smoother cool. Try TWIST, the one and only lemon menthol.

Twist

Lemon Menthol 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

DIGITAL

BUILD
BELL & HOWELL'S
ADVANCED NEW
COLOR TV...
THE TV WITH
DIGITAL
FEATURES!

It's an enjoyable way to learn
new skills as part of a complete
home training program in
electronics!

MAIL POSTAGE FREE CARD TODAY!

DETACH HERE AND MAIL TODAY!



YES I want free information about building Bell & Howell's new color TV and the exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system.

Name

(Please Print)

Address

City

State

Zip

Telephone

Age

Check here for information on: ☐ Veterans' Benefits

An Electronics Home Study School
DEVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THE



BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS

4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

1-4B0126B

124R3

simulated TV picture



BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS

ONE OF THE

DEVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Postage will be paid by

Business Reply Mail
No Postage Necessary if Mailed in the United States

First Class
Permit No.
4148
Chicago, Ill.

DETACH HERE AND MAIL TODAY!

It's Digital!

Find out how you can build
Bell & Howell's advanced new color TV,
with amazing digital features!

It's an enjoyable way to learn new
skills as part of a complete home training
program in electronics!

Mail this card today!

simulated TV picture

